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Robin Goodfellow — His Friends

by

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Illustrated by André Castaigne

ONCE upon a time a boy called Dan and a girl called Una lived in England upon a farm a thousand years old not very far from where Caesar landed to conquer the Britons, and quite close to where William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings. That was why they sometimes dug up old Roman and Anglo-Saxon coins in their garden.

At one end of the farm stood a tiny water-mill that had been a smuggler's hiding-place ever since smuggling began; and at the other was a tumble-down cottage called The Forge, in a broken hollow of fern and gorze, which was all that remained of an ancient iron foundry that had cast cannon for the ships that fought the Spanish Armada. Dan and Una never found anything except rats in the mill; but by the Forge, where their friend Hobden the Hedger lived, they would come across beautiful glassy-green pieces of slag, and rusty nails that looked like real daggers.

If they had thought for a moment (instead of scrambling about with old Hobden, setting traps), they would have seen that their farm was the last place in Old England to take liberties with. There were queer dimples and waves and hillocks in the old smooth pastures that had never been broken up since Elizabeth's time — and each mound was crowned with a warning Fairy Ring, or a tuft of fern. After heavy rain, when the sun struck right, you could trace something like faint shadows of a broad road sweeping past across a lonely field and disappearing into huge double hedges almost as tall and deep as railway tunnels. Some people said it used to run straight to Land's End in Cornwall, but old Hobden said that in his father's time a wise man could bring twenty packhorses up from the sea inside those double hedges, with a keg of brandy on each horse, and never show a single horse's single ear above ground all the way.

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Odd lengths of footpath paved with thin oblong bricks popped up in a honeycombed rabbit-warren, died out in the plough land beyond, and reappeared half a mile off at the south side of a steep wood where you could reach down between the gorze stems and feel the outline of a flat hearthstone. There were fords to the brook that nobody could use because the banks were so high; but when you peered down, you could see the stones had been worn hollow by human feet. The valley was full of noises of running water, and the spatter of the mill-wheel — half words and chuckles by day; whole sentences and impudent songs by night — and wherever you went, you could not (the children had tried often), hide from an Oak, an Ash, and a Thorn, all three trees together, leaning and whispering and watching.

Yet in spite of these signs, Dan and Una took it into their heads to act a piece out of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the most magical play in the world — on Midsummer Night's Eve, the most magical night in the year. Not content with that, they acted it in the middle of an old Fairy Ring, which lay almost under a little ferny hill called Pook's Hill, and Pook means Puck all England through, and Puck means Magic.

Not even content with that, they acted it three times over — three times over, *on* the edge of light and dark, *on* the edge of Midsummer Night, *on* the edge of running water, *in* a Fairy Ring, and *under* Puck's particular Hill!

Then they were surprised to meet Puck himself! But as he said, if all the people of the Hills (he never used the word Fairies), had not left England a few hundred years before, they would have met every fairy who was any fairy from Merlin the Wizard to King Oberon. However he was very nice about it, and told them that he was the only person of his kind in the country. He did not exactly say what he was, but he admitted he was the oldest of the Old Things, and had come into England with Oak, Ash, and Thorn. When Oak, Ash, and Thorn had perished out of England, he would have to go too.

That is quite true, but it will not happen for some time. Puck has many names. Our South country folk call him Robin — short for Robin Goodfellow, and when anything has gone wrong with a carter's plough-harness, or a dairy maid's churn, or an old woman's ball of knitting wool, they always ask: "Who's been playin' Robin with this?" — for, as Master William Shakespere says, Puck used to be a great practical joker.

But when he met Dan and Una, he did not bother them with any conjurer's magic. He simply said that as the People of the Hills had gone, he would have to show them something else, and so he gave them each a clod of earth, said Words over it, and made them free of all Old England, and all the people who had lived on their Farm for three thousand years.

The consequences were rather exciting, because all sorts of people belonging to all sorts of past times turned up in all sorts of places, and the children never knew whom they would find next. You can easily see, though, if they had gone to tea with their dear parents and had said: "There's a Norman baron in the Seven Acre with spurs a foot long," or: "Do you know that when Mr. Cabot was discovering islands he told us he lived for a month on quite raw fish?" or "We've been talking to a one-eyed Jew down at the mill who says he really made King John sign Magna Charta" — their dear parents and their governess would have been shocked and surprised. And when grown-ups are that way it means medicine for the schoolroom.

So Puck after each talk magicked away their memories with the Strong Magic of Oak, Ash, and Thorn, and they went back to their home quite comfortable and ordinary.

That is one of the reasons why these tales have been so difficult to collect. I know for a fact they met a young British-born Roman in Far Wood; and a painter-man in the Mill attic; and I know that Puck told them and old Hobden the story of how the fairies left England in Elizabeth's time. But I believe they met other people as well; for taking only the thousand years that their farm had been a farm, many folk must have come and gone there.

And Puck he knew them all!

I
A Centurion of the Thirtieth

DAN had come to grief over his Latin, and was kept in, so Una went alone to Far Wood. Dan's big catapult and the lead bullets that Hobden had made for him were hidden in an old hollow beech stub on the west of the wood. They had named the place out of the verse *In Lays of Ancient Rome.*

From Lordly Volaterrae
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For Godlike Kings of old.

They were the "Godlike Kings," and when old Hobden piled some comfortable brushwood between the big wooden knees of Volaterrae, they called him "Hands of Giants."

Una slipped through her private gap in the fence, and sat still a while, scowling as scowlily and lordly as she knew how; for "Volaterrae" is an important watch-tower that juts out of Far Wood just as Far Wood juts out of the hillside. Pook's Hill lay below her, and all the turns of the brook as it wanders out of the Willingford Woods between hop-gardens to old Hobden's cottage at the Forge. The Sou' West wind (there is always a wind by Volaterrae) blew from the bare ridge where Cherry Clack Windmill stands.

Now wind prowling in the woods sounds like exciting things going to happen, and that is why on blowy days, you stand up in Volaterrae, and shout bits of *Lays* to suit its noise.

Una took Dan's catapult from its Secret Place, and made ready to meet Lars Porsena's army stealing through the wind-whitened aspens by the brook. A gust boomed up the valley, and Una sang sorrowfully :

Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain,
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

But the wind, not charging fair to the wood, started aside, and shook a single oak in Gleason's pasture. Here it made itself all small, and crouched among grasses, waving the tips of them as a cat waves the tip of her tail before she springs.

"Now welcome — welcome Sextus," sang Una, loading the catapult.

Now welcome to thy home,
Why dost thou stay and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.

She fired into the face of the lull to wake up the cowardly wind, and heard a grunt from behind a thorn in the pasture.

"Oh, My Winkie!" she said aloud, and that was something she had picked up from Dan. "I believe I've tickled up one of Gleason's cows."

"You little painted beast!" a voice cried. "I'll teach you to sling your masters."

She looked down most cautiously, and saw a young man covered with hoopy bronze

"'AQUAE SOLIS . . . . THE BEST BATHS IN BRITAIN. JUST AS GOOD, I'M TOLD, AS ROME'"

armour all glowing among the broom. But what Una admired most was his great bronze helmet with a red horsetail that flicked in the wind. She could hear the long hairs rasp on his shimmery shoulder-plates.

"What does the Faun mean," he said half aloud to himself, "by telling me the Painted People have changed?" He caught sight of Una's yellow head. "Have you seen a painted lead-slinger?" he called.

"No — o," said Una. "But if you've seen a bullet — "

"Seen?" said the man. "It passed within a hair's-breadth of my ear."

"Well, that was me. I'm most awfully sorry."

"Didn't the Faun tell you I was coming?" He smiled.

"Now if you mean Puck. I thought you were a Gleason cow. I — I didn't know you were a — a — What are you?"

He laughed outright showing a set of splendid teeth. His face and eyes were dark, and his eyebrows met above his big nose in one bushy black bar.

"They call me Parnesius. I have been a Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion — the Ulpia Victrix. Did you sling that bullet?"

"I was using Dan's tweaker — catapult I mean," said Una.

"Catapults!" said he. "I ought to know something about them. Show me!"

He leaped the rough fence with a rattle of spear, shield, and armour, and hoisted himself into Volaterrae as quietly as a shadow.

"A sling on a forked stick. *I* understand!" he cried, and pulled at the elastic. "But what wonderful beast yields this stretching leather?"

"It's laccy — elastic. You put the bullet into that loop, and then you pull hard."

The man pulled, and hit himself square on his thumbnail.

"Each to his own weapon," he said gravely, handing it back. "I am better with the machine, little maiden. But it's a pretty toy. A wolf would laugh at it. Aren't you afraid of wolves?"

"There aren't any," said Una.

"Never believe it. A wolf's like a Northman. He comes when he isn't expected. Don't they hunt them here?"

"We don't hunt," said Una, remembering what she had heard from grown-ups. "We preserve — pheasants. Do you know them?"

"I ought to," said the young man smiling again, and he imitated the cry of the cock-pheasant so perfectly that a bird answered out of the wood.

"What a big, painted, clucking fool is a pheasant," he said. "Just like some Romans!"

"But you're a Roman yourself, aren't you?" said Una.

"Ye — es and no. I'm one of a good few thousands who have never seen Rome except in a picture. My people have lived at Vectis for generations. Vectis — the island west yonder that you can see from so far in clear weather."

"Do you mean the Isle of Wight? It lifts up just before rain, and we see it from the Downs."

"Very likely. Our Villa is on the south edge of the Island by the Broken Cliffs. Most of it is two hundred years old, but the cow stables where our first ancestor lived must be a hundred years older. Oh, quite that, because the founder of our family had his land given him by Agricola at the Settlement. It's not a bad little estate for its size. In spring time violets grow down to the very beach. I've gathered sea-weeds for myself and violets for my Mother many a time with our old nurse."

"Was your nurse a — a Romaness too?"

"No, a Numidian — Gods be good to her! A dear, fat, brown thing with a tongue like a cow-bell. She was a free woman. By the way, are you free, maiden?"

"Oh, quite," said Una. "At least till tea-time, and in summer our governess doesn't say much if we're late."

The young man laughed again — a proper understanding laugh.

"I see," said he. "That accounts for your being in the wood. *We* used to hide among the cliffs."

"Did *you* have a governess then?"

"Did we not! A Greek too. She had a way of clutching her dress when she hunted us among the gorze-bushes that made us laugh. Then she'd say she'd get us whipped. She never did, though, bless her! Aglaia was a thorough sportswoman, for all her learning."

"But what lessons did you do — when — when you were little?"

"Ancient history, the Classics, arithmetic, and so on," he answered. "My sister and

"'I WAS HAPPIER THAN ANY EMPEROR WHEN I LED MY HANDFUL THROUGH THE NORTH GATE OF THE CAMP'"

I were thickheads, but my two brothers (I'm the middle one), liked those things, and, of course, Mother was clever enough for any six. She was nearly as tall as I am, and she looked like the old statue on the Cunetio Road — the Demeter of the Baskets! And funny! Roma Dea! How Mother could make us laugh!"

"What at?"

"Little jokes and sayings that every family has. Don't you know?"

"I know *we* have, but I didn't know other people had them too," said Una. "Tell me about all your family, please."

"Good families are very much alike. Mother would sit spinning of evenings while Aglaia read in her corner, and Father did accounts, and we four romped about the passages. When our noise grew too much, the Pater would say: 'Less tumult! Less tumult! Have you never heard of a Father's right over his children? He can slay them, my dears — slay them dead — and the Gods highly approve of the action!' Then Mother would prim up her dear mouth over the wheel, and answer: 'H'm! I'm afraid there can't be much of the Roman father about you!' Then the Pater would roll up his accounts, and say: 'I'll show you!' — and then — then, he'd be worse than any of us!"

"Fathers can — if they like," said Una, her eyes dancing.

"Didn't I say all good families are very much the same?"

"What did you do in summer?" said Una. "Play about?"

"Yes, and we visited our friends. There are no wolves in Vectis. We had many friends, and as many ponies as we wished."

"It must have been lovely," said Una. "I hope it lasted forever."

"Not quite, little maid. When I was about sixteen or seventeen, the Father felt gouty, and we all went to the Waters."

"What waters?"

"At Aquae Solis. Every one goes there. You ought to get your Father to take you some day."

"But where? I don't know," said Una.

The young man looked astonished for a moment. "Aquae Solis," he repeated. "The best baths in Britain. Just as good, I'm told, as Rome. All the old gluttons sit in the hot water, and talk scandal and politics. And the Generals come through the streets with their guards behind them; and the magistrates come in their chairs with their stiff guards behind them; and you meet fortune-tellers, and goldsmiths, and merchants, and philosophers, and feather sellers, and ultra-Roman Britains, and tame tribesmen pretending to be civilized, and Jew lecturers, and — oh, everybody interesting. We young people, of course, took no interest in politics. We had not the gout; there were many of our age like us. We did not find life sad.

"But while we were enjoying ourselves without thinking, my sister Flavia met the son of the magistrate at Vindomi — and a year afterwards, she was married to him. My young brother, who was always interested in plants and roots, met the First Doctor of a Legion from the City of the Legions, and he decided that he would be an army doctor. I do not think it is a profession for a well-born man, but then — I'm not my brother. He went to Rome to study medicine, and now he's First Doctor to a Legion in Egypt — at Antinoe, I think, but I have not heard from him for some time.

"My eldest brother came across a Greek philosopher, and told my Father that he intended to settle down on the estate as a farmer and a philosopher. You see," the young man's face twinkled, "his philosopher was a long-haired one!"

"I thought philosophers were bald," said Una.

"Not all. She was very pretty. I don't blame him. Nothing could have suited me better than my eldest brother's marrying, for I was only too keen to join the army. I had always feared I should have to stay at home and look after the estate while my brother took *this*."

He rapped on his great glistering shield that never seemed to be in his way.

"So we were well contented — we young people — and we rode back to Clausentum along the Wood Road very quietly. But when we reached home Aglaia, our governess, saw what had come to us. I remember her at the door, the torch held high over her head, watching us climb up the cliff path from the boat. 'Aie! Aie!' she said. 'Children you went away! Men and a woman you return!' Then she kissed Mother, and Mother wept. Thus our visit to the Waters settled our fates for each of us, Maiden."

He rose to his feet, and listened, leaning on the shield-rim.

"I think that's Dan — my brother," said Una.

"Yes, and the Faun is with him," he replied, as Dan with Puck stumbled through the copse.

"We should have come sooner," Puck called, "but the beauties of your native tongue, O Parnesius, have enthralled this young citizen."

Parnesius looked bewildered, even when Una explained.

"Dan said the plural of 'dominus' was 'dominoes,' and when Miss Blake said it wasn't, he said he supposed it was 'backgammon', and so he had to write it out twice — for cheek, you know."

Dan had climbed into Volaterrae, hot and panting.

"I've run nearly all the way," he gasped, "and then Puck met me. How do you do, Sir?"

"I am in good health," Parnesius answered. "See! I have tried to bend the bow of Ulysses, but — " he held up his thumb.

"I'm sorry. You must have pulled off too soon," said Dan. "But Puck said you were telling Una a story."

"Continue, O Parnesius," said Puck, who had perched himself on a dead branch above them. "I will be chorus. Has he puzzled you much, Una?"

"Not a bit, except I didn't know where Ak — Ak something was," she answered.

"Oh, Aquae Solis. That's Bath — where the buns come from. Let the hero tell his own tale."

Parnesius pretended to thrust with his spear at Puck's legs but Puck reached down, caught at the horsetail plume, and pulled off the tall helmet.

"Thanks, jester," said Parnesius, shaking his head. "That is cooler. Now hang it up for me. I was telling your sister how I joined the army," he said to Dan.

"Did you have to pass an Exam?" Dan asked eagerly.

"No. I went to my father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at Aquae Solis), but he said I had better begin my service in a regular legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.

" 'I know they do,' he said, 'but, remember, after all, we are the People of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire.'

" 'To which Empire?' I asked. 'We split the Eagle before I was born.'

" 'What thieves' talk is that?' said my father. He hated slang.

" 'Well, Sir,' I said, 'we've one Emperor in Rome I don't know how many Emperors the outlying provinces have set up from time to time. Which am I to follow?'

" 'Gratian,' said he. 'At least he's a sportsman.'

" 'He's all that,' I said. 'Hasn't he turned himself into a raw-beef-eating Scythian?

" 'Where did you hear it?' said the Pater.

" 'At Aquae Solis,' I said. It was perfectly true. This precious Emperor Gratian of ours had a body-guard of fur-cloaked Scythians, and he was so crazy over them that he dressed like them. In Rome! Rome of all places in the world! It was as bad as if my own father had painted himself blue!

" 'No matter for the clothes,' said the Pater. 'They are only the fringe of our trouble. It began before your time or mine. Rome has forsaken her Gods, and must be punished. The great war with the Painted People broke out in the very year the temples of our Gods were destroyed. We beat the Painted People in the very year our temples were rebuilt. Go back further still' . . . He went back to the time of Diocletian; and to listen to him you would have thought that Eternal Rome was on the edge of destruction, just because a few people had become a little large-minded.

"I knew nothing about it. Aglaia never taught us the history of our own country. She was so full of her ancient Greeks.

" 'There is no hope for Rome,' said the Pater at last. 'She has forsaken her Gods: but if the Gods forgive us here, we may save Britain. To do that, we must keep the Painted People back. Therefore, I tell you, Parnesius, as a Father, that if your heart is set on service, your place is with men on the Wall — and not with women among the cities.' "

"What Wall?" said Dan and Una together.

"Father meant the one we call Hadrian Wall. I'll tell you about it later. It was built long ago, across North Britain to keep out the Painted People — Picts you can call

them. Father had fought in the great Pict War that lasted more than twenty years, and he knew what fighting meant. Theodosius, one of our great Generals, had chased the little beasts back behind both Walls before I was born; and down at Vectis we never troubled our heads about them. But when my Father spoke as he did, I kissed his hand, and waited for orders. We British-born Romans know what is due to our parents."

"If I kissed my Father's hand, he'd laugh," said Dan.

"Customs change; but if you did not obey your father, the Gods remember it. You may be quite sure of *that*," said Parnesius.

"After our talks, seeing I was in earnest, the Pater sent me over to Clausentum to learn my foot-drill in a barrack full of foreign auxiliaries — as unwashed and unshaven a mob of mixed barbarians as ever scrubbed a breastplate. It was your stick in their stomachs, and your shield in their faces to push them into any sort of formation. When I had learned my work, the Instructor gave me a handful — and they *were* a handful! — of Gauls and Iberians to polish up till they were sent to their stations up-country. I did my best, and one night, a villa in the suburbs caught fire, and I had my handful out and at work before any of the other troops. I noticed a quiet looking man on the lawn, leaning on a stick. He watched us passing buckets from the pond, and at last he said to me: 'Who are you?'

"'A probationer, waiting for a cohort,' I answered. *I* didn't know who he was from Deucalion!

" 'Born in Britain?' he said.

" 'Yes, if you were born in Spain,' I said, for he neighed his words like an Iberian mule.

" 'And what might you call yourself when you are at home?' he said laughing.

" 'That depends,' I answered, 'sometimes one thing, and sometimes another. But now I'm busy.'

"He said no more till we had saved the family gods (they were respectable householders), and then he grunted across the laurels: — 'Listen, young Sometimes-one-thing-and-sometimes-another, in future call yourself Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth, the Ulpia Victrix. That will help me to remember you! Your father and a few other people call me Maximus!'

"He tossed me the polished stick he was leaning on, and went away. You might have knocked me down with a vinestalk!"

"Who was he?" said Dan.

"Maximus himself. Our great General! *The* General of Britain who had been Theodosius's right hand in the Pict War. Not only had he given me my Centurion's stick direct, but three steps in a good Legion as well. A new man generally begins in the tenth cohort of his legion, and works up."

"And were you awfully pleased?" said Una.

"Very. I thought Maximus had chosen me for my good looks, and fine style in marching; but, when I went home, the Pater told me he had served under Maximus in the Great Pict War, and had asked him to promote me."

"A child you were!" said Puck from above.

"I was," said Parnesius. "Don't begrudge it me, Faun. Afterwards — the Gods know I put aside the games!" And Puck nodded, brown chin on brown hand, his big eyes still.

"The night before I left, we sacrificed to our ancestors — the usual little Home Sacrifice — but I never before prayed so earnestly to all the Good Shades. And then I crossed with my Father by boat to Regnum, and over the chalk eastwards to Anderida yonder"

"Regnum? Anderida?" The children turned their faces to Puck together.

"Regnum's Chichester," he said, pointing west, and, he threw his arm south behind him — "Anderida's Pevensey."

"Pevensey!" said Dan. "Why, that's close here." It was only ten miles off.

"But that has nothing to do with its age," said Puck. "Pevensey isn't young — even compared to me!"

"The headquarters of the Thirtieth lay at Anderida in summer but my own cohort, the Seventh, was on the Wall up north. Maximus was inspecting auxiliaries — the Abulci I think — at Anderida and we stayed with him, for he and my Father were very old friends. I was only there ten days when I was ordered to go up with thirty men to my Cohort." He laughed merrily. "A man never forgets his first march. I was happier than any Emperor when I led my handful through the North Gate of the Camp, and we saluted the guard and the Altar of Victory there."

"How? How?" said Dan and Una.

Parnesius smiled, and stood up, flashing in his armour.

"So!" said he, and he moved slowly through the beautiful movements of the Salute, that ended with a hollow clang of the shield coming into its place on his broad shoulders.

"Hai!" said Puck. "That sets one thinking!"

"We went out fully armed," said Parnesius, sitting down. "But as soon as the road entered the Great Wood, my men expected the packhorses to hang their shields on. 'No!' I said, 'you can dress like women in Anderida, but while you're with me you will carry your own weapons and armour.'

" 'But it's hot,' said one of them, 'and we haven't a doctor. Suppose we get sunstroke, or a fever?'

" 'Then die,' I said, 'and a good riddance to Rome! Up shields — up spears — and tighten your foot-wear!'

" 'Don't think yourself Emperor of Britain already,' a fellow said. I knocked him over with the butt of my spear, and explained to these Rome-born Romans, that if there was any further trouble, we should go on with one man short. And, by the Light of the Sun, I meant it too! My raw Gauls at Clausentum had never treated me so.

"Then, quietly as a cloud, Maximus rode out of the fern (my Father behind him), and reined up across the road. He wore purple, as though he were already Emperor, his leggings were of white buckskin laced with gold.

"My men dropped like — like partridges.

"He said nothing for some time, only looked, with his eyes puckered. Then he crooked his forefinger, and my men walked — crawled I mean — to one side.

"'Stand in the sun, children!' he said, and they formed up on the hard road.

" 'What would you have done?' he said to me, 'If I had not been here?'

" 'I should have killed that man,' I answered.

" 'Kill him now,' he said. 'He will not move a limb.'

" 'No,' I said. 'You've taken my men out of my command. I should only be your butcher if I killed him now.' Do you see what I meant?" Parnesius turned to Dan.

"Yes," said Dan. "It wouldn't have been fair, somehow."

"That was what I thought," said Parnesius. "But Maximus frowned. 'You'll never be an Emperor,' he said. 'Not even a General will you be.'

"I was silent, but my Father seemed pleased.

"I came here to see the last of you,' he said smiling.

" 'You have seen it,' said Maximus. 'I shall never need your son any more. He will live and he will die a Centurion of a Legion — and he might have been Prefect of one of my provinces. Now eat and drink with us,' he said. 'Your men will wait till you have finished.'

"My miserable thirty stood like wineskins glistening in the hot sun, and Maximus led us to where his people had set a meal. Himself he mixed the wine.

" 'A year from now,' he said, 'you will remember that you have sat with the Emperor of Britain — and Gaul.'

" 'Yes,' said the Pater, 'you can drive two mules — Gaul and Britain.'

" 'Five years hence, you will remember that you have drunk' — he passed me the cup and there was blue borage in it — 'with the Emperor of Rome!'

" 'No, you can't drive three mules; they will tear you in pieces,' said my Father.

" 'And you on the Wall, among the heather, will weep because your notion of justice was more to you than the favor of the Emperor of Rome!'

"I sat quite still. One does not answer a General who wears the Purple.

" 'I am not angry with you,' he went on, 'I owe too much to your father ——'

" 'You owe me nothing but advice that you never took,' said the Pater.

" 'To be unjust to any of your family. Indeed, I say you will make a good Centurion, but, so far as I am concerned, on the Wall you will live, and on the Wall you will die.'

" 'Very like,' said my Father. 'But we shall have the Picts and their friends breaking through before long. You cannot move all troops out of Britain to make you Emperor, and expect the North to sit quiet.'

" 'I follow my destiny,' said Maximus.

" 'Follow it then,' said my Father, pulling up a fern root. 'And die as Theodosius died!'

" 'Ah,' said Maximus. 'My old General was killed because he served the Empire too well. I may be killed, but not for that reason,' and he smiled a little pale gray smile that made my blood run cold.

"'Then I had better follow my destiny,' I said, 'and take my men to the Wall.'

"He looked at me a long time, and bowed his head slantways like a Spaniard. 'Follow it!' he said. That was all. I was only too glad to get away, though I had many messages for home. I found my men standing as they had been put — they had not even shifted their feet in the dust, and off I marched, still feeling that terrific smile like an east wind up my back. I never halted them till sunset, and — " he turned about, and looked at Pook's Hill below him. "Then I halted there." He pointed to the broken bracken covered shoulder of the Forge Hill behind old Hobden's cottage.

"There? Why that's only the old Forge — where they made iron hundreds of years ago."

"Very good stuff it was too," said Parnesius calmly. "We mended three shoulder straps here, and had a spear-head riveted. The forge was rented from the government by a one-eyed man from Carthage. I remember we called him Cyclops. He sold me a beaverskin rug for my sister's room."

"But it couldn't have been here," Dan insisted.

"But it was! From the Altar of Victory at Anderida to the First Forge in the Woods here, is twelve miles, seven hundred paces. It is all in our Army Road Book. A man doesn't forget his first march. I think I could tell you every station between here and — " He leaned forward, but his eye was caught by the setting sun.

It had come down to the top of Cherry Clack Hill, and the light poured in between the tree trunks so that you could see red, and gold, and black, deep into the heart of Far Wood; and Parnesius in his armour shone as though he had been afire.

"Wait," he said, lifting a hand, and the sunlight jinked on his glass bracelet. "Wait! I pray to Mithras!" He rose and stretched his arms westward, with deep splendid sounding words.

Then Puck began to sing too, in a voice like bells tolling, and as he sang, he slipped from Volaterrae to the ground, and beckoned the children to follow. They obeyed; it seemed as though the voices were pushing them along, and through the goldy brown light on the beech leaves they walked, while Puck between them chanted something like this: —

Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia
Quam vasa figuli quae sunt fragilia

They found themselves at the little locked gate of the wood.

Quo Caesar abiit celsus imperio?
Vel Dives splendidus totus in prandio
Dic ubi Tullius —

Still singing, Puck took Dan's hand and wheeled him round so as to face Una as she came out of the gate, and it shut behind her, at the same time as he threw the memory-magicking Oak, Ash, and Thorn leaves over their heads. . . . .

"Well, you *are* jolly late," said Una. "Couldn't you get away before?"

"I did," said Dan. "I got away in lots of time, but — but I didn't know it was so late. Where've you been?"

"In Volaterrae — waiting for you."

"Sorry," said Dan. "It was all that beastly Latin."

The second story of this series, "On the Great Wall" will be published next month

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

VII

FLIGHT FROM THE FATHERLAND

ILLUSTRATED WITH A MAP BY HARRY FENN

At the opening of this article Schurz and his fellow-patriot, Kinkel, are hurrying to the nearest seaport — Schurz having the night before rescued Kinkel from the penitentiary at Spandau near Berlin. — THE EDITOR.

THE sun was up when we greeted the boundary pole of Mecklenburg. Even there we did not by any means feel quite safe, although a little safer than in Prussian territory. The trot of our horses became slower and slower. One of them appeared utterly exhausted. So we had to stop at the nearest Mecklenburg inn, in Dannenwalde. There Hensel washed the horses with warm water, which helped a little, but only for a short time. In the town of Fürstenberg we had to unharness them for a longer stop because they could go no farther, having put over fifty miles behind them. At last we reached Strelitz where in the person of Judge Petermann, a city magistrate, we had an enthusiastic friend and protector who already in the preceding night had been on the road with one of the relay carriages.

Petermann received us with so demonstrative a joy that I feared he would not refrain from proclaiming the happy event from the windows of his house to the passers-by. In fact, he could not deny himself the pleasure of bringing in some friends. Soon we sat down to a plentiful meal and with merrily clinking glasses we waited for another carriage and fresh horses. Then we took a cordial leave of our friend Hensel. His two fine bays had lain down as soon as they reached the stable, one of them, as I learned later, never to rise again. Honor to his memory!

Petermann accompanied us on the further drive which now went on with uninterrupted rapidity. In Neubrandenburg as well as Teterow we changed horses and by seven o'clock the next morning, the 8th of November, we arrived at the "White Cross Inn" on the Neubrandenburg turnpike near the city of Rostock. Petermann went at once to fetch our friend Moritz Wiggers whose turn it now was to take the management of affairs. Without delay he sent us, in a wagon accompanied by a Rostock merchant by the name of Blume, to Warnemünde, a seaside resort on a fine harbor, where we were cared for in Woehlerts Hotel. Petermann, happy beyond measure that his part of the adventure was so successfully accomplished, turned back to Strelitz. On our journey we had accustomed ourselves to calling Kinkel by the name of Kaiser and myself by the name of Hensel, and these names we inscribed upon the register.

Wiggers had recommended Warnemünde to us as a place of patriarchal customs and conditions where there existed a police only in name and where the local authorities, if they should discover us, would make it their business to protect rather than betray us. There, he thought, it would be safe to remain until a more secure asylum or a favorable opportunity to cross the sea could be found. From the shore of Warnemünde I saw for the first time in my life the sea. I had longed for that spectacle, but the first view of it was disappointing. The horizon appeared to me much narrower and the

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waves which rushed on white-capped, as the northeast wind drove them in, much smaller than I had pictured them in my imagination. I was to make better acquaintance with the sea and to learn to look at it with greater respect and higher enjoyment. However, we were little disposed to give ourselves to the contemplation of nature. Kinkel had spent two, and I three, nights in a carriage on the highroad. We were extremely fatigued and in a few minutes lay soundly asleep.

The next day Wiggers returned with the news that there was only one brig on the roads, and that she was not ready to sail. A friend of his, Mr. Brockelmann, a merchant and manufacturer, thought it safest to send us across the sea on one of his own ships and to shelter us in his own house until that ship could be started. Thus we left our hotel, and a Warnemünde pilotboat carried us up the Warnow River. We landed near a little village where Brockelmann awaited us with his carriage.

We saw before us a stalwart man of about fifty years, with gray hair and whiskers, but with rosy complexion and youthful vivacity in expression and movement. He welcomed us with joyous cordiality, and after the first few minutes of our acquaintance we were like old friends. In him we recognized a self-made man in the best sense of the term; a man who had carved his own fortune; who could look back with self-respect upon what he had accomplished; and who found in his successes an inspiration for further endeavor and for an enterprising and self-sacrificing public spirit. His broad humanity which recognized the right of every one to a just estimation of his true value and his claim to a corresponding chance of advancement, had made him from his early youth a liberal, and after the revolution of 1848, a democrat. He had carried out his principles and theories practically as far as possible, and he was therefore widely known as a protector of the poor and oppressed. But especially his employes, his working people, of whom there were large nur bers in his factories, reverenced and loved him as a father. When he offered us his house as an asylum he could well assure us that he had workingmen enough who at his request would fight for us and in case of need hold possession of our asylum long enough to give us time for escape. However, it would not come to this, he said, as the arrival of such guests as "the Herren Kaiser and Hensel" in his house would attract no attention; and even if our secret were suspected by any of his people, there were no traitors among them. In short, he could vouch for everything. Thus we drove to his house which was situated in a suburb of Rostock. There we had some days of rest and plenty. Brockelmann, his wife, his eldest daughter, her fiancé, the merchant Schwartz, and a little circle of friends, overwhelmed us with the most lavish attentions. How can I describe the care with which the mistress of the house herself washed Kinkel's wounded hands and bandaged and nursed them! and the meals which according to Mecklenburg notions of hospitality were necessary; the indispensable first breakfast and second breakfast and sometimes third breakfast, and the noon repast, and the afternoon coffee with cake, and the suppers, and the "little somethings" before going to bed, and the night caps, which succeeded one another with incredibly short intervals; and the evenings during which Wiggers played to us Beethoven's sonatas with a masterly hand reminding Kinkel of the musical language of his Johanna; and the occasional surprises when Brockelmann had the revolutionary hymn, the Marseillaise, played by a brass band in the house!

With all this, however, the more serious side of our situation was not forgotten. Brockelmann had ordered one of his own vessels, a little schooner of forty tons which had proved a good sailor, to be prepared for us. The "Little Anna" — this was the name of the schooner — received a cargo of wheat for England which was put on board as rapidly as possible, and Sunday, the 17th of November was the day fixed for our departure, if by that time the long prevailing northeaster should have changed into a more favorable wind.

In the meantime the news of Kinkel's flight had gone through all the newspapers and caused everywhere a great stir. Our friends in Rostock informed themselves with minute care of all that was printed and said and rumored about the matter. The "warrant of capture" which the Prussian government had published in the newspapers concerning the "escaped convict," Kinkel, our friends brought to us at tea-time and it was read aloud with all sorts of irreverent comments amid great hilarity. Of the part I had in the liberation of Kinkel, the authorities

and the public knew at that time nothing. Especial pleasure we derived from the newspaper reports which announced Kinkel's arrival at several different places at the same time. The liberal Pastor Dulon in Bremen, following a true instinct, described in his journal with much detail, when and how Kinkel had passed through Bremen and sailed for England. Some of my friends reported his arrival in Zurich and in Paris. One paper brought a circumstantial report of a banquet that had been tendered to Kinkel by the German refugees in Paris and even the speech he had made on the occasion. Thus nothing remained untried to confuse the Prussian police and to mislead its searches.

But there were also some alarm signals of a disquieting nature. Wiggers received on the 14th of November a letter without signature from the neighborhood of Strelitz in an unknown handwriting, as follows: "Expedite as much as possible the shipment of the goods entrusted to you. There is danger in delay." Probably the authorities had discovered our tracks between Spandau and Strelitz and were pursuing them farther. Then on Friday, November 15th, a stranger called upon Wiggers who represented himself to be our friend, "Farmer Hensel," and inquired whether Kinkel, whom he had taken in his carriage from Spandau to Strelitz, was still in Rostock. Wiggers had indeed heard us speak of him with expressions of the highest confidence, but he apprehended the stranger might not be Hensel himself, but a spy in disguise. So he feigned the utmost astonishment at the news that Kinkel was in Rostock, but promised to gather information, and to communicate the result to the stranger whom he requested to call again the next day. The occurrence was at once reported to us, and the description given by Wiggers of the appearance of the man persuaded us that the stranger was the true Hensel, who, as he had said to Wiggers, had come to Rostock merely to quiet his anxiety about our safety. Kinkel and I wished very much to see him and to press once more the hand of our brave and faithful friend, but Wiggers who had become seriously worried by the warning received from Strelitz, counselled the utmost circumspection and promised us to transmit to Hensel, who had said that he was to remain in Rostock until the 18th, our warmest greetings after we should have reached the open sea.

Thus we found in spite of all agreeable surroundings considerable comfort in the report that the northeast wind had gone down; that the "Little Anna" was anchoring at Warnemünde; and that everything would be ready for our departure on the 17th of November.

On a frosty Sunday morning we sailed, in the company of an armed escort which our friends had composed of reliable men in sufficient numbers, as they believed, to resist a possible attack by the police, in two boats across the bay to the anchorage of the "Little Anna." Arrived on board, Mr. Brockelmann gave the captain, who was not a little astonished at receiving a visit from so large a company, his instructions —"You take these two gentlemen," he said, pointing to Kinkel and myself, "with you to Newcastle. You pass Helsingör without stopping, and pay the Sound dues on your return. In stress of weather you will beach the vessel on the Swedish shore rather than return to a German port. If the wind suits you better for another harbor than Newcastle on the English or Scottish coast, you sail there. The important thing is that you reach England as quickly as possible. I shall remember you if you carry out my orders punctually." The captain, whose name was Niemann, may have received these instructions with some amazement, but he promised to do his best.

Some of our friends remained with us until the steam tug hitched to the "Little Anna" had carried us a short distance into the open sea. Then came the leave-taking. As Wiggers tells in an elaborate description of the scene, in a German periodical, Kinkel threw himself sobbing into his arms and said: "I do not know whether I shall rejoice at my rescue, or shall mourn that like a criminal and an outcast I have to flee my dear Fatherland!" Then our friends descended into the tug and with grateful hearts we bade them farewell. They fired a salute with their pistols and steamed back to Warnemünde, where, according to Wiggers, they celebrated the accomplished rescue with a joyous feast.

Kinkel and I remained on the poop of our schooner and gazed after the little steamboat that carried our good friends away. Then our eyes rested upon the shore of the Fatherland until the last vestige had disappeared in the dusk of the evening. In our halting conversation now and then the

question would recur: "When shall we return?" That a victorious uprising of the people would call us back, we both hoped fervently. It was a hope born of ardent desires and nursed by fond illusions. What would we have answered the prophet who at that moment had told us that first I, but only after eleven years, would again put my foot on German soil, and then not as a German but as the Minister of the United States of America to Spain on my return to my new home, and that Kinkel would have to wait until, after the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, the former Prince of Prussia and commander of the forces that had taken Kinkel prisoner near Rastatt, now king and president of the North-German Confederation, would open to him once more by an amnesty the door of the Fatherland!

We did not quit the deck until it was dark. The cabin of the schooner was very small. Its first aspect destroyed in me a fond imagining. I had until then only once seen a sea-going ship, a brig, which at the time when I attended the Gymnasium, had been brought from Holland up the Rhine and anchored near Cologne; but I could see that ship only from the outside. My conception of the interior of a ship I had derived from novels and descriptions of maritime wars which I had read as a boy, and so the main cabin of a ship stood before my eyes as a spacious room well fitted out with furniture, and the walls decorated with trophies of muskets and pistols and cutlasses. Of all this there was nothing in the cabin of the "Little Anna." It measured hardly more than eight feet between the two berths, one on each side, and in the other direction hardly more than six. It was so low, that Kinkel standing upright touched the ceiling with his head. In the center there was a little table screwed to the floor, and behind it a small sofa covered with black haircloth, just large enough to hold Kinkel and me, sitting close together. Above the table was suspended a lamp which during the night faintly illumined the room. The berths, which had been hastily prepared for us, were a foot or two above the floor and open, so that when we were in bed we could see one another. These arrangements appeared to be very different from those of the proud East India ships, or of the frigates which I found so enticingly described in my books; but when I considered that this was after all an unusually small trading schooner. I found that they were as practical as they were simple.

Captain Niemann who had so unexpectedly been stirred up from his winter's rest by the sudden order of his master, probably did not know at first what to think of his two remarkable guests on the "Little Anna." One of our friends who had accompanied us on board had by some hint given him reason to believe that we were bankrupt merchants forced by unfortunate circumstances to run away from home; but the skipper told us afterwards he could not make this theory agree with the manifestations of respect and of warm, aye, even enthusiastic attachment with which our friends had treated us. However, he had nothing to do but to execute the orders received. In case of necessity he would really have run his vessel on shore at the risk of losing her. In the meantime he took very good care of us. The Captain had a crew of seven men: a mate, a cook, a boy, and four seamen. Frau Brockelmann had amply provided us with all sorts of delicacies foreseeing that the bill of fare of the schooner kitchen would be very limited.

At first the sea voyage was agreeable enough. A gentle breeze filled the sails, and the ship glided along pleasantly. But as morning dawned, wind and sea became more lively and Kinkel reported himself seasick. The wind increased, the sea ran higher, and Kinkel grew more and more miserable as the day progressed. He gathered himself up to go on deck, but soon returned to his berth. I tried to lift him up, but in vain. After a few hours of acute suffering he became quite desperate in his torment and he felt that he was going to die. He had a mind to tell the Captain to carry him to the nearest port. His agony seemed to him intolerable. Had he escaped from prison to die such a wretched death? It is recognized as one of the peculiarities of seasickness that those who do not suffer from it, do not appreciate the suffering of those who do, and that the sufferer considers the indifference of the well person as especially hard-hearted and exasperating. That was the case with us. I felt myself uncommonly well. The more the "Little Anna" bobbed up and down in the waves, the higher rose my spirits. I felt an inordinate appetite which did the fullest justice to the accomplishments of our cook. This joyous feeling I could not entirely conceal from Kinkel,

MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY SCHURZ AND KINKEL IN THEIR FLIGHT FROM SPANDAU JAIL TO THE BALTIC, AND THE COURSE OF THE "LITTLE ANNA" IN WHICH THEY ESCAPED TO ENGLAND IN NOVEMBER, 1850

although I deplored very sincerely his sufferings which probably were aggravated through the nervous condition resulting from long imprisonment. I thought I could raise him up by making fun of his fear of immediate death, but that would not do at all, as Kinkel believed in all seriousness that his life was in danger. My jokes sounded to him like unfeeling recklessness, and I had soon to change my tone in order to cheer him.

In this condition we passed Helsingör — the toll-gate of the Sound dues — and with it, the last place in which our liberty might possibly have been in danger, and so we entered the Kattegat. The sea had been wild enough in the Sound, but in the Kattegat it was much wilder. The winds seemed to blow alternately from all points of the compass, and we cruised two days between the Skagen, the projecting headland of Denmark and the high rocks of Sweden and Norway, until we reached the more spacious basin of the Skagerak. But there too, and as we at last entered the open North Sea, the "dirty weather" as our sailors called it, continued without change. At times the wind grew so violent that Captain Niemann recognized it as a real gale. Like a nutshell, the "Little Anna" jumped up and down on the angry billows. The sea constantly washed the deck, where I kept myself all the time that Kinkel did not need me below; and in order not to be washed overboard I had the mate bind me fast to the main mast. So I gained a vivid impression of the constantly changing grandeur of the sea which at the first view from Warnemünde had failed to impress me. Now I was fascinated by the sensation to such a degree that I could hardly tear myself away, and every minute I had to stay below appeared to me like an irretrievable loss.

Kinkel continued seasick several days, but he gradually became aware of how much seasickness a man can endure without fatal result. By degrees his suffering diminished; he went on deck with me and began to appreciate the poetry of the sea voyage and then forgave me that I had refused to believe in the deadly character of the malady. The bad weather continued without interruption ten days and nights. At times the fury of the elements made cooking impossible. The most that could be done was to prepare some coffee and beyond that, we lived on biscuits, cold meats, and herring, but we remained in good spirits and began to enjoy the humor of our situation. Two things impressed me especially. The one repeated itself every morning during the stormy time. Shortly after daybreak the Mate regularly came to the cabin to bring us our coffee while we were still lying in our berths. When the sea thundered furiously against the sides of the ship and crashed down on the deck so that we could hardly hear our own words, and when the "Little Anna" bounced up and down and rolled to and fro like a crazy thing, so that we had to hold on to something in order not to be tumbled out of our berths, the brave seaman stood there in a dripping suit of oilskin, spread his legs far apart, held on with one hand to the little table, and balanced in the other, with astonishing art, a bowl of coffee without spilling a drop, and screamed at us to the utmost of his power to make us understand the surprising intelligence that the weather was still bad and we could not expect to have any cooking done. We had therefore to be satisfied with what he then offered us. Thirty years later when I was Secretary of the Interior in the government of the United States, I visited during the presidential campaign of 1880, the town of Rondout on the Hudson where I had to deliver a speech. After the meeting I crossed the river on a ferry-boat in order to take the railroad train to New York at the station of Rhinebeck opposite. In the dusk of the evening a man approached me on the ferry-boat and spoke to me in German: "Excuse me," he said, "that I address you. I should like to know whether you recognize me,"

I regretted not being able to do so.

"Do you remember," he asked, "the Mate on the 'Little Anna,' — Captain Niemann — on which you and Professor Kinkel in November, 1850, sailed from Rostock to England?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "do I remember the Mate who every morning stood in the cabin with his bowl of coffee and executed such wonderful dances?"

"Yes and you always made such funny remarks about it which set me laughing if I could understand them in the terrible noise. That Mate was I."

I was much rejoiced and we shook hands vigorously. I asked how he was doing and he replied "Very well indeed."

I invited him to visit me in Washington, which he promised to do. I should have been glad to continue the conversation longer

but in the meantime we had reached the eastern bank of the Hudson. My railroad train stood ready and in a few minutes I was on the way to New York. The mate did not keep his promise to visit me in Washington, and I have never seen him again.

The other picture still present to my mind was more serious in its involuntary ludicrousness. While we were driven about in the North Sea by violent gales, the sky was constantly covered with dense clouds so that no regular observation could be had to determine where we were. The captain indeed endeavored to ascertain our whereabouts as well as he could by the so-called dead reckoning: but after we had been going on for several days he declared to us quite frankly that he had only a very vague idea of our latitude and longitude. Now we saw him frequently in the cabin sitting on the little sofa behind the table with his head bent thoughtfully over his chart, and as the matter was important to us too, we tried to help him in his calculations. Kinkel, after he had overcome the seasickness, and myself spent almost the whole day on deck in spite of the storm, and as we had observed the drifting of the vessel from its true course we formed an opinion on that matter, to which the captain, too, listened with great apparent respect; and when during the night he sat under the lamp over his chart, Kinkel and I stuck our heads out of our berths, holding fast to some object so that we should not fall out, and looking at the chart in this position, discussed with the captain the question of latitude and longitude, of the force of the wind, of the current of the water, and so on. Finally we would agree upon some point at which the ship ought to be at that time, and this point was then solemnly marked with a pencil on the chart. Then the "navigation council" as we called it, adjourned. The captain mounted again to the deck, and Kinkel and I crept back into our berths to sleep.

On the tenth day of our voyage the sky cleared at last, and the first actual observation showed that our calculations had not been so very wrong, and that three or four days would bring us to the English coast. So we headed for the port of Newcastle. Kinkel had in the meantime recovered all his bright humor, and would not permit me to remind him of his outbreaks of seasick despair. We were of good cheer, but rejoiced with our whole hearts when we saw the first strip of land rising above the horizon. Then the wind turned toward the south and the captain declared that we would have to cruise a considerable time against it in order to reach the port of Newcastle. The navigation council therefore met once more and resolved to steer in a northerly direction toward Leith, the harbor of Edinburgh. This was done and the next evening we saw the mighty rocks that guard the entrance of the port. Then the wind suddenly died away and our sails flapped. Kinkel and I quoted for our consolation various verses from Homer, how the angry gods prevented the glorious sufferer Odysseus by the most malicious tricks, from reaching his beloved home Ithaca, but how at last, while he was asleep, he was wafted by gentle breezes to the hospitable shores of his island. And so it happened to us. After we had gone to bed in a somewhat surly state of mind, a light wind arose that carried us with the most gentle movement toward the long wished for port, and when we awoke next morning the "Little Anna" lay at anchor.

Now the good Captain Niemann learned for the first time what kind of passengers he had carried across the North Sea under the names of Kaiser and Hensel. He confessed to us that the matter had appeared to him from the beginning quite suspicious, but he expressed in the heartiest manner his joy that, even ignorantly, he had contributed his part to Kinkel's liberation. Kinkel and I were impatient to get to land. Fortunately Mr. Brockelmann had not only given us letters to his correspondent in Newcastle, but also to a merchant in Leith by the name of McLaren. These letters we wished to present at once, but the captain reminded us that the day was Sunday, on which a Scottish merchant would certainly not be found in his counting-house, and he did not know how we could find his residence. This difficulty we recognized. However, we were heartily tired of the "Little Anna" with its narrow cabin and its many smells. We resolved therefore, to make our toilet and to go ashore, in order at least to take a look at Edinburgh. We also hoped to find shelter in some hotel. It was a clear, sunny winter morning. What a delight as we ascended the main street of Leith, to feel that we had at last firm ground under our feet again and that we could look every one in the face as free men! At last — all danger past, no more pursuit, a new life ahead! It was

glorious. We felt like shouting and dancing, but bethought ourselves of the effect such conduct would have on the natives. We wandered from the harbor up into the streets of Edinburgh. These streets had on their Sunday look. All the shops were closed, not a vehicle breaking the stillness. The people walked silently to church. We soon noticed that many of the passers-by looked at us with an air of surprise and curiosity, and before long a troop of boys collected around us and pursued us with derisive laughter. We looked at one another and became aware that our appearance contrasted strangely indeed with that of the well-dressed church-goers. Kinkel had on his big bear-skin overcoat which reached down to his feet; his beard, which he had permitted to grow, looked like a rough stubble-field — and at that time a full beard was in Scotland regarded as an impossibility among respectable people. On his head he wore a cap like that of a Prussian forester. Regulation hats we did not possess. I was in a long brown overcoat with wide sleeves and a hood lined with light blue cloth, the garment which in Switzerland a tailor had evolved from my large soldier's cape. We suddenly became conscious of making very startling figures on a Sunday morning on the streets of this Scottish capital, and were no longer surprised at the astonishment of the sober church-goers and the mockery of the boys. However, there we were. We could make no change and so sauntered on without troubling ourselves about the feelings of others.

We looked up the celebrated Walter Scott monument and several of the famous edifices, and then went on and up to the castle where the first view of soldiers in the splendid Scottish Highland uniform, burst upon us. We enjoyed to our heart's content the aspect of the city and its wonderfully picturesque surroundings. In short, we found Edinburgh beautiful beyond compare. In the meantime it had become high noon, and we began to feel that the contemplation of the most magnificent view does not satisfy the stomach. The imperious desire for a solid meal moved us to descend from the castle and to look about for a hotel or at least a restaurant. But in vain. From the outside some buildings looked like public houses, but nowhere an open door. One or two we tried to enter, but without success. Now our utter ignorance of the English language became very embarrassing. Of words of English sound we knew only two—"beefsteak" and "sherry." We addressed some of the passers-by in German and also in French, but they all responded after a long and astonished stare in an idiom entirely unintelligible to us, although we both had remarked that when we heard these Scottish people talk at a distance, their language sounded very much like German. When we pronounced our two English words, beefsteak and sherry, those whom we addressed pointed toward the harbor. Our situation became more and more precarious as the sun was setting. We were very tired from our long wanderings and hunger began to be tormenting. Nothing seemed to remain to us but to return to the "Little Anna."

So we walked back to the harbor. Unexpectedly we came upon a large house in the main street of Leith the front of which had the inscription "Black Bull Hotel," and an open door. We entered at once, and ascended a flight of stairs to the upper story. There we reached a spacious hall with several doors, one of which was ajar. We looked through it into a little parlor lighted by an open coal-fire. Without hesitation we entered, sat down in comfortable arm-chairs near the fireplace, pulled the bell-rope, and waited for further dispensations of fate. Soon there appeared in the door a man in the dress of a waiter with a napkin under his arm. When he saw the two strange figures sitting near the fireplace, he started and stood a moment mute and immovable, with staring eyes and open mouth. We could not keep from laughing and when we laughed he too smiled, but with a somewhat doubtful expression. Then we pronounced our two English words, beefsteak, sherry. The waiter stammered an unintelligible reply. He then moved back toward the door and disappeared. Soon he returned with another man, also a waiter. Both stared at us and exchanged a few words between themselves. We laughed and they smiled. Then one of them said something in English which sounded like a question. Again we spoke our words — beefsteak and sherry. Thereupon both nodded and left the room. After a little while a third man appeared who wore a double-breasted coat. He examined our appearance with a knowing look and talked to us in a friendly tone. Again we repeated our speech about beefsteak and sherry and tried to signify by gestures that we were hungry. At the same

time Kinkel had the fortunate idea of putting his hand in his pocket and taking out a few gold pieces which he showed to the landlord on his open palm. The landlord smiled still more, made a little bow and took himself away.

After a while the waiter whom we had first seen set the table in fine style. Now we sat down at the hospitable board. Thereupon the waiter lifted the silver cover from the soup-tureen he had brought in, with a mighty swing, pointed the forefinger of his other hand into the open dish, and said slowly and emphatically, seeming to give a dab to the contents of the tureen with each syllable, "ox — tail — soup!" Then he looked at us triumphantly and stepped behind Kinkel's chair. This was my first lesson in English. Judging from the similarity with German words, we could well imagine what the words "ox" and "soup" signified; but the meaning of the word "tail" became clear to us only when we saw the contents of the tureen on our plates. We found the soup delicious and thereby our English vocabulary had been enriched by a valuable substantive. The landlord had been sensible enough not to confine himself to beefsteak and sherry in the execution of the desire we expressed, but to give us a complete dinner to which after our long sea voyage and the Sunday walk in the Scottish capital, we did full justice. By all sorts of ingenious gestures we made our landlord understand that we wanted paper and ink and pens and that we would then wish to go to bed. All our requests were understood and complied with. We now added postscripts to the letters which he had written to our families during the last days of our voyage on the "Little Anna," giving news of our happy arrival on British soil. Kinkel invited his wife to meet him in Paris, and then wrote a long letter to my parents in which he said to them many kind things about me.

After this was done, the waiter conducted us into a spacious sleeping apartment with two beds, the enormous size of which astonished us. The next morning we bade farewell to our kind host, grateful to him for having tolerated in his house two such uncanny looking guests without luggage and with a vocabulary of only two English words.

Now we called at the counting house of Mr. McLaren in whom we found a very pleasant and polite gentleman speaking German fluently. Letters from Mr. Brockelmann's had told him everything about Kinkel and myself; he therefore greeted us with much cordiality, insisted on having our luggage taken from the "Little Anna" to his residence, and upon devoting himself entirely to us so long as we might choose to remain in Edinburgh. In McLaren's counting house we took leave of the good Captain Niemann. I never saw him again, but many years afterwards I learned that he had perished on the North Sea in a heavy winter gale.

After having bought some presentable clothing and decent hats, thus acquiring an appearance similar to that of other men, we accepted Mr. McLaren's invitation to see Holyrood and to dine at his house, whereupon we took the night train for London.

There we were accredited by Brockelmann to the banking house of Hambro and Son. The chief of the house placed one of his clerks at our disposal, a young gentleman from Frankfurt, Mr. Verhuven, who during our sojourn in London was to devote his whole time to us. He was an exceedingly agreeable companion, and with him we hurried during several days from morning until night from place to place to see the great sights of London. In this way we missed the many visitors who left their cards at our hotel, the "London Coffee House." Among these we found that of Charles Dickens. His acquaintance we should have been especially proud to make, but to our great regret, we did not find him at home when we returned his visit.

In those days I received the first distinct impression of the English language — an impression, which now, after long acquaintance with it, I can hardly explain to myself.

The celebrated tragedian Macready was playing several Shaksperean parts in one of the London theaters. We saw him in "Macbeth" and "Henry VIII." Although I did not understand the spoken words, I was sufficiently conversant with those dramas to follow the dialogue; but I had hardly any enjoyment of it as the impure vowels and the many sibilants, the hissing consonants, in fact, the whole sound and cadence of the English language fell upon my ear so unmusically, so gratingly, that I thought it a language that I would never be able to learn. And indeed, this disagreeable first impression long prevented

me from taking the study of English seriously in hand.

After a few days of over-fatiguing pleasure, we started for Paris. To witness the meeting of Kinkel and his wife after so long and so painful a separation was hardly less delightful to me than it was to them. But with this delight our arrival in Paris imposed upon me also a heavy burden which consisted in sudden "fame." Although I had received in Rostock, in Edinburgh, and in London, in small circles of friends, praise of the warmest kind, I was not a little astonished and embarrassed when I learned in Paris of the sensation created by the liberation of Kinkel. While Kinkel and I had been crossing the North Sea in the cabin of the "Little Anna" holding navigation councils with Captain Niemann, it had become generally known that I, a student of the university of Bonn, had taken a somewhat important part in that affair. The details of it were of course, still unknown to the general public, but that sort of mystery is notoriously favorable to the formation of legends, and the Liberal newspapers in Germany had vied with one another in romantic stories about the adventure. The favorite and most accredited of those fables represented me like Blondel before the dungeons of Richard Coeur de Lion attracting the attention of the imprisoned friend, not indeed with the lute of a troubadour, but in my case with a barrel organ, and thus detecting the window of his cell, and then effecting his escape in a marvelous way. Another myth brought me in communication with a Prussian princess, who, in a mysterious, and to herself very perilous manner, had advanced my undertaking. Several newspapers put before their readers my biography which consisted in great part of fantastic inventions in as much as there was but little to say of my young life. I even became the subject of poetic effusions which celebrated me in all sorts of sentimental exaggeration. My parents, as they afterwards wrote me, were fairly flooded with congratulations, which in great part came from persons entirely unknown to them.

Of course, the praise I received from my parents and the gratitude expressed by Mrs. Kinkel and her children were a real and a great satisfaction to me, but the extravagances which I had to read in German papers and to hear in the constantly extending circle of our acquaintance in Paris, disquieted me seriously. What I had done had appeared to me as nothing so extraordinary as to merit all this ado. Then there was also constantly present to my mind the thought, that without the help of a group of faithful friends and especially without Brune's bold resolution at the decisive moment all my efforts would have been in vain. Of Brune, who in those days was subject to a sharp and dangerous investigation, I could not speak without seriously compromising him. Thus I felt in submitting to praise as one who accepts credit for some things, at least, done by another, and this feeling was in a high degree painful to me. Moreover, in every company in which I showed myself, I was asked time and again, "How did you succeed in carrying out this bold stroke? tell us." Not being permitted to tell the whole truth I preferred to tell nothing. New legends were invented which if possible were still more fantastic than the old ones. This was so oppressive to me that I became very much averse to going into society, and I fear I sometimes repelled those who came to me and pressed me with questions, in an almost unfriendly manner.

To bring the narrative of this episode to a conclusion, I must add something about the further fortunes of those who co-operated with me in the Kinkel rescue. On the day after Kinkel's escape from Spandau, suspicion fell at once upon Brune. He was forthwith arrested and subjected to close examination. At first nothing could be proved against him; but then, so it was reported, they placed with him in his cell a detective whom he did not suspect and to whom in a careless way he confided his story. He was thereupon tried and condemned to three years' imprisonment. After he had served his term he removed with his family to his old home in Westphalia where with the money he had received from me, and which had not been discovered, he could comfortably live with his family, and where he enjoyed the respect of his neighbors. When in 1888 I visited Germany I was informed by a friend of Brune's that Brune was at the time a janitor in a great ironwork in Westphalia, that he was doing well, although he began to feel the infirmities of old age, and that he would like to know something about me. I answered at once, told him all about myself, and asked him for his photograph. The same friend wrote again that my letter had given Brune much pleasure, but that he

was in his old age even more stubborn than he had been before, that he had always refused to be photographed, and that he now could not be moved to do it. I desired much to see him again and had already made arrangements for the journey when to my intense regret unforseen circumstances prevented it. In 1891 I received in America a letter from Brune's daughter in which she informed me of the death of her brave father.

My friends in Spandau had rejoiced so much at the success of our enterprise that they could not conceal their joy, and so Krüger was involved in the investigation and was brought to trial. It has been reported that he willingly confessed the reception he had accorded to me in his hotel, remarking at the same time that it was his business as a hotel keeper to open his house to all decently appearing strangers who could pay their bills; that he could not always investigate who those strangers might be, and what were their circumstances and their intentions. For instance: immediately after the revolution in Berlin on the 18th of March, 1848, a very stately looking gentleman with some friends had arrived in a carriage at the door of his inn. Those gentlemen had been in great excitement and hurry, and he had noticed several extraordinary things in their conduct. In great haste they had departed, as he had afterward heard, for England. It had not occured to him for a single moment to deny to them as unknown people the hospitality of his house. Only later he had been informed that the most distinguished looking of these gentlemen had been His Royal Highness, the Prince of Prussia (later Emperor William I). This narrative, recounted with the quiet smile peculiar to Krüger, is said to have put the audience present at the trial into the gayest humor which even the court could not entirely resist. Krüger was pronounced not guilty, continued to live quietly in Spandau, and died in the seventies, much esteemed and mourned by all his fellow citizens..

Poritz, Leddihn, and Hensel also were acquitted there being no conclusive proof against them. Poritz and Hensel died not many years afterwards. I saw Leddihn again in 1888 in Berlin. He had been living for several years in the capital, was a well-to-do citizen and a member of the city council. Three years afterwards the newspapers reported his death.

It is remarkable how the memory of that adventure has remained alive in various parts of Germany. Hardly a year has passed since 1850 without bringing me in newspaper articles or letters new versions of the old story, some of them extremely fantastic. When early in this century the penitentiary building in Spandau in which Kinkel had been imprisoned was taken down to make room for another structure, some citizens of Spandau sent me a photograph of it, showing the part of the building from which Kinkel escaped, Kinkel's cell, and his and my portrait, taken from a daguerreotype made in Paris in December, 1850. In January, 1903, nearly fifty-three years after our drive from Spandau to Rostock, I received a pictorial postal card signed by a member of the German Reichstag and several other gentlemen, who sent me their cordial greetings and a picture of the "White Cross Inn" near Rostock, marked "Kinkel's Corner," where we had stopped in our flight, and where the room in which we took an early breakfast, it seems, is still pointed out to guests.

After the escape to England, and before setting out for America, Mr. Schurz had many interesting and exciting adventures in Europe which he will describe fully in the June and July numbers of the magazine. He was living in the Latin Quarter of Paris as a newspaper correspondent and student when President Louis Napoleon was preparing for his coup d'état which was to overthrow the republic. On account of his record as a German revolutionist he was seized and imprisoned with a common thief. He was in London when that city was the meeting place of important liberals from various parts of Europe. He met Mazzini, the famous Italian revolutionist; Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot and orator; and many other remarkable persons whom he describes fully. Finally Louis Napoleon's coup d'état brought about the practical collapse of the revolutionary movement in Europe. Mr. Schurz then came to America.

A LESSON IN LABOR

BY

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

AUTHOR OF "TOMMY CUTTS," "SPEEDAWAY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

YOU ask me to tell you why there ain't a labor union in this town. There are two parts to the story — the union and the boss, but I guess the main part of the story was the Boss, so I'll tell the union part first.

Grievances are the legs of a labor union just as sure as I'm foreman of this room. Don't think I mean that a labor union isn't a good thing, for I've worked in places where the labor union was the only thing that gave me a chance to sleep under blankets in the winter-time. But the point I'm making is that when you try to run a labor union in this town, you're tracking mud into your own parlor and going up against the Boss; and going up against the Boss, we men found out, is a good deal like a mouse pulling the cat's whiskers.

Of course, this factory is the main thing to this town, because we employ three hundred men and women, and the mirror factory where they turn out those cheap looking-glasses that make you look wiggly, as if you had a chill, only hires twenty-five, and the sawmill less. So when you talk about labor in this town you mean this factory. Somehow, five or six years went by after the Boss came up here and built this factory and got it running, before we got next that we ought to have a labor union. We were put wise by an organizer sent up here by the central union down in the capital city. It wasn't two days before he had all of us on edge to get together and elect officers, and inside of two weeks he had showed us all our grievances and we were wearing celluloid buttons on our vests and had hired Masonic Hall for Friday evenings so's we could have hot shot from hot authors, and plain talk from plain people. And we had it, too! What I didn't know about collective bargaining and closed shops and the piece system was the kind of knowledge that hadn't been found out!

Dave Kennedy was president. I guess you never saw Dave. He was one of those fellers with a yellow mustache and a big blue eye that likes to see his name in print, and had talked so much in forty-five years that he was a regular artist. He used to make more speeches in one year in this little town than the President of the country made all over the United States. If the Bellows Falls baseball team licked our local team, after we had hired a college pitcher and thought we had a sure thing, Dave would climb up on a barrel and explain it in words of eight syllables and when the town company came back from fighting the Spaniards at Camp Alger, although the "Committee on Welcome" purposely didn't invite Dave to the turkey supper in the town hall, you bet your life Dave fooled 'em and stood on a barrel in front of the station and sailed in, mouth and fist, to tell the soldier lads what heroes they were while the "Committee on Welcome" were up to the hall watching the ice-cream melt. Dave was a smart, bright feller with a desire to shine, and he took the union very serious and gave it his best efforts, as they say in an obituary.

All of us took the union serious, and some of the men were pretty hot about things. The Boss was prosperous, and had a spanking, bright red, new automobile and was building a new house and wore a fur-lined overcoat, and a good many of us could tell a good deal better than he that we were having hard times. We were the boys that knew what it was to have your wages trusteed for a grocer's bill that six hungers made you run up, and have to tell your wife that Annie couldn't have a new dress to go to school in, and have to see her sitting up with a kerosene lamp to turn Johnnie's old overcoat into little Michael's new pants. Then there was a good deal of discussion about how the Boss made his money, because he wasn't paying the wages that they paid in the cities down the state, and I guess that we forgot that living expenses were cheaper in this town, and that we had steady jobs all the year round, but that down the state they were liable to be layed off for six or eight weeks at a clip. Then there got to be the feeling that the Boss was an old bear who was out for his own pocket and didn't care how any of us got along anyhow. He had a sort of sandbag voice when he said "No." and we'd heard it when we asked for Saturday afternoons and higher pay for overtime, and when we asked for a closed shop we heard it with trimmings on it.

I was on the committee that was appointed to ask the Boss for a closed shop. That was before I got to be foreman and I'd never met the Boss at short range before. He's a strange package — the kind of a man that hasn't got any ornaments dangling on his mind, and that wears baggy trousers and a slouchy felt hat on week days, without losing the appearance of being somebody. There ain't much talk to the Boss. He's like a feller I saw once in Chicago that came up to a couple of men trying to knock each other down with profanity, and when he heard about two words he chose his side and lifted the other party into the gutter with a right hook. He says: "What you want to do is biff — biff — biff — and talk afterward!" and then jumped on a street-car and waved his hand to us. Well, that's sort of like the Boss. He had a stunt to do when he set out to make this mill pay — doing a big business on small profits, and he used to waste so little time in talking or giving a feller the bounce that the men got to thinking he was a selfish old mutt, full of greed and hard words. I'm willing to admit on week days the wrinkles on his big phiz were pretty deep, and his lower jaw set out like a balcony on his face.

But on Sunday he'd walk along Main Street to church with his wife, who looked like a woman who'd face the music of being a mother with a smile, and with his daughter who looked like the boy away at college, only being a girl she was prettier; and then you'd see the Boss, fresh and red like some one who has jumped out of a cold bath, and with his hair brushed back slick over his ears like a duck's wing, and he'd take off his shiny dicer to you and say: "Good-morning, Jim, isn't this sun light glorious?" Dave Kennedy used to say it didn't cost him anything to do it and the men who didn't really know the Boss then, thought there was a heap of truth in what Dave said.

I was spokesman for the committee that asked the Boss for a closed shop, and I started in and told the Boss fourteen reasons that was suggested to us by the central union why an employer shouldn't hire non-union help. The old man listened to me through, and then moved his desk-chair back with a mean sounding squeak. "No!" says he. "There are three reasons why I won't — because there isn't any use of your labor union in this factory anyway, because if I recognized

" 'and the third reason is just No!' "

your union I might do something unfair to a good man who don't belong to it; and the third reason is just No!"

"Well," says I, thinking it was up to me to show what the union amounted to. "We have two hundred men in this factory behind us. Now, do I understand that you refuse?"

"Stuff!" says he and that was all the good I got out of him.

That night we had a meeting of the union and a delegate named Cole came up from the capital to advice us. He and Dave and Terence Burns made speeches, and they all said the crisis had come and banged on the table so's the water-pitcher danced. We fought a good deal about what we had better make the issue, and the hall got so hot three times that they had to open the windows, but finally those who pointed out that the wage scale was lower than in any other town in the state won out, and we voted fifty-seven to twenty-eight to get higher pay or strike. Then Dave said: "Gentlemen, we are now setting out together on a stormy sea in the cause of labor and humanity. We cannot fail, for we have embarked on a righteous cause, but we must stick to each other to the end," or something like that, and it made us feel kind of full and gulping, as if it was so serious we would never see our families or friends again.

The demand was made on the Old Man the next morning by the delegate who said he would act for us. Some of us stood in the packing-room outside the office door, we were so anxious to see how the trouble would

come out. The first thing I heard was the Boss.

"Who are you, anyhow?" says he. "If my men have a grievance why don't they talk it out. They know me and I know them. We are acquainted — we are! But who are you? Why should I talk to you? Why should *you* ask to have me pay higher wages?"

"I'll tell you who I am," says the delegate speaking up, snappy. "I'm Peter J. Cole, from the Central Union. I guess you've heard of me, all right, all right, and the reason I am asking you to raise the wages according to this scale we've prepared is because I'm paid with a salary of two thousand dollars per year by the different local unions to do just this thing!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Cole," said the Boss. "I wouldn't employ you at two thousand cents. You're bleeding the union with that salary of yours about seven hundred times more than you're worth to 'em."

"'I guess you've heard of me all right, all right'"

We could hear every word, and we knew well enough that Peter J. Cole wouldn't stand for that. And he didn't. He just come back at the Boss with a regular pirate's prayer and then the chairs began turning over, and we were trying to remember just how much bigger Cole was than the Boss, when we heard the front door open and something bumping down the steps. What bumped was Cole.

Fifteen minutes later there came word through the factory that the Boss wanted to see every man and woman in the outer office. There's quite a lot of room in there, but a good many of us had to stand outside the doors; Cole had gone up over the hill, looking mad all the way up and down the back of his coat, and we weren't in the mood for any love-feast either. None of us looked at each other, but we were sort of quiet except for the squeaks of boots where those who were way back stood up on tiptoe to get a look at the Boss leaning up against a desk in the farthest corner. The Old Man didn't say anything for several minutes; but shifted his eyes from one to another of us until I guess he'd looked each one straight in the face.

"I haven't got much to speak about," says he at last. "It's just this — that if any person or persons, whether it's one or all of you, have any complaint to make about your employment here, you can come to me and we'll talk it over. But when a labor union, or any of its officers, come to me I'm going to be too busy to talk or consider, because there isn't any need of a labor union in this factory, and when a labor union gets a man who never worked for me and never saw me before to do the talking, I'm going to kick him down the steps. That's all."

Some of the women up front were looking kind of scared, and leaned up against those back of them, but Dave Kennedy took a step forward, and I guess all of us moved forward with him — just one step. "The labor union wants to know," says Dave, with

his voice kind of jiggled, "whether you will grant the proposed higher scale of wages, such as are in force in the southern part of the state?"

The Boss smiled a little, and Dave stood up very stiff and straight, with his fingers trembling along the seams of his over-alls. As I said the Boss smiled and he says: "I'm not going to answer you as president of the union, but as plain Dave Kennedy, I'll tell you that I'm not going to raise your wages, Dave, because you're not earning any more than you're getting. My job is to make this business a success by keeping loaded down with orders and shaving off a small profit, by running this factory where living is cheap so labor will be cheaper, and by paying wages and shipping goods fifty-two weeks a year. If I sweetened the pay-roll there wouldn't be any excuse for running at all. That's all there is to it."

Dave wheeled around, turning his back on the Boss and facing us, and he threw one hand up in the air like an actor and says, in a firm voice, "Strike!" And somebody else says "Strike," under his breath-like that, until most of us had said "strike," backing away out of the room, leaving the Boss all alone standing in front of the desk, looking at the floor.

It was most noon and the day before had been pay-day, so we quit right there — all of us except eighteen Poles who couldn't speak English and didn't know what was doing, and four Canucks who were getting higher pay than they ever had hoped for. Everybody was excited and wanted to use the soap in the washrooms first, and talked about how it would be a fight to the bitter end, and went down the stairs jawing, and forgetting to fill up their pipes the way they generally did at noon hour. When you'd see the men crowding out the doors of the rooms pulling on their coats, and behind them the empty spaces with long rows of machines all dead and quiet except for the shafting which was still running, it seemed sort of like a scene in a play that makes you lean forward and keeps you there, even though your collar cuts into your neck. And I can remember how my Annie met me at the door, wiping her hands on her apron and asked me whether it was true the men had gone out, and I said "yes," and how she looked at me and says: "Ain't it dreadful, Jim?"

The next few days it was kind of pleasant to be striking, because, for one thing it was the most exciting business that had ever happened in town, and stirred everybody up, even more than when a tough little youngster named Tommy Cutts came near shooting holes into the sheriff, and, being a striker, made a feller feel sort of important and anxious to see what the big dailies down the state were saying about us. And then, again, if it was a cold morning with one of those slashing winds blowing down the valley you didn't have to jump out of bed at half-past six, but could lie there and listen to the booming of the ice on the river, and think of your breakfast, and how you could sit in the sunlight at the south window in the kitchen, and fool with the kids and how, later, you could walk down into the town and watch the boys play pool in the back of the barber shop and talk about how we'd make the Boss come to terms.

The Boss used to go down to the factory every day and he had the Canucks and Poles pack up the finished goods — there weren't more than twelve cases, and cart 'em to the station while everybody who saw 'em would hoot and yell at 'em and the boys would throw handfuls of mud at the team and make it splash up against the white sides of the boxes. They hooted at the Boss, too, but he would just look kind of solemn, and go on down to the office, and you could see him dictating letters to Miss Andrews, the stenographer and it kind of made a feller feel sorry for him to see how the windows were getting all dusty, and there was no water running through the penstock, and everything was going to thunder. And then you'd think of how he had treated the union, and you'd feel a good deal hotter and grin when some other union man would let out a few curses, and say he'd like to chuck a rock through the front door.

Everybody expected the Boss would cave in pretty quick when we put him right up against it, but after five days he hadn't showed any signs of it, and it kept a feller uneasy, because there weren't going to be a pay envelope, and although the tradespeople in town were giving us what support they could, of course they couldn't run their business on nothing. After a week there was a good deal more coffee than steak on the table. Some of us were driven pretty hard. About twenty men slid out of town during the next ten days to look for jobs somewhere else, but every one of those were young fellers who

weren't married, and didn't have a house here with a vegetable patch in the back-yard, and furniture bought on the instalment plan and almost paid for.

Being a striker weren't any fun the second week when you had to toss up a nickel to see whether you'd spend it on a plug of tobacco for yourself or a pound of sugar for the house. It made me feel hot and bad-hearted to think the Boss was trying to drive us to the wall and kind of starve us back to work — it made me fill up clean full of feelings that would make me speak cross to the kids and slam the front door hard when I came in or went out, and got me to feeling sour until I knew I'd make the Boss sweat and go to the ropes before I'd ever give in. Some of the men got drunk, and maybe you'd see a feller whooping it along Main Street at noon, cursing at everybody and people cursing at him, and it seemed as if everybody who got to hating the Boss, got to hating each other, too!

We had a meeting of the union that we all remember on the fifth Wednesday, in the morning, and there wasn't so much talking but everybody looked a heap. Dave Kennedy read a letter from the central union saying how they'd found it impossible to add anything to our strike fund, but how we ought to stick it out and have courage, and another from the owner of Masonic Hall, saying how the rent due from our union for the use of the hall hadn't been payed. We took a vote, and you could tell how bulldog the men felt because two hundred of 'em were for holding out against the Boss when every man of 'em had already been up against being busted and hungry.

And then Bill Gaylor came in, looking red and out of breath. Seems to me I can see him now as he stood there in the door, and says in a kind of dull voice, but so's everybody could hear: "The factory's for sale!"

Dave caught the edges of the table. "What?" says he.

"The factory's for sale," says Bill, pushing his way up through the men — some of 'em had jumped up and were standing, and some of 'em had kind of slumped back on the settees — "there's a big white sign on the side next the railroad!"

A good many of us pushed each other for a place at the back windows where you could get a look at the tracks and the covered bridge, and I tell you I never felt so curious as when I seen that sign smashing me between the eyes. It looked like the finish of my little home and the whole business, and I felt like a feller that gets thrown overboard in the middle of the ocean, and has his woman and kids thrown overboard, too. You could tell by the look of the others that it weren't any different with them.

"Gentlemen," says Dave. "We are up against the real thing now. Of course, we don't know what the Boss is going to do, but I suggest that we send a committee to him to find out. Then if we — we are up against the finish of this fight now — if we have to compromise —— "

At that Bill Gaylor came up like the fur on a mad cat's tail. "Compromise nothing!" he yells, his eyes red with liquor or fever or something. "I'll not compromise! We can beat him out if we have to cut our own throats to do it. We can burn the factory!"

A feller next to me whose wife was sick kind of tightened his hands and leaned forward, looking into the air, and says: "Yes," and two or three others yelled: "You 're right!" but the rest of us jumped up yelling: "No, no, none of that!" and three of us were appointed to go and see the Boss and report that evening. I was one of 'em.

We went straight up there and rang the bell on the big front door, and the Boss's pretty daughter opened it. "Tell him there are three of his hands that want to see him, miss," says I.

"Why," says she, "he told me to say that he can't see the use of talk since you have your minds made up."

I caught sight of two trunks in the hall that looked as if they was ready to go somewhere, and it was a jar — like the sign on the factory!

"Please, miss, tell him we want to see him — bad" says Henderson who stood back of me.

"Step in," says she, "he's in there in the library."

The Boss was sitting in an arm-chair reading a book, and he looks up and smiles. "Howdy do, Jim. Howdy do, Joe," and then he scowls and says: "I thought I'd never be bothered about this factory business any more."

"Have you shut it down for good, sir?" says I.

"Yes," says he, kind of thoughtful, "the business was a habit with me I guess, and I

"DAVE CAUGHT THE EDGES OF THE TABLE; 'WHAT?' SAYS HE"

"'TELL HIM THERE ARE THREE OF HIS HANDS THAT WANT TO SEE HIM, MISS'"

don't know but what it was a poor habit. I got so into the habit of running that business that when you fellers forced me to quit I felt for a few days like an old smoker who has run out of tobacco on a desert island. I'd thought of quitting long ago, but habit kept me going. But that's all over now — all the worry and the care and fret and fuss. The load is off my mind now!"

Well, you'd be surprised to see the way Henderson's jaw dropped till his under lip looked like a hammock, and I guess Joe and I had the pop eyes.

"Yes," says the Boss motioning for us to sit down in a kind of careless way. "There's been a clover patch waiting for me, and I never saw it till a week ago. I've run this factory now for a good many years, and I've got a nice roly-poly little income, so what's the use of my slaving away in this muddy, little one-horse town till I slam the door of this life behind me. I haven't much money to leave to my boy, and I consider that's lucky for him; and my daughter is going to marry a man who is smart enough always to make it comfortable for her. So now I've come to a breathing spell. I'm going to Europe for a good rest, and when I get back I'm going to settle down in the city where I can rub elbows with something else besides a lot of jobbers, buyers, and supply salesmen."

The Boss didn't seem to be talking to us at all, but just to himself, but I was thinking some and everything looked pretty black!

"What'll become of the men?" says I like that. "For God's sake, what'll we do — we that has got homes here and kids. What'll happen to this town?"

"I'd thought of that," says the Boss, "and you can believe me or not I'm mighty sorry for the men. An industry like that factory isn't run for the man that owns it — altogether. It's run for the laborers, too, and the town, and, in fact, if it's a good industry it's run for the good of the whole country. Yes, I've realized that all along. But I'm selfish now. I'm out for a soft snap —— "

Henderson looked kind of scared, but he stopped twirling his hat and got up out of his chair.

"Excuse me," says he, "and don't understand that there are many of us feel any sympathy with it, but there are a few hot-headed ones who have suffered more than the rest of us who say if you don't do something they'll burn the factory."

The Boss looked up kind of squinting, and then he brought his hand down on his knee with a big slap.

"Good!" says he. "I don't know whether the insurance would cover that case or not, but I don't care — I'd be glad to have the old factory out of the way. It's a darned old monument to every trouble and worry I ever had, and if it was wiped away I'd never have any temptation to come back to it!"

To hear the Boss talk that way made me feel sicker and sicker, and I could see my finish just as plain as I can see you. I was looking down on the floor and I can remember the pattern on that carpet just as well as I can remember the color of the paint on my father's house, and when I looked up the Boss had his keen blue eyes on me.

He shook his head: "Poor fellers, poor fellers," says he to himself, and then, all of a sudden, he jumped up straight, running his fingers over his hair till it was all rumpled the way it was on week days. "Say, Jim," says he, "when does your labor union have its next meeting?"

"To-night," says I, kind of excited and not knowing why.

"Jim," says he, "you fellers know me. You know I tell the truth from one to ten, and A to Z. And what I've said to you to-day is true. You go back and tell 'em what I said, and tell 'em that if they want I'll speak to 'em to-night. Tell 'em that!"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"Thanks," Henderson says, having no idea what he was thanking for, and he and Joe and I went out.

"It's all over but the shouting, I guess," says Joe on the driveway. But I was too sore and hard pressed to pass words with him.

A good many of the men knew how we came out with the Boss before the meeting that night, and I guess a lot of 'em were figuring just how hard it would hit 'em to pull up and get out of town and look for a job. A good many of 'em, like me, had grown pretty deep roots here, and it seemed as if there'd be a good deal of wilting before we could get set into a new flower bed.

It made your feet heavy to think about it, and you'd see many a husky-looking feller who would scuffle along without the heart to lift his shoes off the ground. Besides it had

clouded up to snow, and everything was dismal — awful dismal! It didn't make much difference that the papers said we'd forced the Boss into a corner — we'd got it in the neck! That's what had happened to us!

There was a sorry-looking gang that came to the meeting, but it looked like the last round, and pretty near everybody came, to be in at the wind up! We'd begun together, and I guess the men felt as if we might as well end up together. And besides there was a good deal of curiosity to know what the Boss would say if he got the chance.

Dave Kennedy told 'em all what I had reported, and asked for a show of hands to see if the union wanted to send for the Old Man. You oughter seen the hands come up — just like a field of wheat; even the fellers who looked soggy with liquor stuck up their fists. Dave grinned kind of sour and says: "Henderson — you're near the door — the Boss is down-stairs in the drug store."

It was a sight to see that hall crowded full of men, with their faces kind of glued on the doorway, and never making hardly the sound of a breath when the Boss came in and walked through 'em up to the table, but just following him with their eyes.

The Boss stood up there, straight and stiff, with his overcoat on and little specks of snow that hadn't melted all over it, and sort of give a sigh which sounded like a shout, the hall was so still.

"When I built my factory in this town," says he slowly, "I did it because living was cheaper here than in other places where they are making my class of goods, and because, for that reason it would be fair to pay lower wages than they pay farther down the state. It was my policy to make a lot of goods on small profits, and never shut down except on Sundays. It worked. It made me as much money as I ever will want to spend, it built up this town, it gave, what I believed was good, fair wages and employment to over three hundred men, it sent out an honest lot of goods. That's what goes to show that an industry is a good thing for the man who owns it, the men who work in it, the town where it is run, and the people who buy its product —— "

He sort of stopped and listened as if he expected somebody to call him a liar.

"Now, you can believe it or not," says he, "but if I paid higher wages to-day it would knock out the whole foundation of the industry. Instead of being a blessing to this town and this country, it would be a mighty bad thing. It would cut my share of the profits way down below what I ought to get for the skill I put into the business, it would tempt me to make a dishonest line of goods, it would tend to raise the wages of the factories down the state, and if they raised their wages they'd have to run on a little fine strip of profit that would break and make 'em fail in hard times, it would drive men of brains, who expect to have their brains pay dividends, out of the business. That's what it would do."

Some of the men shifted their feet, and a good many were leaning forward to listen, and the Boss went on: "There were two things made me keep on with this factory after it had made me enough money so's I could always have a nice comfortable income — one thing was the habit of making money, and it's a good deal stronger habit than liquor, and I'm just as fond of money as anybody; and the other was a kind of a sneaking feeling that it was my duty to keep on. I've been thinking of it since I stopped, and I see now that as long as an industry is a good one, there are a dozen reasons and unselfish reasons, too, why it shouldn't ever be allowed to stop. If I had stopped on my own account I would have deserved to be hanged. Just think what misery it would have caused to the men who worked for me, and who had settled with families in this town!"

Some of the men muttered, and one feller in the back of the hall said: "You've stopped, haven't yer?"

"No!" yells the Boss, so everybody jumped. "You stopped! You stopped — and that's why I'm going to have a soft snap, that's why I'm going to Europe and wash my hands of this. You fools!" says he. "If it hadn't been for you I would have stopped long ago. If you would have given me my fair profit and taken yours we'd been running to-day, and if we were running it would be because you wanted to run, not because I wanted to run! You're the ones who stopped!"

"No!" yells several of the men standing up. "We want to run," and then everybody scrambles up between the settees, yelling: "Yes! yes! We want to run!" and the feller next to me — a great big strapping six-feet-four — bellows out: "The old way! the old way!" and tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh, you want to run? In the old way? With the old wages?" cries the Boss, with

his smile looking like the sunshine on a patch of meadow.

"With the old Boss — the old Boss!" shouts Dave, and every man of 'em takes up the yell. "With the old Boss — the old Boss!" and hands stuck up in the air with fingers stretching. And then, all of a sudden it got so quiet you'd think you were alone there, and the Boss looks around with his eyes kind of glistening like I never seen 'em before, and he says, talking kind of as if he'd just run a mile. "No more labor unions — we don't need 'em when we can — well, we don't need 'em. The factory will start running Monday."

At those words every man there sort of dropped his shoulders with the joy of it, and turned his head down a mite — just as you do when the flag goes by.

"And," says the Boss, "any man that has a family, or anybody that's sick just come to me, will you? We've got to patch up this hole that the labor union has punched in us."

The men started to yell out what they had bottled up in the way of feelings for the last week, and the Boss grabbed his hat off the table and started for the door. Then all of a sudden he stopped. The fire-bell was booming out in the tower of the town hall next door, and you could hear people hollering along the street outside.

"It's the factory!" yells a feller, and we could see the red glow out the back windows of the hall. Somebody near the door cries out: "The storage shed is what's going!" and the Boss jumps up on a chair. "Jim!" he yells, "pick out seven men to help get the apparatus down there, the rest of you men come with me."

I'll not quickly forget that night. It was raining and freezing where it dropped, and except for the red of the blaze it was so dark that a white cat looked black. Among the three hundred of us that fought the fire back from the factory it would surprise you how many got jambed hands, and burnt ears and cuts on the head. See that middle finger? That was that night. But we were fighting for the factory, and I guess every man felt it was *his* factory; and my Annie and the Boss's daughter and a lot of the women folks come down with cans and bottles of hot coffee. The women who stayed at home, I guess, were praying when the blaze gave one of them devilish leaps and roars, but the men would yell back at it and fight it again right up to the place where a feller could smell his own hair singeing!

It was three o'clock before we had saved the main building, and I crawled home up over the hill, and my Annie met me at the door with a lamp, and put her arms around my neck and says: "My boy, my boy," like she hadn't said since a long time before we got gray hairs, and little Michael came in and tried to climb up my leg, and two clean sheets was the best thing I ever felt.

We haven't got anything against labor unions, but for this town — well, we're scared of it more than the cholera. Once — that's enough!

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs aplenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

"A Shropshire Lad"

THE STORY OF LIFE INSURANCE

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "THE ASTOR FORTUNE," ETC.

I

THE SURPLUS: THE BASIS OF CORRUPTION

For the last thirty-five years a constant warfare has waged in the United States between the good and the bad in life insurance. On one side have ranged honesty, economy, and fair and liberal treatment of the insured; on the other, dishonesty, extravagance, and absolute disregard of policy-holders' rights. Certain companies have treated life insurance as a great beneficent institution, organized for the purpose of protecting the weak and the dependent against adverse fortune; others have regarded it largely as a convenient contrivance for enriching the few men who happened to have usurped control.

In this thirty-five years the history of American life insurance has been one of progressive degeneration. The people have forgotten the old ideals; have persistently abandoned good life insurance and taken up with bad. They have for the larger part ignored the teachings of our great American leaders — men like Elizur Wright, of Massachusetts, the originator of nearly everything that is best in the American system; Jacob L. Greene, of Hartford; and Amzi Dodd, of New Jersey, and have sought the leadership of men who have degraded the whole institution. They have thus displaced the United States from the world leadership in life insurance which it formerly held, and have made what was one of our greatest claims to national distinction the cause of what is, in many ways, our most shameful national scandal.

To show this deterioration in quality we need not necessarily look far. The most popular companies, indeed, have largely ceased to do a life insurance business at all. If you study the literature they circulate, you will find the life insurance feature of their contracts only incidentally mentioned. They talk little about protection of one's family, but much about savings banks, investments, guaranteed incomes, five per cent Consols, and gold bonds. They ask you to buy their policies not that thereby you may provide financial protection for your dependents, but that you may thereby reap financial advantage yourself. They appeal, not to your sense of responsibility, but to your cupidity. They preach life insurance, not as a boon to the poor and the defenceless, but to the fortunate and the rich. In a word they have grafted upon the simple life insurance idea endless investment and gambling schemes, most of which are fallacies and some of which are palpable frauds. Consequently hundreds of thousands profit little, or not at all, from the insurance feature of their contracts. In the majority of cases they ignore it entirely. The real situation was eloquently summed up at the recent New York life insurance investigation. It then appeared that at least one-third of the insured abandoned their policies, at great loss to themselves, after they have been in force for one or two years. Of those that are left two-thirds, at particular periods, surrender them, taking in exchange certain so-called "cash profits" and thus leaving their families unprovided for. In other words, out of every hundred only about twenty have entered the company for the insurance protection; or, if they have, have not yielded to the temptation of a cash reward and abandoned it.

If we wish mere life insurance unencumbered with modern improvements we must go to Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and one or two other states. There we shall find great companies limiting their activities to one single end — the insuring of lives. They do not deal in

investments, do not act as savings banks or lotteries. They collect from the insured during life certain stipulated sums, and, in the event of death, pay over to the widows certain equivalent indemnities. They collect from each member precisely the same pro rata price for the particular service rendered; and base this price upon certain well known mathematical laws which closely determine the exact cost. They treat all the insured upon a strictly "mutual basis," which, in the last analysis, means insurance at its actual cost and that actual cost to all. They furnish this article at a lower price than present quotations for the New York variety. They do it, too, without the elaborate machinery found so indispensable upon Manhattan Island. They have no subsidiary banks or trust companies; no string of office buildings stretched all over the civilized world; no alliance with captains of industry in Wall Street; no array of extravagantly salaried officers; no corruptionists in every important state capitol. They do not have enormous surpluses unjustly withheld from the policy-holders to whom they belong; do not pay in commissions for new business larger sums than that business is worth; do not write insurance in forty-five states and all foreign countries, including China, Japan, Borneo, and Malaysia; they remain quietly at home insuring only respectable heads of American families in good physical condition.

No Real Dividends in Life Insurance

Before this story is told in detail, we must have a clear conception of what life insurance, stripped of its mystifications and falsehoods, actually is. We must acquaint ourselves with the ordinary terms of the business: the premium, the reserve, the surplus. Upon no other subject is the public ignorance so profound. And yet, in itself, hardly any subject is more simple. Necessarily, first we must disabuse our minds of certain preconceptions. Life insurance, for example, is not a business. It is not an enterprise in which capital engages for the sake of profit. There are stock companies; but for the most part they pretend that they provide life insurance at its actual cost; that all so-called "profits" go to the insured. Theoretically, at least, and in many instances, actually, these great companies are trusts, in the real meaning of the term; their directors are trustees in the most sacred sense. Similarly life insurance is not gambling. As now practised, certain lottery attachments have been added to it; at times it has been reduced almost to the par of faro and roulette. Above all, life insurance is not an investment. The word "dividend" applied to it has been the most prolific cause of evil. Properly, as will be explained later, there is no such thing. There can be no dividend, no profit — no investment — because, even under the most favorable circumstances, the expenses of management are so great. For every dollar collected by a life insurance company, it expends anywhere from eighteen to fifty cents in expenses; manifestly it cannot invest the rest so as to pay you any investment return.

Life Insurance Merely Indemnity — Not Investment

Life insurance is one thing and one thing only. In the social and economic order it performs a single and a simple service. It is the money indemnification for the destruction of a valuable human life. We insure our lives for the same reason that we insure our houses and our ships. All three things have money value; all stand momentarily in danger of destruction; and all are insured for the purpose of recouping ourselves and our dependents for their loss. This protection is something that we buy. We pay money for it; that is, it is an outgo — an expenditure; never an income. Our compensation is the great one that, when we die, our dependents will not be beggared. This is so great an advantage, it adds so wonderfully to the sum of human happiness, that we are willing to pay for it all that it costs. No one regards the insurance upon his house — one's fire insurance — as an investment — as something upon which he receives an annual income; and no more should he so regard the insurance upon his life.

With certain limitations, which will be detailed subsequently, life insurance is a science. It is scientific because it deals with one of the few certainties of human experience — that is, death itself. If a company contracts to pay a certain amount at death it knows that it will have to fulfil that promise; it knows, that is, that the insured will die. Furthermore it knows, within certain limits, when he will die. It cannot predict this in the individual case, of course. It does not know when *you* will die or when *I* will die; but, if it insures a sufficient number

of persons of your age, it knows how many of them will die each year. A mysterious law apparently regulates their taking off. It might have, for example, 100,000 men aged 30, living in London; another 100,000 aged 30, living in New York; another 100,000 aged 30, living in San Francisco. At the end of the first year, it will find that 840 out of its London group had died; 840 out of its New York group; 840 out of its San Francisco group. At the end of the second year 844 will have quietly dropped out of each of the three groups. In the tenth year 885 in each group will die; and so on, the original 100,000 being regularly and gradually diminished every twelvemonth. In the sixty-sixth year only three or four men in each of the three groups will be alive; and these, at the ripe age of 96, will pay their final tributes to nature. There may, of course, be slight variations in this program; but these will not be sufficiently marked to disturb any calculations based upon them. For all practical purposes the uniformity is so pronounced as to merit the name of a natural law. This law has been the gradual discovery of the last two centuries. It has been found out purely by observation. The records of many English parishes, the births for particular years, and the records of the deaths through succeeding years, have been carefully tabulated. Census returns of particular towns and counties have been compared with the death returns. Above all, the experience of the life insurance companies themselves has been taken as a guide.

Before this mortality law was discovered, life insurance was the favorite device of swindling rogues. It was unsafe; invariably failed; and was consequently held in the utmost disrepute. Since this law was discovered and honestly utilized life insurance has been a science. Any merchant who knew just what his expenditures would be through a long series of years, and who had the power to adjust his income so as to equal them, could not possibly fail. That is the position of the life insurance company. Any accurate mortality table, common honesty, and good executive judgment — with these as capital no life insurance company could possibly collapse. Fire, marine, and other forms of insurance are not thus scientifically based. These companies cannot figure in advance their future losses. No natural laws regulate the burning of houses or the destruction of ships.

Two Scientific Bases of Life Insurance — Mortality Law and Interest Rate

The application of this mortality law to the cost of life insurance may now be illustrated in its simplest form. Let us take 1,000 men, all aged 40, who desire to insure their lives. They might take out policies in some existing company, but not necessarily — they can carry their insurance just as well themselves. So they enroll themselves into what may be called a life insurance association. They agree that $1,000. shall be paid to the widows of all that die. The association also decides to start with a fund precisely large enough to pay all policy claims as they mature. All members will pay into this fund their pro rata share in advance. In other words, the association decides to adopt what is known as the *single premium* system. Its only problem is the practical determination of what this single payment should be. Obviously, since there are 1000 members and $1,000. is to be paid on the death of each, the association will have to pay out ultimately $1,000,000. By the aid of its mortality tables, it calculates in advance the payments to be made each year. It finds, according to these tables, that the limit of human life is ninety-six years; inasmuch as all members are in their fortieth year, its payments will range along a series of fifty-six years.* In the earlier years these deaths will be comparatively few, and few payments will therefore have to be made. In twenty or thirty years, as the members become older, deaths, and consequently death payments, will become more numerous. In forty years, both will decrease — simply because there will be fewer members left to die. In the fifty-sixth year the ultimate survivor, ninety-six years old, will die, and the association will pay out its last $1,000. to his heirs.

In all, therefore, the association will pay its $1,000,000. out in fifty-six annual sums. To meet these obligations it will not need to have in hand, at the beginning, a sum of $1,000,000. If all members should die the day immediately following its organization, $1,000,000. would actually be required. But the deaths will be distributed annually through half a century. If the association

* Actually, according to the American experience table, not one out of 1,000 starting at age 40 would be alive at age 96. If we wish perfect accuracy we should have to base our illustration upon 78,106 lives, the number living at 40 of 100,000 starting at age 10. Of this 78,106, the last three will die at age 96. The above illustrations are based upon 1,000 lives, however, for the sake of complete clearness.

started with $1,000,000. it would be guilty of rank extravagance, because money, properly invested, earns interest. The association would need, therefore, not $1,000,000., but a sum which, properly invested, would produce that amount precisely in the annual instalments required. Before deciding what contributions to levy upon its members, the association would have to decide upon the rate at which to invest its funds. If it assumes a high rate, it would not need so large a cash fund; if a small rate, it would need much more. In case of a high rate, that is, its interest earnings would contribute more to the annual sums required than in case its interest rates were low. But the association must exercise much conservatism. Its contracts extend through half a century. That is a long time; and the interest rate fluctuates. If the association should adopt a high rate, it might, after a few years, find itself unable to earn it. Therefore it would not realize the annual sums required to meet its death payments; in other words, it would be insolvent. It will therefore adopt an investment rate so low that it can confidently figure upon earning it through the whole fifty-six years its contracts run. In strict conservatism it may place it as low as three per cent. By the aid of the mortality table, which shows the number of deaths each year, and the adopted interest rate, which shows the amount contributed to the fund by interest earnings, the amount needed by the association, when it starts, can be mathematically determined. The first year, for example, the association must pay out $9,000. to the widows of the nine members who die. To meet that payment the association must have, not $9,000., but a sum which, invested at 3 per cent, for one year, will equal $9,000. Such a sum is approximately $8,730. In the second year the association must pay out $9,000. to the widows of nine more deceased members. It must thus have in hand, at the start, a sum which, compounded at 3 per cent interest for two years, will aggregate $9,000. That is, it will need only $8,460. The amount needed to have in hand, at the beginning, to meet each year's payments, it thus fully calculates in advance. By adding these fifty-six separate results it has the total cash fund required. By dividing this result by 1,000, the original number of the association, it has each member's precise contribution to the fund.

At the beginning, therefore, it is plain why life insurance, in the usual commercial sense, is not an investment. The company puts your premiums at interest, not that it may furnish you a return in addition to the insurance, but that it may accumulate a fund out of which the policy itself is paid.

In its bare essentials this is all there is to life insurance. This great institution rests upon two solid bases; the law of human mortality and that of compound interest. Theoretically only one is indispensable; the mortality law. This enables the company to foresee, for a long period of years, its annual expenditures, and consequently to make provision for their payment. With this principle alone, however, life insurance would not be an accomplished reality, because its cost would be excessive. The interest element, by making life insurance cheap, brings it within the purview of the poorest citizen. It transforms life insurance from an unutilized theory into a most salutary fact. In dealing in both these principles, moreover, we are dealing with moral certainties. Given a certain number of lives of a certain age, nothing is more clearly demonstrated than the order in which they will die. Given a certain amount of money, invested at a certain rate of interest, nothing is more self-evident than its precise accumulation in a given number of years. If all life insurance companies thus used the same mortality tables — anticipated, in other words, the same number of annual deaths — and invested the premiums at the same rate of interest, the cost of the actual insurance would in all cases be the same.

We have explained this great life insurance principle on the basis of the *single* premium — the payment down, in a lump sum in advance, of the entire cost of the life insurance — chiefly in the interest of simplicity. As a matter of fact, few buy their life insurance this way. They make to the common fund not one large contribution, but a smaller one, each year. A considerable number pay this uniform sum throughout life. They pay, that is, what is technically known as a level premium. The majority pay an annual level premium not through life, but for a stated number of years — twenty, fifteen, ten, or perhaps five. After this premium paying period has elapsed, their policy is, in life insurance terms, *paid up*. They pay no more; all they have to do to get the full value is to

die. All these various premium systems — annual level, twenty payment, fifteen payment, ten payment, or five — are derived from the single payment, already detailed; all are simply variations of it. All premium calculations are first made upon the theory that the cost is paid in one large sum; and from this result the proper charge, if paid annually through life, or if paid annually for a limited number of years, is deduced. It is hardly worth while to describe in detail how the single premium is thus commuted into these several guises. The explanation involves many details, and the discussion of another subject — that of annuities. It is sufficient to bear in mind that, from the standpoint of the company, the single premium, the annual level premium, the limited payment premiums are all mathematical equivalents.

Pay as You Go System a Failure

Probably some members of our hypothetical association would propose the method of payment technically known as the *natural* premium. They would divide each year's losses among each year's survivors. If nine men died the first year, necessitating the payment of $9,000. they would assess this amount among the 991 who remained. They would tax each man about $9.08. They would likewise assess the next year's losses, another $9,000., among the 982 members who survived; making each one's contribution for that year about $9.16. They could make out a plausible argument for this procedure. They would say that this was plain business sense. They would point to the fact that every man paid each year the precise cost of his insurance; and they would assert that this cost would be much lower than under the level premium plan. They would also claim that no large fund would accumulate in the treasury; and that consequently the interest factor could entirely be disregarded. They would clinch their argument by calling attention to the fact that under the level premium plan, a thousand dollars' worth of insurance would cost, at its net price, $24. a year; and under the plan they suggest, nine dollars and a few cents the first year, and a slightly increasing price each year thereafter. Indeed they could make so excellent a case that, had the association not the experience of two centuries to guide it, they would probably carry the day. Theoretically the natural premium plan is flawless; practically it never works. It increases the cost of insurance every year; at first almost inappreciably, but later on enormously. In the first year, when the deaths are few — only nine in a thousand — it taxes each member only nine dollars and a few cents. In the thirtieth year, however, the association contains only about 490; that is, 510 have died. That year, it loses 29 members and is thus called upon to pay out $29,000.; therefore it charges the survivors $62. each. By this time it finds that the increasing annual premium is much larger than the discarded uniform annual premium. But its troubles have only begun. Its members are now all seventy-one years old; and they die very rapidly. The association is thus embarrassed from two standpoints. It has to pay out larger death sums each year, and each year it has fewer members upon whom to assess them. In the case of the last surviving nonagenarian the situation would be absurd. The association — an association now only theoretically because all its members are dead — would have to pay out $1,000., but would have no members to levy upon. If it made the natural premiums payable at the beginning of each year the last survivor would have to advance the whole $1,000. with which to pay his own death claim.

In this there is nothing actuarially unscientific or unjust. But in practice it never succeeds. It has been tried thousands of times and it is the basis of the numerous assessment and fraternal orders now dying a lingering death. All these associations prosper in the earlier years, when deaths are few and assessments consequently low. All begin to lose members as deaths and assessments increase. Men simply will not pay these largely increased premiums in the later years; consequently they retire and the assessment schemes collapse.

Reserves: Advance Payments for Insurance

The association thus finally decides that each member shall pay for his $1,000. insurance by contributing $24. to the common fund each year as long as he lives. It therefore collects in advance from its 1,000 members $24,000. the first year. It promptly invests this at three per cent, thus increasing it in one year to $24,720. It pays out this year only $9,000. to the beneficiaries of its nine deceased members. It therefore has left in its treasury $15,720. — the amount of all the

premiums, plus one year's interest, which has not been used. Dividing this $15,720. fund by 991, the number of surviving members, it has a credit of about $15. to each surviving policy-holder. That is the amount of the first year's premium, plus interest, which has not been used in paying death claims. The association collects $24. the second year from the 991 remaining policy-holders, a total of $23 784. It adds this to the $15,720. in the treasury, thus obtaining a fund of $39,504. It invests this again at 3 per cent, thus increasing the fund to $40,689. It pays out $9,000. as policy claims, thus decreasing the fund to $31,689. It divides this among the 982 remaining members, crediting each with a fund of approximately $32. It finds that that is the amount of each policy-holder's premium for two years, improved at compound interest, which has not been used in paying death claims. It finds, in other words, that it collects from every policy-holder, under the level premium plan, more money than it needs to meet its expenditures, simply because its death losses, in the earlier years, are comparatively few.

The association goes on thirty or forty years; and then develops a new situation. In its thirtieth year it has 490 surviving members. It collects from each $24. and thus from all $11,760., which, with three per cent interest added, equals $12,112. But it loses by death in the thirtieth year thirty-two and must therefore pay out $32,000. Manifestly this year's income does not suffice for the outgo. It has collected only about $12,000.; and must pay out $32,000.! The association, therefore, makes up the difference by drawing upon the *unused* payments of the earlier years. By this time its total unused fund — unused premiums, that is, plus compound interest — is very large, and the appropriation for this thirtieth year deficit diminishes it only slightly. The association through the remaining years will never collect enough again to meet its annual payments; every year the deficits will increase; but the accumulations from the unused premiums and interest of the first half of its existence will precisely enable it to come out whole.

The association calls these accumulations on the premium payments of the earlier years its *reserves*. It figures out the accumulation upon each policy, and calls it the *reserve* upon that particular policy. In other words it *reserves* the unused premium payments of the earlier years, when deaths do not devour all the money paid in, and pays them out in the later, when deaths more than use up the annual payments. It must keep these *reserves* simply because it collects its contributions in uniform annual sums, in the earlier years too much, the later years too little, in deference to the majority of its members who insist upon paying that way. In another article the nature of this *reserve* will be analyzed in detail. At this point its great importance in life insurance only need be insisted upon. In fact it is the one test of solvency.

If our association honestly reserves these unused early payments it cannot possibly fail. If it steals or wastes them it must ultimately collapse. It could steal them for many years, however, without detection, because for about half its existence, it would collect more than enough money each year to pay that year's death losses. When it reached those later years, however, when each year's collections did not pay each year's losses, its dishonesty would stand revealed. Under modern conditions, our association would find it difficult to do this. It would find that every state had organized insurance departments to prevent this very thing. Every year all its policies would be inventoried and the amount of necessary reserve on each one computed. If our association did not have that precise amount in its treasury, or assets to cover it — bonds, mortgages, etc. — the receiver would be called in and the shutters go up. Its *reserves*, that is, are an insurance company's *liabilities*. The chief function of the insurance departments is to act as watchdogs of these reserves; and this, whatever their other shortcomings, they successfully do.

How the Agent and the Officers are Paid: A Tax on Every Premium

Our life insurance association thus discovers the annual price of a $1,000. policy at age 40. It has thus determined, however, merely the *net* cost; the cost, that is, of the actual insurance. It has made no provision for the second element of cost in life insurance; that is, the expenses of company management. But it must have a chief manager of the fund — a president, several assistants, clerks, and office boys. It must have an office in which to conduct business; furniture, stationery, postage, and so on. Above all, unless all its 1,000 members join spontaneously, it must have a lively force of insinuating gentlemen to persuade

them in — that is, life insurance agents. All these things, especially the agency force, cost money. For want of a better system the association clumsily adds to every premium a certain annual sum to provide a special fund to meet these expenses. Perhaps it increases the annual premiums from $24. to $32.— the extra $8., being for expenses. It calls this addition a *loading*. Its total premium, in other words, consists of two parts: the amount actually needed to meet all death claims, as indicated by a mortality table, and decreased by interest earnings at a particular rate; and the amount added to cover the cost of management.

Why There Is a Surplus: Three Sources of Gain

When the company applies these hypothetical rates to the actual business of insuring lives, however, the situation changes. It finds that the scheme does not work with quite the precision anticipated. It discovers that the deaths do not occur quite as the mortality table provides; that the interest rate earned is not always three per cent; that the expenses do not always amount to the same sum as the loadings. It finds that it has based its charges upon three separate theories — a theory concerning the yearly death-rate; a theory concerning the interest earned, and a theory concerning the expense of management. Its theory concerning the death-rate pretty closely coincides with the facts; its theory concerning the interest rate shows greater divergence; and its theory concerning the management expenses is usually woefully mistaken. If its death-rate were precisely that indicated by the tables; if it earned precisely the three per cent interest figured upon, not a penny more, not a penny less; if it spent in management expenses precisely the amounts provided in the premium loadings; the cost of insurance would manifestly be precisely what was charged. Because all these factors vary, and vary, too, from year to year, the actual cost of insurance varies, also from year to year. But, fortunately for the cause of life insurance, it varies always in one direction. The company's charges, that is, always exceed the actual cost. It almost invariably has *fewer* death losses than the mortality tables indicate; and it commonly earns *more* interest than the estimate assumes. That is to say, it pays out each year less than it has provided for; and earns, in interest, *more* than it needs to pay all claims. A company properly conducted also uses less every year for expenses than the amount provided in the premium loadings.

First Possible Saving: From Mortality

These several gains depend, of course, upon the honesty and ability with which the company is managed. Its mortality table is that formulated by Sheppard Homans in 1865 from the actual experience of The Mutual Life. That table is based upon selected lives — lives that have been insured, and consequently assumed to have been in at least average good health. If the company's medical department is inefficient or corrupt, if it insures consumptives, paralytics, and physical degenerates, either because it knows no better or is impelled by the furious ambition of the management to do a large business, manifestly its mortality showing will be bad, perhaps even sinking below the standard of the table. But if it exercises unusual care, and takes people only in the finest physical condition, it will make a much better showing than the table; the company will not have to pay as much in death losses as it supposed; therefore it will have a considerable "saving from mortality."

Second Possible Saving: From Interest

If it invests the premiums with bad or dishonest judgment, if it buys depreciated bonds merely because its investment department has been annexed by a Wall Street banking house; if its directors constantly unload upon it, at a good profit to themselves, investments which they have themselves purchased on the quiet; if its directors receive a substantial "rake off" on every investment made; evidently it will make a bad showing on its interest earnings. But if it invests the premiums with good judgment, it will make more than the interest rate required. Its premium prices, for example, may be based upon a three per cent investment rate; three per cent, that is, is all it must earn to pay all obligations. But, by carefully making investments, it may actually earn four or five or even six. That is, it earns one, two, or three per cent more than it needs. It thus has a "saving from interest."

Third Possible Saving: From Management Expenses

Again if the company is extravagantly conducted; if it has many and ridiculously

salaried officers; if it pays out enormous sums in commissions to agents, and supplies them, gratis, with traveling bags and fountain pens — manifestly it will swallow all, frequently more, than these "loadings." But, if the machine is economically managed, it will save a considerable portion of the expense charges. There will thus be a "saving from loadings."

Every company, as has been said, shows these savings every year, though in varying degrees. Every company, that is, charges the policy-holder more than the actual insurance costs. It is not properly subject to criticism for this. It cannot foresee, in advance, precisely what that charge should be. It bases its prices upon a mortality table, which, for all practical purposes, is correct; upon an interest rate so low that it can certainly be earned; upon an expense rate which, even under the most adverse circumstances, should be sufficient. It charges this excess so as to be absolutely on the safe side — so that it may surely meet all its obligations.

Thus, inevitably, at the end of each year, the company has in its treasury a goodly sum, representing money taken from the policy-holders in excess of the real cost of the insurance. This is popularly known as its *surplus*. The surplus thus measures the difference between the theoretical and the actual cost. It is the precise amount which the policy-holders have been overcharged. "What," say the directors, "ought we to do with it? We have paid all our policy obligations and laid by for reserve the precise amount needed for our future payments, and have this extra amount on our hands which we do not need and can never legitimately use. We do not need to keep it until next year, because there will also be a surplus left over after next year's business. Must we spend this surplus in some foolish way? Give it to charity? Put it in our own pockets?" The puzzle is easily solved. What, according to its professions, does the company exist for? Simply to furnish life insurance to its members at its exact, mathematically ascertained cost. It finds, at the end of each year, that it has charged too much. Obviously it should return to the policy-holders the amount of that overcharge.

"Profits" Merely the Overcharge: "Dividends" its Repayment

These repayments of "surplus" are what are popularly called "dividends." They are the "profits" of life insurance. They are the "investment return" on your premium. Actually they are none of these things. They are simply the repayment of the excess cost of your insurance. Let us seek a homely comparison. You send a messenger-boy to buy you a quantity of cigars. Not being sure what the exact cost will be you give him a two dollar bill. He pays $1.50, and returns with your cigars and fifty cents change. You would hardly regard that fifty cents as a "dividend" upon your purchase of cigars. Your messenger-boy has simply returned your overpayment. Your position is precisely the same when you buy a policy of life insurance. Your company does not know, at the beginning of the year, what the exact cost will be, but, to be on the safe side, charges you an excess price. At the end of the year it gives you back — or at least it should — your change, and miscalls it a "dividend." If agreeable, instead of actually taking the fifty cents change from the messenger-boy, you might send him back to buy more cigars with it. Similarly, instead of taking your life insurance "dividend" in cash, you might let the insurance company keep it and give you the extra amount of insurance it will buy. Again, you might let the messenger-boy keep the fifty cents because you intend to send him to buy cigars a few days hence. Similarly you might let the insurance company keep the "dividend," and apply it to buy your insurance next year; that is, to reduce the next year's premium.

Many of our largest insurance companies differ from this messenger-boy in one important respect. He usually comes back with your fifty cents. Most insurance companies, however, in the case of a majority of their policy-holders, do not come promptly back with the annual overpayments. They hold the change.

When the people complain that the current price of life insurance is excessive, they simply mean that these overpayments are not returned — or at least not in the proportion that they are paid in. If the companies are honestly and ably managed and these overpayments are equitably returned, there could not possibly be any excess cost. Thus we have formulated a rule by which we can measure the relative prices charged by the several companies. If we take the actual premium paid each year and subtract from this each year's "dividends," or returned

overpayments, we shall have the actual net prices charged for the insurance.

Insurance Cost When These Overcharges are Annually Returned

Let this rule therefore be applied to several companies, all of unquestioned solvency. You are forty years old, in good health, and seek a $10,000. ordinary policy of life insurance. You decide first, for example, upon the Connecticut Mutual. You are charged an annual premium of $309.40. After a year, the company finds that it has overcharged you precisely $38.50;* and returns that in the guise of a "dividend." Manifestly your insurance has cost you exactly $270.90. You pay $309.40 the second year. After this has passed, the Connecticut Mutual finds it has overcharged you $41.50; and sends you a check for that sum. This year your insurance has cost $267.90 — a little less than the year before. You pay regularly for several years the same $309.40; and every year the amount paid back at its end increases. In the twentieth year, you pay the same $309.40; but at its end, receive back a check for $91.50* — thus decreasing the net insurance cost to $217.90.

Thus each year you receive a larger "dividend;" each year, that is, the actual cost of your insurance is decreased. The explanation is, briefly, that the *reserve* on your policy, as is explained above, grows larger every year, and the interest earned on it each year therefore increases. Suppose that at the same time you took your $10,000. policy in the Connecticut Mutual, you had taken an identical policy in the Mutual Benefit. You would pay the same initial premium, $309.40. In this case, instead of taking your "dividend" in cash, you might advantageously buy additional insurance with it. Your "dividend," that is, would be regarded as a single premium, and the amount purchased placed to the credit of the policy. At the end of the first year, therefore, instead of $10,000. insurance, you would have in the neighborhood of $10,153. As in the Connecticut Mutual, your "dividends" would increase every year. In twenty years, if you used them to buy this additional insurance, your policy, originally for $10,000., would have increased to one for about $13,000. If you had taken out similar policies in the Northwestern Mutual of Milwaukee, the State Mutual of Massachusetts, the Massachusetts Mutual, and a few other so-called annual dividend companies, the results would have been similarly favorable. Your policy would constantly grow larger or its actual annual cost would steadily decrease. Both results would be explained by the fact that the companies, at the end of each year returned to you the overcharge made at the beginning.

*According to 1906 scale of dividends.

Insurance Cost When This Overcharge Is "Deferred" or "Accumulated"

Let us suppose, however, that, at the same time that you entered the Connecticut Mutual and the other annual-dividend, or annual-repayment companies, you took a $10,000. policy in the Equitable You should pay $330.10 — more than $20. more at the beginning, than the other companies charged. You hold the policy a year, but receive back from the company not a single penny of your overcharge! Thus far you have paid $330.10 in the Equitable for precisely the same policy that cost you $270.90 in the Connecticut Mutual — a difference of $59.20. The Equitable charges you $20. more in the first place, and then neglects to pay back the excess price. Perhaps, at the same time, you take out another $10,000. policy in the New York Life. You pay precisely the same initial price that you paid the Equitable — that is $330.10. A year passes; you get back no overcharge! You have also taken a $10,000. policy in the Mutual Life. You pay $327.60 — slightly less than in the Equitable and New York Life; and also fail to get back your overpayment. All your excess payments — all your "dividends," if you wish — are tightly locked up in the company's vault.

You note that this procedure differs from that of the "smaller companies," and you write for an explanation. The Equitable informs you that you have a "deferred dividend" policy; the Mutual that you have a "distribution" policy; the New York Life that you have an "accumulation" policy. You inquire the meaning of these somewhat doubtful expressions; and learn that, in the Equitable your "dividends" are not paid annually, but "deferred" for a certain period, usually twenty years; that, in the Mutual, they are held, also usually for twenty years and then "distributed;" and that, in the New York Life, they are "accumulated" for twenty years and then paid back. By inquiring more deeply, however, you learn that these Equitable "dividends" are not necessarily "deferred" for your benefit,

but, in the majority of cases, for the benefit of others; that the Mutual's, after being held for twenty years, will not necessarily be "distributed" to *you*, but, it is more than likely, to some one else; that, those of the New York Life, after being "accumulated" for twenty years, are quite likely to be paid over to Tom, Dick, or Harry. You learn that, in two contingencies, both of which are extremely likely, you will get no "dividends," no repayments, at all. If you should have hard luck, and fail to pay your premiums, for any one of the twenty years the overpayments are held in the company's treasury, you would forfeit all these "deferred," "distributed," or "accumulated dividends." If, at any time in these twenty years you should die, you would also forfeit all your overpayments. Only in case you live for twenty years, and promptly pay your annual premiums, will you get back your annual overpayments. And then you get back precisely what the company sees fit to pay you — not a penny more. If you study your contract — your policy, that is — you will learn that the company has not legally obliged itself to pay you a single dollar! Your share of the twenty years accumulated surplus is merely what is "equitably determined by the actuaries of the company." You find that the company is not obliged to give you any accounting; to tell you how much has been "saved" from your premiums each year; to let you know whether they have been carefully kept, or whether they have been squandered. If you could get at the company's books, you would learn that, in fact, it keeps no actual account; that it lumps all its annual overpayments or "dividends" in one sum, and not until the nineteenth year makes any attempt to determine how much should come to *you* and how much to *me*. If, angered by these discoveries, you attempted to haul the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life to court and demand, as a policy-holder, to learn precisely what your dividend amounts to, you would find that there is a law that, in effect, prevents you from doing this very thing. In other words in taking a deferred dividend policy, you had authorized the company to keep your accumulated overpayments for twenty years; to pay them back to you only in the event that you had not died or lapsed; to pay back then, only such small sums as it might choose; and to render you no accounting whatever and to keep none!

Poor Discriminated Against in Favor of the Rich

This elaborate machinery, you will discover, has been admittedly evolved for the purpose of perpetrating a great injustice. The company declines to pay back these excess charges to those who die or drop their policies in order that it may pay them, instead, to those who live and persist. In other words, it does not treat all its insured upon an equal basis; does not charge all the same price for their insurance; does not preserve "mutuality." It discriminates, too, against its least fortunate members. Manifestly, if you die, your widow needs these dividends, or the insurance they represent, much more than if you live. The deferred dividend companies take this money from the widows of their dead members and give it to their persisting policy-holders. Again, if you lapse your policy, it is usually because you haven't the money to continue it. The deferred dividend companies take advantage of this misfortune to deprive you of certain equities. Your "dividends" go to swell the account of those who have been able to keep up their regular payments. The deferred dividend plan is thus clearly a discrimination against the unfortunate in favor of the prosperous. It overcharges most — and they the less prosperous — in order that it may undercharge a few — and they the more fortunate. Actually, as we shall see, it does not even treat its minority fairly. Far from paying back to the persistent the "dividends" of all who die and lapse, it does not always pay back their own!

Let us imagine, for a moment, a savings bank organized on this basis. It requires all depositors to leave with it stipulated sums each year. It declines to pay interest annually; but proposes to hold all earnings in its own treasury for twenty years. It is not obliged to keep an accounting of the earnings; in fact does keep no accounting; and has secured the passage of a state law that prevents any depositor from demanding one. It will pay these accumulated earnings only after twenty years and then pays just what its trustees deem fair and "equitable." To depositors who have died in that twenty years it will pay no interest at all; when they die their widows get simply the principal. To those

who fail to keep up their annual deposits, they will pay no interest. If they drop out they get simply the original sums paid in. After twenty years, however, the trustees promise to pay to all who live and have regularly made deposits, all the earnings accumulated upon the deposits of those who have died or "lapsed." In the end, however, many of the favored few would discover that they have not only not received these additional sums, but not always the entire interest upon their own deposits.

That is the gist of the much discussed "deferred dividend" policy. As will be explained, this is only the survival of a scheme which was much worse. This is what the great Henry B. Hyde called "semi-tontine" — half tontine. His pet plan, whole "Tontine," was so iniquitous that it was virtually suppressed by law.

Let us see how the idea practically works itself out. Every insurant on the deferred dividend plan belongs to one of three classes; he pays his premium for a few years and then lapses; he pays and dies; he pays and survives the deferred dividend period. Let us suppose that he belongs to the first class. He has a $10,000. policy in the Equitable, for which he pays $330. a year. He pays for fifteen years; then is forced by adverse circumstances or other reasons to drop his policy. He gets back $2,784. This is his so-called surrender value; it is not a "dividend" and has absolutely no relation to one. Has any "surplus" accumulated in those fifteen years? Of course; but it is held tightly by the company. Let us suppose that he held this same policy in the Connecticut Mutual. Again he pays for fifteen years and then lapses. The Connecticut Mutual pays him a cash surrender value of $2,650. In addition it pays some $1,214. accumulated "dividends." That is to say, the insured is just $1,391.* better off for having taken his policy in a conservative company. If he had insured in the Mutual Benefit, or the Massachusetts companies, the showing would have been similarly favorable. If he had insured in the New York Life, the Mutual or any other of the New York companies, his annual overpayments would likewise not have been paid back, but diverted into the general "dividend" fund.

Let it be assumed, however, that the insured pays $330. regularly to the Equitable for nineteen years, and then dies. Now, if ever, he should be justly treated by his insurance company. By dying, he has realized the very contingency for which he had insured. His widow receives the face value of the policy — an even $10,000.— nothing more. You think she is entitled to no more? But she is. Her husband, all these nineteen years, has paid greatly in excess of the cost of that $10,000. of insurance; and she should receive that excess, either in cash or in the additional insurance it will buy. If that policy had been taken out in one of the old-fashioned companies and the insured had left his "dividends" with the company — left them voluntarily, subject to withdrawal at any time, the widow would have received nearly $2,100. in addition to the $10,000.— a total of $12,100. against the $10,000. paid by the New York companies. If, instead of taking these dividends in cash the insured had used them, year after year, in purchasing additional insurance, his widow would have received in the neighborhood of $13,000. That is, had he insured in a company which returned his surplus annually and had died in the nineteenth year, his family would have been just $3,000. better off. The iniquity of the system was well emphasized in the case of a well-known citizen of Milwaukee, who recently died. This policy-holder had taken out a $50,000. contract February 10, 1894. His deferred dividend period ran for ten years. He died February 4, 1904 — just six days before the completion of his term. His beneficiaries received an even $50,000.— and no "dividends." Had the insured lived only six days more they would have received dividends amounting to $17,000. Had he taken an annual policy, purchased each year additional insurance with his dividends, his family would have received about $77,000 when he died. All these advantages he lost merely by dying six days before his policy matured. On a smaller scale that episode is repeated hundreds of times every day.

Sixty Per Cent Get no Dividends at All

According to the actual experience of th three big New York companies, sixty per cent of all its deferred dividend policy-holders either die or lapse before the termination of the deferred dividend period. In other words, sixty per cent of all its policy-holders do not get back the sums they are annually overcharged for their insurance. Sixty per cent have absolutely no chance

* Allowance is made, in arriving at this result, for the fact that the insured in the Connecticut Mutual has paid $310.50 less in premiums than the Equitable rates.

of getting out whole. If these sixty per cent should take policies in the companies which annually returned their surplus, they could peacefully die without depriving their families of the protection actually paid for in good cash; or retire from the companies without losing the large amounts they had unnecessarily paid in.

Evidently the remaining forty per cent constitute the fortunate class who *live and pay*. As a reward they are to receive not only their own overpayments, but the overpayments of all the unfortunate who have died and the poverty stricken who have lapsed. Forty per cent of the policy-holders, that is, are to get, not only their own "dividends," but the "dividends" of the sixty per cent who get none. Their deferred dividends evidently swelled from these two sources should be enormous. They were persuaded to leave their overpayments for ten, fifteen, or twenty years — usually twenty — by certain "estimates" as to profits, officially issued by the companies. They did not insure primarily to protect their families, but to get the large sums of which so many hundreds of thousands of unfortunates have been deprived. They have played the game and have won; what have been the gains? Let us see first what they were led to expect; and how these expectations were fulfilled. In 1873, for example, you took out a $10,000. policy in the Equitable. What you got was not then described as a "deferred dividend" but a "Tontine-Savings Fund policy." You paid a premium of $313. for twenty years — a total of $6,260. Your agent informed you that by leaving your "dividends" — your overpayments, that is — with the company you would get, at the end of the twenty year period, a cash bonus of $9,556. in addition to the insurance. Your "investment return" — your "savings fund" — plus the life insurance, would amount to that much. Your friends who insured in 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, and 1878 were furnished the same estimate of winnings. You paid your premiums faithfully for twenty years, and grew gray-haired so doing, constantly having ahead the large sum which was to lighten the cares of old age. In 1893, instead of getting a check for $9,556., you got one for $4,365. — a drop of 55 per cent. You had paid $6,260. exclusive of interest; had expected an investment return of $3,296. and had realized an investment deficit of $1,895. — a total disappointment of $5,190. However, you were among the lucky ones. Your friend who had insured in 1874 in the expectation of getting $9,556., got in 1894 only $4,105.; your friend who insured in 1875, under the same hallucination, got in 1895, only $3,795. The "dividend" dropped in 1897 to $3,415., in 1901 to $3,110., in 1904, to $2,850.! You had not earned these dividends yourself; they were not your "overpayments;" they were your overpayments plus your share of the thousands of dead and unfortunate men who had been grossly overcharged all these years.

Deferred Dividends Frequently Exceeded by Annual

All this time, the old-fashioned companies have paid their "dividends" annually; have paid back to each policy-holder each year precisely his own overpayments. They have not paid *me* the surplus that belongs to *you;* nor to *you* the surplus that belongs to *me;* they have treated us all fairly and honestly, and given us all our insurance at its actual cost. In spite of this in many cases they have paid in annual dividends to all who have insured actually more than the New York companies have paid to forty per cent. The New York companies arrange their policy-holders chiefly in three classes; those who wait ten, fifteen, and twenty years for their "dividends." Ten years' annual "dividends" in the old-fashioned companies regularly amount to more than the ten-year "dividend" in the New York companies. In fact, the showing is so much against the latter companies that they no longer publish their results. The same is true of the fifteen year periods. If you took a $10,000. policy at forty — or almost any other age — in the Connecticut Mutual in 1890 — your insurance cost — the premiums for 15 years, less the cash value at the end of 15 years — would amount to $776.50. In the Equitable for the same period, and on the same basis of comparison, your insurance would have cost $951.70. In spite of the fact that you ran no risk of losing your "dividends" by death or lapse in the Connecticut company, your insurance actually costs you $175.20 less than in the New York concern, in which you daily ran such risk. If we extend the comparison to the twenty-year classes, here also occasionally, though not uniformly, the New York companies make an unfavorable showing.

Normally, of course, annual "dividends" could hardly be expected to compare favor-

ably with deferred; because, as already explained, the latter are swelled by the forfeited "dividends" of the sixty per cent who do not survive the deferred dividend periods. In justice to the annual companies we should compare their "dividends" with the annual "dividends" paid in New York. The Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life, if forced to it, will issue annual policies. They pay higher commissions on the other kind; but still they carry a considerable amount of insurance on the annual plan. Only by comparing results on these identical policies does the extravagance of the larger companies stand revealed. The "dividends" paid by the outside companies, on identically the same policies, are frequently nearly twice the amounts paid in New York.

"Surplus" not "Strength"; Merely Signifies Excessive Cost

In a word the biggest New York companies enormously overcharge the insured. The surpluses of which they boast so largely in part measure the extent of this overcharge. These surpluses, of course, are not properly surpluses at all. The Equitable, in its last report, claims a surplus of nearly $81,000,000.* Of that $71,000,000 consists of withheld "dividends." The Equitable retains this vast sum by virtue of the deferred dividend scheme; it is money, which, according to its own claim, it keeps in its treasury instead of distributing among those to whom it belongs — the policy-holders. It calls this surplus "strength"; more properly we should call it "injustice." The Mutual has some $70,000,000. similarly withheld; the New York Life some $47,000,000. These companies have these great surpluses simply because they do not promptly return the excess cost of insurance; the outside companies have proportionately small surpluses because they do. When the Equitable advertises that it has a surplus of $80,000,000. it brazenly makes public its policy of overcharging its insured. The New York Life, in boasting of its $47,000,000.; the Mutual, in boasting of its $70,000,000. lay themselves open to the same charge. An insurance company with a big surplus occupies precisely the same position as a government with a big surplus. In both cases the surplus means the same thing. In a government it means that the people have been overtaxed; in a life insurance company it means that they have been overcharged.

*This has recently been cut down by the Superintendent of Insurance to $67,000,000.

One great difference, there is, however. A great government is responsible for every penny of its surplus. A life insurance company is not. Its policy contracts are so written, as we have seen, that it can turn over to the insured just as much, or just as little, as it pleases. The Equitable can pay back to its policy-holders the whole $71,000,000. deferred dividend surplus; or not a penny. Mr. Ryan, who owns a majority of the stock of the Equitable, could dump anywhere from $50,000,000. to $60,000,000. into the sewer, and still be entirely able to meet all his policy obligations. In addition to this surplus, be it remembered, the Equitable has nearly $450,000,000. in reserves; that is the amount it must keep on hand in order to be solvent. All above that figure is surplus — unnecessary amounts collected from policy-holders. Its managers can use the whole amount in wasteful expenditure; and yet, according to court decisions, no one can hold them to account. Moreover, they can spend the whole amount and yet not endanger the company's solvency!

A Constant Temptation to Extravagance and Dishonesty

And thus the story of life insurance in this country is the story of the surplus. It is this accumulation of the excess cost of the insurance, which has debauched the life insurance companies. Mr. Hyde, Mr. McCurdy, and Mr. McCall have had constantly at their disposal these enormous sums. They have been able to defer their repayment for twenty years; and have then been obliged to pay back only such small sums as they chose. Instead of paying it back, they have dissipated enormous sums. Did they wish to increase their salaries? There was the surplus from which such increases could be taken. Did they wish to make provision for a large number of poor relations? They promptly set them all to feeding upon the surplus. Does Henry B. Hyde need some $600,000. to save one of his demoralized bank accounts from solvency? The Equitable's surplus provides the necessary amount. Do they all control certain trust companies which require large deposits with which the stock market may be played and big dividends earned? The surplus furnishes anywhere from $10,000,000. to $30,000,000. for this benevolent purpose. Does Mr. Hyde need money to rent space and

furnish up safe deposit vaults for a company controlled by himself and friends? Why, take it out of the surplus of course! Is Mr. McCall moved to contribute $150,000. to several national campaign funds? Again the surplus is drawn upon. Is a fund of some $1,300,000. needed for the purpose of bribing legislators? The surplus will not mind a little thing like that. Are $3,000,000. or $4,000,000. needed to help float certain unfloatable bonds? Again there is the surplus. Above all, do the companies require large sums to pay extravagant commissions to a corrupt agency force, so that they may bring in more policy-holders who will begin piling up more surplus? Does the New York Life need $13,000,000 for this purpose above the charges for commissions actually provided in this same new business? It is quietly "borrowed" from the surplus. And so on. The companies have no desire, however extravagant and expensive, which the long suffering surplus cannot gratify. The surplus maintains Houses of Mirth at Albany; dines the French Ambassador; conveys young Mr. Hyde and his friends all over the United States in private palace-cars; supports an endless array of bygone political hacks; pensions "rantankerous friends from up the river," and other custodians of dangerous life insurance secrets; provides United States Senators with $20,000. yearly retainers; keeps in steady employment a fine assortment of journalistic talent, ready to sing the praises of New York life insurance. The policyholders slave year after year building that surplus up; the methods of Mr. Hyde, Mr. McCall, and Mr. McCurdy have contributed quite as much toward pulling it down. The actual sum standing on each company's books is the resultant of these two opposing forces.

In the last analysis, then, what is the surplus? It is what is left of the policyholders' overpayments for "dividend" purposes, after certain extravagant and reckless managements have finished dipping into them. In fact, as will be shown subsequently, the present surplus system was created for this very purpose. Henry Baldwin Hyde, the man who devised the plan, did so largely that he might quietly make money out of his great trust. How Mr. Hyde, by the aid of his surplus, demoralized the whole life insurance business, and induced the present scandals — this is the story which will be told in subsequent articles.

In the next article will be described the life work of Elizur Wright, the great constructive genius who first made life insurance safe and honest. His struggle for reform in Massachusetts, and against corruption in New York and elsewhere, makes a story of unusual interest and importance.

SEA BLOOD

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

Why did you stir, little brother,
At middle of the night?
There was a knell of the great sea-bell,
A flash of the lighthouse light.

(From a distant tower the hour tolled clear,
And far below in the valley shook the torch of a mountaineer.)

Why did you rise, little brother,
So long before the dawn?
I heard the wail of a sinking ship,
The cry of a sailor's horn.

(The hills returned a panther's whine,
And underneath the sharp, green stars creakled a frozen pine.)

What did you see, little brother,
At dawn on the mountain bleak?
I saw the white of a tossing sea,
Noiseless from peak to peak.

(Before the sun's first fiery leap
He saw the frightened mists of morning down the valley sweep.)

Where have you been, little brother,
This eager afternoon?
I went to the heart of a naked wood,
With the lost and ragged moon;

The sun in my face made a blinding mist,
The branches gleamed like spray;
I heard the sob of a mighty surge
A million miles away.

Why do you ride, little brother,
All day in your willow swing?
I feel the shiver of boom and spar
And I hear the top-sail sing;

I shout with joy, "Land, land aboy!"
The helmsman cries, "Hip, hip!"
Through the soapy swale of plunging foam
I rock with the rocking ship.

Why do you stand, little brother,
At sunset by the pane?
Beneath that fringe of dreadful firs
I see a golden main;

There are no shores on either side,
For God hath set no bond,
But still it lies, how still it lies,
And stretches far Beyond.

(The silent leagues of sunset foam
Vision the far and unknown sea of his ancestral home.)

A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE HEATHEN

BY

MARGARET AND ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

WASH had now turned seventeen; and, although he could not honestly say that Idelia Constable was the first, five minutes after he had got to speaking terms with her he realized from the depth of his nature that she would be the last.

That being so, Providence was benignantly with him in the fact that she did not attend his church, the First Avenue Episcopal. To his years there was open only one regularly prescribed and codified outlet to one's passion, and that was in walking home from the evening service with the fair and tender object of it. And if Idelia had belonged to his own church, as had *someone else* — He thought of sister Het, of Wally, his "kid brother," and the two little girls, and he flushed again with a score of ignominious memories.

Idelia went to the New Brick Methodist, and Wash was almost immediately made to understand that she was joined to it by no such loose vicariousness of bond as that which still knit him to his own. That first Sunday evening, after half an hour of uneasy waiting in the New Brick vestibule, he did succeed in separating her from the cluster of girls of which she made a part in the outflowing congregation, and she allowed him to walk with her. But she explained to him with clearness that she had always felt that it wasn't right for a girl who was living according to the spirit to go home with any boy who hadn't been at church himself. Her other boy friends had always called for her at home, and she was sure her mother would be quite willing to have him do so, too.

He was psychically jarred by her mention of other boy friends. Yet not less fully did the same speech recognize him as their successor, and great happiness invaded him. To hear her, too, thus openly avow that she was living according to the spirit wrought within his own impressively. It was not merely by chance, then, that Idelia's face had made him think of "The Soul's Awakening." . . . If he was no great things in that way himself, with awed solemnity he pledged himself to enter at once upon one unsparing effort to be worthy of her.

In the meantime, next Sunday evening he would most certainly call at 44 Elm Crescent. He was so decided as to that, that he neglected to ask Idelia's permission. And, probably in consequence thereof, when he did call he found that he had come too late. Mrs. Constable, taking him in with humorous but not unkindly scrutiny, said that she was very sorry but Clarence Sweetnam of their church had been there before him.

"Although he could not honestly say that Idelia Constable was the first . . . he realized . . . that she would be the last"

He remembered that Clarence Sweetnam, though only by his schoolyard name of "Clara." He, too, had a face like that in "The Soul's Awakening," but it had never impressed Wash in the same way as did Idelia's. . . . . If you could land on that kind of Dough-bag even once and not risk putting him out of business *altogether* ——!

He had learned some vital truths about girls, though, from Helma Young; and it was he who went with Idelia the Sunday following. By the end of another week the Dough-bag was little more than a memory of contemptuous conquest with him. . . . And by now, if he still outwardly went on with the grind of the Academy, he really had his existence in an astral body of soft and blissful day-dreaming. During that third week there were nights when he did not get to sleep for hours; he did not want to. He was realizing, too, always more and more, how hopelessly unworthy of Idelia he was. The feeling he had had for Helma he saw now had been merely a fancy, a kind of child's play and the delusion of the mind.

And that third Sunday evening at the New Brick, Idelia asked him if he would mind staying with her to the after-meeting — the one the minister had spoken of in the announcements. Wash had heard something less of the announcements than he had of the sermon, but he said he would be very glad to stay. Let it be confessed, however, that he descended with her from the gallery to the body of the church with a good deal of nervousness; it would probably be one of those "experience meetings" he had heard about.

It was not "experiences" which were to be sought for. It was something which many worthy people find it even harder to give. That Sunday had begun one of the half-yearly terms in the New Brick; the Reverend George Johnston, from the Indian Field was with them, and a grand call was to be made for new subscriptions to the foreign missions in general.

Wash took one of the cards from the hymn-book rack in front of him, and while the grand call was being most eloquently delivered, he examined it. He had heard of the system, one of subscribing not in "lump" sums, but of engaging one's self to maintain a certain weekly average for the next six months. To every subscriber there was given a package of envelopes stamped with his particular number on the books, and whatever was put upon the collection-plate in those envelopes was checked in to his account by the recording treasurer. If a subscriber fell behind one week he could make it up the next, and no one but the recording treasurer be any the wiser. But, for the enlightened satisfaction of all, at the end of the church half year a detailed report was published, and those who had subscribed for golden harps and paid for harmonicas were exposed as in a kind of lesser Judgment Day.

Wash had, however, always associated this subscribing business with the elders of the flock alone. He was now to find that in the New Brick things were otherwise. Collectors having been picked out to go up and down among those elders, the minister looked benevolently over their heads and asked "young brother Sweetnam if he would be so very good as to assist them and look after the requirements of those juniors who had so modestly retired to the pews in the rear."

It was "Clara" Sweetnam to whom he had addressed himself. With a befitting burden of gravity that youth arose, possessed himself of one of the baize-lined plates, and walked slowly but directly down to that rearmost pew into which Wash had ushered Idelia.

She had already produced her little silver pencil, and she made out her card for ten cents a Sunday. "The best we girls can do seems such a trifle," she murmured, smiling with a divine resignation upon both attendant youths. "Clara" smiled sadly back at her, finished filling out his own card, and dropped it on the plate. It was for twenty cents a Sunday. Wash beheld it, and also that the plate still tarried. "You skate!" he said in his heart. "I 'll put a cannon firecracker into *your* tomato-can!" And he made out his card for half a dollar. . . .

He could see the Dough-bag still gulping when he was four pews up from him. Idelia was giving his arm little ecstatic pressures of delight, and up and down his spine were running waves upon waves of fullest joy.

Going home, too, Idelia said that what made her feel *most* proud of him was that she had thought at first that he was the kind of boy who wouldn't really care about the heathen at all. And even now mightn't he

"the plate still tarried"

regret that he had been so perfectly lovely and generous?

Regret it? He felt that he had never got such value from money before and never could again! When he was left alone, to go directly back to his own abode was an impossibility. He walked down to the river, followed the dock-line, gray with trodden snow, and then on farther still, away around

by Thompson's Mills. His secret thoughts, tumultuous within him, were of how easy it would be to marry and set up housekeeping in that weekly-payment way. There had burst upon him the full inspiration of the instalment plan.

That part of it ends here.

II

In this chapter the woe begins.

By next Sunday Idelia had got his envelopes for him — extremely neat and attractive squares of bond, about half the regular commercial size. Wash, too, was ready with his first half-dollar. On the twenty-eighth of last December the pater had more than generously raised his allowance to five dollars, payable upon the twenty-eighth of every month to follow; out of that he would never really miss this fifty cents a week.

On the way to church Idelia pointed out to him that his number, 33, was exactly what their ages, added together, came to, It was minutes almost before he could find words with which to comment on this fact. And that night he sat in his attic den thinking long thoughts of unutterable sweetness. . . . It was true, that to put in that first fifty cents he had had to stand off his quarterly dues, a dollar twenty-five, to the Young Forest-Runners; but the Young Forest-Runners could always wait until the end of the month, and by then he would have another five.

Next Tuesday, in a Main Street window, he saw exactly the shade of four-in-hand he had been looking for ever since he had met Idelia. It cost him seventy-five, though. And when on Sunday he turned out the change pocket of his every-day vest, he had precisely forty-two cents left. He had just remembered, too, that half of his next five had been promised as his share of the deposit on the new pair-oar his camping crowd — he and Russ McGowan and Billy and Chant Harrison — had ordered for the coming summer up the river.

He was in arrears to the bowling alley, too, and had been clam enough to keep his library books out overtime.

"he had precisely forty-two cents left"

"Old Gardhouse, the recording treasurer"

But he could not stay away from Idelia. Before leaving home he slid two nickels into his envelope, and he listened tensely to the anthem as he laid that envelope on the plate. This time, when they were on their homeward way, Idelia said that he was showing himself so good about keeping up to his subscription that she was going to tell him something. *All* the girls in her class had set out to get one of their boy friends to contribute. She had chosen him, and he had given twice as much as any of them — he not even belonging to their church either! Wash glowed, temporarily, under the praise — though those nickels did not lie comfortably upon his inward pride. And he could not keep from a secret wish, too, that he had known before what those other boys were going to give.

The Sunday following — considering that next time he would be flush and could shove in a dollar or so at one go, probably — he put on no envelope at all. Idelia did not say anything, but he could feel that he had hurt her feelings none-the-less. He was compelled, in justice, to tell himself, though, that she really had no great cause to complain. She had owned herself that he was whacking up twice what he'd had any need to. And, as a matter of fact, however angelically she had meant it, she couldn't very well have hit on any time in the whole year when he could less easily have spared that coin.

By next Sunday — that was the twenty-ninth of March — he had drawn his "V." But, in the meantime, to the bowling-alley arrears, the Forest-Runner dues, and the deposit on the pair-oar, there had been added Wilkins & James's bill for the new band to his foot-power scroll-saw. They had soaked him unmercifully, too. By swallowing himself he had stalled off the payment on the "pair-oar," but he had had to cash in for the other things. He made it another case of nickels that Sunday.

As for the Sunday following, there was nothing for it, he would have to let Idelia go for once. In fact if he did not feel that Idelia was the kind of girl who brought out all that was good in a man, he would say that perhaps he had been giving almost too much

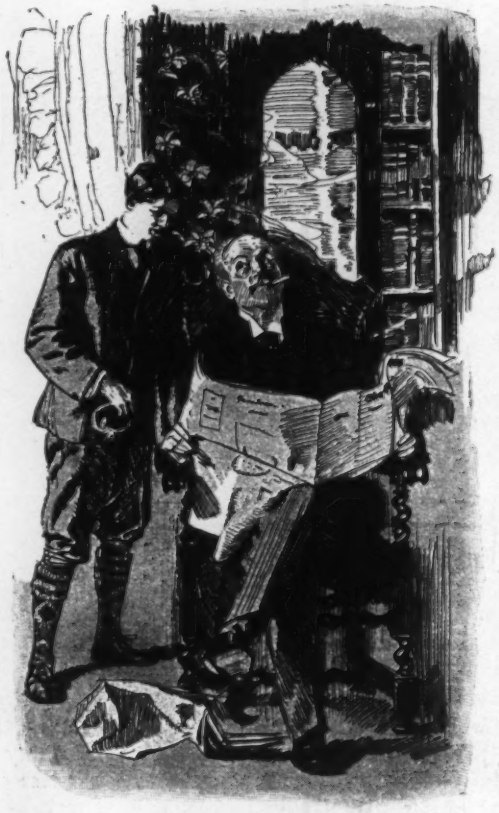
of his time to her of late. . . . It always pleased the mater and pater, too, to have him turn up now and again in the home pew. He met Idelia coming out of the Library Friday afternoon, and, with a face that felt like a stove-lid on ironing day, he explained this to her.

She said it was very good indeed of him to think about such things. And, just as they were parting, she showed that she could be thoughtful also: "Wouldn't he like her to put his envelope on for him, so that he mightn't have to get behind?"

Next Sunday he made it twenty cents — in nickels again, however.

The Sunday after, he was astonished to discover, just at collection time, that he had neglected to bring any envelopes with him, Idelia, with a coquettishness chastened by a certain gravity, suggested that he let *her* keep half the package thereafter; she would see that he would *never* be without them then.

That night was the second in which he had a long period of tossing wakefulness. He was sweating profusely, too. . . . The difference between Idelia and other girls was that what, with them, would have been "shoving in their face," came with her from the very best intentions. But why, in suffering Simon, could no girl on earth ever seem to understand money matters? . . . And what knocked and pounded him most of all — he told himself — was that things were "socking" it into him, not for any break he'd made, or fault he'd committed, but because he'd made a little shot at doing the decent and open-handed and philanthropic.



"He bit the pater for his five ahead of time"

Next Sunday, April the nineteenth, he was exactly two dollars behind. But nobody could know that except the Lord and old Gardhouse, the recording treasurer. And, besides, he could easily take the whole thing up in one or two big chunks before that half-yearly report came out. In the meantime no one could say that he was not denying himself enough; the other three boys had spoken to Schmidt for new bass rods; he had made up his mind, unalterably, to make his old one do.

On the twenty-sixth he went to his own church again. But he hankered intolerably for the New Brick. He felt that it might be better after all, to give Idelia up.

By the first Sunday in May — one of nickels again — he was two ninety behind. . . . He had had to get a new Ascot that week, too, as well as cover his entry for the Junior Bowling Finals. . . . . What really "ratted" him the most, as he now saw it, was that Idelia, consciously or unconsciously, was practically putting a sort of *tax* on his affections.

On May the tenth — but these particular details from the agony column have been carried far enough. There came one Saturday afternoon when, looking out of his tool-shop window, he saw young Wally showing the two little girls how to ball up the spaniel pup in the "netted hammock." They had only had to give that pup the first roll into it; it was doing the rest itself. Every time it managed, in a galvanism of desperation, to throw a somersault, the deeper it was entangled. Every time it got its tail, or an ear, or a leg through, and plainly, in its simplicity again believed that escape was

full ahead, it ended by rolling over on its neck trussed together in a misery of helplessness several degrees more complete than ever. Finally it succeeded in getting its nose out — and after that it could not even yelp. . . .

It is not for the high profession of literature to deal in puerile and trifling images, however, but rather to observe the noble movements and follow the majestic transitions of the human heart; and the way is yet to be made straight for the catastrophe, spiritual and moral, which must bring this chapter to an end.

Once more Wash had missed a Sunday at the New Brick; but, by the next, Nature had been too insidiously strong for him. He seemed to find his excuse, moreover, in the fact that upon the Monday immediately following he would draw another "five". He had not had the mental courage, though, to call for Idelia at her home. As upon the occasion of his first visit to the New Brick, he waited — this time with embittered humbleness — in the church vestibule. And *this* time Idelia did not emerge with any cluster of girls. She came out with "Clara" Sweetnam. . . . Wash got his "V" at the breakfast table next morning, and on his way to the Academy he walked into Schmidt's and bought one of those new bass rods.

Yet he slept even more brokenly now than he had in the weeks preceding. His mother said that he had been studying altogether too hard of late. She was glad enough that it was June, and the last month of school; he was losing flesh daily. He regarded his face in his mirror, and with a care-worn pity saw how true the observation was. But when sister Het repeated it — with only the slightest change of modulation, he blazed into a rage and gave her the hottest kind of come-back.

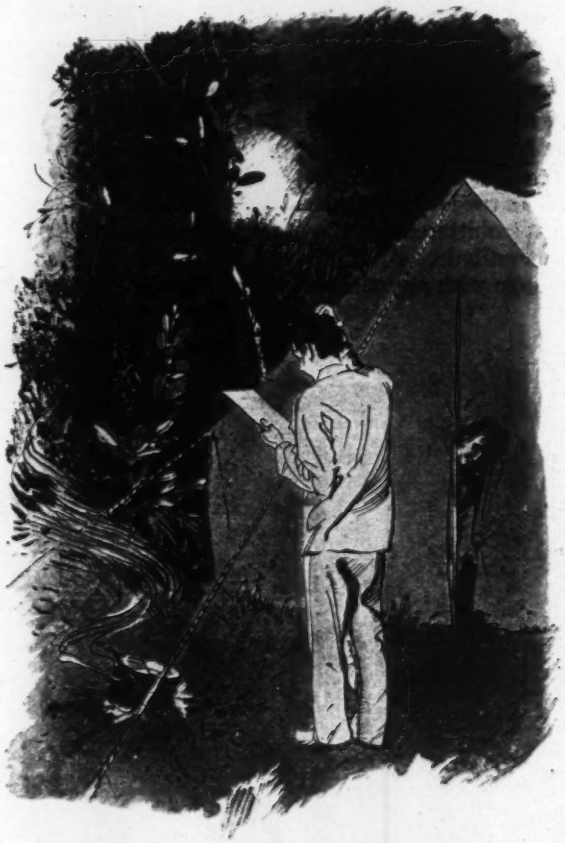
What was stranger, too, he felt particularly hot every time his eyes fell upon that new bass rod. In the matter of the "Doughbag," he would settle with him later. As for *Idelia* — but for her he would not have gone and *got* that rod! And if there had been any *excuse* for her treason — if for months he had not kept himself on the rocks on her account! He had never cared about their old recording treasurer. But Idelia, from

"'*Did she throw you down very,* very *hard, Wash?*'

the very first, seemed to have regarded herself as the *recording angel*. And now, after nagging and jabbing it into him Sunday after Sunday, week in, week out — However, once and for all it was over with *this* time.

It *was* over with, too, for the June fortnight which immediately followed. Then came the final week of the Academy. And next Sunday would be the last before he and the old crowd headed for up the river. Towards the end of that week Wash was conscious of being in a psychological condition in which he had never been before. His righteous anger against Idelia had in no wise abated — but he felt within himself an absolute compulsion to see her before he went away!

Working within his soul, too, was a kind of lawless bravado. He was down to hard pan once more, but no matter for that. Since a full envelope was the price of seeing Idelia, a full envelope he should carry with him. In his upper bureau drawer amid clock wheels and broken collar buttons, lay the remains of an old coin collection. It consisted of a series of big red pennies of the forties and fifties. He took ten of them and wedged them into an envelope. He did not care; he had stood to be hammered by his conscience for four months now: he was going to try a whirl on another tack.



"figure out once more, exactly how much he was shy anyway"

He arrived at Idelia's when she was just finishing supper. It was obvious that the young lady was very undecided as to whether to go with him or not. But finally she did. And at the corner of Elm Crescent her hesitation was most tangibly explained. "Clara," in all the solemn dignity of his Sunday blacks, was coming down the block. At the sight of them he turned and sheered off hurriedly. Wash felt his spirit rise and swell — but it was with the exultation of the wicked. And it was with a smile, too, that he put on that hard and bulging envelope. He took pleasure from his very shamelessness in the fraud.

They went home by the shortest route. And before this new mood which her escort had brought into evidence Idelia walked in a nervous silence. He had not made her the first apology for his conduct of late. He was not even tender. If anything he seemed to be challenging her to reproach him. She was compelled to tell herself that Washington White did not seem to be so good a boy as he was when first she met him. But it was her duty to forgive. She was at least glad, too, that he had caught up again with his subscription; and with an angelic mildness she told him so: "But, perhaps he had done it because he had heard of something?"

"Heard — heard of what?" Already he felt the abyss before him.

"Why, heard that poor old Mr. Gardhouse has been very unwell for the last week or two — and some one you know, but I'm afraid don't care for as you should — is keeping his accounts for him!"

He had got the other boys to wait for him until Thursday, when he would be drawing his allowance. But early on Monday he did what he had never done before. He hit the

"They were the kind of girls you could bank on. They weren't working any missionary rackets"

pater for his five ahead of time. He got it, and they pulled out Tuesday morning.

When he went around to the summer kitchen to say good-by to Het, she eyed him with a big-sisterly sympathy which tortured. "Did she throw you down very, *very* hard, Wash?" she asked.

"No!" he shouted, and flung out into the yard. Women's troubles were all of the simple sort. If they could form any idea of the sort of thing a *man* sometimes went through!

III

He had retreated up river, but never let it be thought that he had run away from that subscription. Heaven and earth had conspired against him therein, but he was going to meet the balance of it now — and before that September report came out — if he died a hundred deaths for it. His sense of honor was with him still. Indeed, the more he had bruised it, to the greater bulk had it festeringly swollen. And now it was a sense of honor which no paying of a few miserable dollars could satisfy. Having paid them, he was going to whip time and space out of the Dough-bag. But until he *had* paid, he recognized that he was impotent.

Yet he had not run away. It was only that he must get from under the thing for long enough to recover a little nerve and strength. More than that, if there was any saving to be done, it must be done out of his hands; he no longer trusted in himself. But he did trust in those two months of tenting it. They had started with the new pair-oar, piled up with supplies from home, they had absolutely nothing to buy but bread and milk and butter and the like; and his allowance must accumulate *now* no matter if the whole Satanic host opposed it.

And when once they had pegged down their "eight-by-nine" in the old place and got things going; when again they were living on oatmeal porridge, bass, and catfish, and birds shot for snipe — which were really sand-pipers — he did begin to feel that the hope beginning to stir in him once more might at last be not without good reason.

Yet little more than Horace's knight had he succeeded in fleeing from black care. He found himself thinking of that subscription even when the "mudcats" — and whalers at that — were biting as they had never bitten before. Other years, too, after about the first day he had found the three meals of civilization something less than half enough;

and from the beginning he had added flesh at the rate of a pound a week or more. But if, this summer, he also ate five meals after the first day, he felt with a silent melancholy that his affliction of the mind absorbed any little extra nourishment he chanced to take. He felt, too, that it was only his will power that kept him any longer from lying awake at night. And, even so, there was an occasion when, bathed in perspiration, he sat up from a nightmare in which old Gardhouse had just informed his father that he was seventy-eight fifty in arrears, and if it was not paid at once it would be sued for. Before he could sleep again he had to go out into the moonlight, and with some charcoal and a shingle figure out once more, exactly how much he *was* shy, anyway. It was a horrible lot; but nevertheless he swore he would yet head off that September statement. The other boys, with the frankness of true friendship, told him that they could see all right what was the matter with him; but for the next seven weeks he'd have to take it out in writing to her.

Writing to her? . . . That gradually unsealed his eyes to something that was inexplicable. There was nothing to hinder him writing to her; but, for whatever reason, he didn't seem to want to! He had a sense of having somehow turned around in the shafts. He was no longer going the way he had been going, and he was enabled to contemplate the person who had been driving him.

And the next thing, wherever it came from, he began to think that perhaps, after all, he had *never* felt about Idelia in the way he had believed he had — in the way a man really *ought* to feel. . . .

When first he found such thoughts in his heart he had certain periods of humiliation and shame for himself. He was, then, one of those wretched change-abouts who no sooner win a noble woman's affection than they tire of her. After such hours he ended by swearing to himself that he had not really altered at all; it was only worrying over that subscription which made him feel that way.

By the latter half of July, however, he had hardened a great deal more. The camp got its bread and milk and stuff from an upshore farmer; and his two girls used to bring it down. About every other day they added in a pie or a batch of cookies or a big chunk of gingerbread or something. They were the kind of girls you could bank on. They weren't working any missionary rackets. More than that, the younger one — the one Wash generally saw safely home again — could give points in looks to pretty nearly any "towner". . . . It wasn't that he blamed Idelia for feeling that way about missionaries *herself* — there were mighty few females who didn't get that streak some time or other. But he would ask anybody, had it been a square game for her to work others into fairly paying out their life blood to them? She'd gone about it deliberately, too; she'd owned to that herself; and if he had changed any, she had only herself to thank for it. . . . As a matter of fact he sometimes doubted now if he'd ever really cared for her at all.

The second of August brought a letter from her. Of course, he was glad to get it, though it was rather queer for her to go ahead and write to him *first* in that way. Nor did she say anything about his not having written. But on her second page she said that he would be pleased to hear that Clarence Sweetnam was being very nice to her while he was away; he had taken her to both church strawberry-festivals, and had asked her to go to the Episcopal garden-party. She closed by saying that she hoped he wasn't troubling too much over his subscription. . . . "Clarence said that from being on the inside you could write some stories that would make *very rich reading* about those payments by envelopes". . . .

Wash answered that letter. And he wasn't hot, either. Everything he wrote was off the ice, with the refrigerator dew still on it. "He was very glad indeed that she was having such a good time. For his part, he was having the time of his life up river. . . . As for that subscription — no matter what the circumstances were that led him into assuming obligations — she could alway be quite sure of his meeting them in due course." That last sentence was one he could feel justly proud of. If it didn't frost her, nothing would.

He was not hot at all. He didn't care enough for the girl to *get* hot over her! But as for the Dough-bag — who, he saw now, had from the beginning been simply her instigator and accomplice — when he thought about *him* ——

IV

He pulled back to town with the rest of the crowd on Wednesday, August the

twenty-sixth. He had thirty-two cents on hand; for almost a month his July allowance had been waiting for him; and on Friday he would draw his five for August. By the coming Sunday, the last of that half-yearly term, he would be in arrears just nine sixty-five. It would leave him a bankrupt for weeks afterwards, it would mean a condition of remorseless and intolerable insolvency, ing at, too. He had grown a double dewlap — and his cheeks were podded out like those of some great chipmunk coming from a wheatfield. . . . He had the mumps. Surely fate had chosen him for her fair and shining mark!

But there was one thing which neither battle, murder, nor sudden death should defeat him in. After Sunday's supper he sent

"He had the mumps. Surely Fate had chosen him for her fair and shining mark"

but he was going to settle with that subscription. And having settled with it, he would be free to settle with some one else.

On Friday he had that nine sixty-five in the envelope. Already his soul was beginning triumphantly to inflate itself, when he became conscious that a most peculiar development was taking place in his lower jaws. It was as if they, too, were attempting, and very painfully, to inflate themselves. By Sunday morning he was on his back, and the little girls were quarreling as to whose turn it was to carry up his tray and get another look at him. He was well worth looking at, too. He had grown a double dewlap — and his cheeks were podded out like those of some great chipmunk coming from a wheatfield. . . . He had the mumps. Surely fate had chosen him for her fair and shining mark!

But there was one thing which neither battle, murder, nor sudden death should defeat him in. After Sunday's supper he sent for Wally, drew a thick and heavy envelope from beneath his pillow, and told him he wanted him to go to the New Brick Methodist that night, and put it on the collection plate.

"Gee!" gasped Wally. "What for? — How much is there in it?"

"There's nine dollars and sixty-five cents in it— that's how much."

"Hickory Smoke! But what d' yuh got to cough it up for?"

Wash was supporting his jaw with one hand, and conversation was a torment to him. "Now don't begin chinning a lot of

questions. Do what I tell you, and there'll be a dime in it for you."

"Do I have to stay for the sermon?"

"At the Methodist the sermon comes before the collection."

"Oh-h *dink* it! And Pop made me go with him to our own this morning."

"I'll give you a quarter then. But for Heaven's sake get out and on with it." Wally put his tongue into his cheek, winked cheerfully at Wash's dewlap, and made his exit.

The burden was lifted now. His mind was free. He relapsed into a long and almost blissful restfulness. He would always think of that envelope number of his — 33 —as a kind of hoodoo, but it could hoodoo him no longer. His tonsils ached enough, but he did not care for that. He had come to recognize how paltry are all physical ills compared with the worries of the mind. He could understand, indeed, with a certain secret pride, that this experience had graduated him into the estate of manhood. He now looked back on his feeling for Idelia Constable as upon one of the youthful infatuations which, in the course of things, probably all real men go through. He was not even sure that he wanted to take it out of the Dough-bag now. His mother came up and asked him if there wasn't something she could get for him. He told her "nothing at all." He felt it, too. He began to realize with an ever-increasing glow of spiritual gratulation, that what he had gone through had made something very like a philosopher of him. . . . Russ and Chant and Billy had got none of this new light on things — but he, for all time to come —— . . .

Except for the little girls, his door was not opened again until Wally returned.

"Well," asked Wash from a soul at ease, "did you put it on?"

"Sure thing we did."

"*We?*"

"Hinky and me. We *knocked* 'em, too! We changed it for silver at the drugstore. First I poured on my handful and then Hinky come in with his —— "

At the expression on that elder brother's face as he tried to get from bed, Wally began to back up upon the door. "Gee, what's *chewin'* yuh? — I tell yuh we put it all on! Yuh can ask Hinky if we didn't — and if you'd seen them all rubberin' and twistin' —— "

Wash was weak enough, but he got his legs out at last and made his rush. Wally flung the door to behind him, and fled furiously down the stairs. "Darn it," he kept yelling, "what's the matter with yuh, anyway? We put it all on, every darned nickel of it — ask Hinky —— "

In that moment an attendance upon Idelia Constable and an attendance at the New Brick alike came to an end.

ARIZONA NIGHTS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE RAWHIDE," "THE FOREST," ETC.

CYCLONE BILL'S YARN: THE MINING CAMP STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

IT was dark night. We had been cutting the herd all the afternoon, but the task was only just begun. The stray-herd bellowed frantically from one of the big corrals; the cow-and-calf-herd from a second; the main-herd from a third. Already the remuda, driven in from the open plains, scattered about the thousand acres of pasture. Away from conveniences of fence and corral, men would have had to patrol all night. Now, however, every one was gathered about the camp-fire.

Probably forty cowboys were in the group, representing all types, from old John, who had been in the business forty years and had punched from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, to the Kid who would have given his chance of salvation if he could have been taken for ten years older than he was. At the moment Jed Parker was holding forth to his friend Johnny Stone in reference to another old crony who had that evening joined the round-up.

"Johnny," inquired Jed with elaborate gravity and entirely ignoring the presence of the subject of conversation, "what is that thing just beyond the fire, and where did it come from?"

Johnny Stone squinted to make sure.

"That?" he replied. "Oh, this evenin' the dogs see something run down a hole, and they dug it out, and that's what they got."

The new-comer grinned.

"The trouble with you fellows," he proffered, "is that you're so plumb alkalied you don't know the real thing when you see it."

"That's right," supplemented Windy Bill dryly. "*He* come from New York."

"No!" cried Jed. "You don't say so! Did he come in one box or in two?"

Under cover of the laugh, the new-comer made a raid on the dutch ovens and pails. Having filled his plate, he squatted on his heels and fell to his belated meal. He was a tall, slab-sided individual, with a lean, leathery face, a sweeping white mustache, and a grave and sardonic eye. His leather chaps were plain and worn, and his hat had been fashioned by time and wear into much individuality. I was not surprised to hear him nicknamed Cyclone Bill.

"Just ask him how he got that game foot," suggested Johnny Stone to me in an undertone, so, of course, I did not.

Later some one told me that the lameness resulted from his refusal of an urgent invitation to return across a river. Mr. Cyclone Bill happened not to be riding his own horse at the time.

The Cattleman dropped down beside me a moment later.

"I wish," said he in a low voice, "we could get that fellow talking. He is a queer one. Pretty well educated apparently. Claims to be writing a book of memoirs. Sometimes he will open up in good shape, and sometimes he will not. It does no good to ask him direct, and he is as shy as an old crow when you try to lead him up to a subject. We must just lie low and trust to Providence."

A man was playing on the mouth organ. He played excellently well, with all sorts of variations and frills. We smoked in silence. The deep rumble of the cattle filled the air with its diapason. Always the shrill coyotes raved out in the mesquite. Cyclone Bill had finished his meal, and had gone to sit by Jed Parker, his old friend. They talked together low-voiced. The evening grew, and the eastern sky silvered over the mountains in anticipation of the moon.

Cyclone Bill suddenly threw back his head and laughed.

"Reminds me of the time I went to Colorado!" he cried.

"He's off!" whispered the Cattleman.

A dead silence fell on the circle. Everybody shifted position the better to listen to the story of Cyclone Bill.

About ten year ago I got plumb sick of punchin' cows around my part of the country. She hadn't rained since Noah, and I'd forgot what water outside a pail or a trough looked like. So I scouted around inside of me to see what part of the world I'd jump to, and as I seemed to know as little of Colorado and minin' as anything else I made up the pint of bean soup I called my brains to go there. So I catches me a buyer at Benson and turns over my poor little bunch of cattle and prepared to fly. The last day I hauled up about twenty good buckets of water and threw her up against the cabin. My buyer was settin' his hoss waitin' for me to get a ready. He didn't say nothin' until we'd got down about ten mile or so.

"Mr. Hicks," says he, hesitatin' like, "I find it a good rule in this country not to overlook other folks's plays; but I'd take it mighty kind if you'd explain those actions of yours with the pails of water."

"Mr. Jones," says I, "it's very simple. I built that shack five year ago, and it's never rained since. I just wanted to settle in my mind whether or not that d—— roof leaked."

So I quit Arizona, and in about a week I see my reflection in the winders of a little place called Cyanide in the Colorado mountains.

Fellows, she was a bird. They wasn't a pony in sight, nor a squar' foot of land that wasn't either street or straight up. It made me plumb lonesome for a country where you could see a long ways even if you didn't see much. And this early in the evenin' they wasn't hardly anybody in the streets at all.

I took a look at them dark, gloomy old mountains, and a sniff at a breeze that would have frozen the whiskers of hope, and I made a dive for the nearest lit winder. They was a sign over it that just said:

THIS IS A SALOON

I was glad they labeled her. I'd never have known it. They had a fifteen-year old kid tendin' bar, no games goin', and not a soul in the place.

"Sorry to disturb your repose, bub," says I, "but see if you can sort out any rye among them collections of sarsapariller of your's."

I took a drink, and then another to keep it company — I was beginnin' to sympathize with anythin' lonesome. Then I kind of sauntered out to the back room where the hurdy-gurdy ought to be. Sure enough there was a girl settin' on the pianner stool, another in a chair, and a nice shiny Jew drummer danglin' his feet from a table. They looked up when they see me come in, and went right on talkin'.

"Hello, girls!" says I.

At that they stopped talkin' complete.

"How's tricks?" says I.

"Who's your woolly friend?" the shiny Jew asks of the girls.

I looked at him a minute, but I see he'd been raised a pet, and then, too, I was so hungry for sassiety I was willin' to pass a bet or two.

"Don't you *admire* these cow gents?" snickers one of the girls.

"Play somethin', sister," says I to the one at the pianner.

She just grinned at me.

"Interdooce me," says the drummer in a kind of a way that made them all laugh a heap.

"Give us a tune," I begs, tryin' to be jolly, too.

"She don't know any pieces," says the Jew.

"Don't you?" I asks pretty sharp.

"No," says she.

"Well, I do," says I.

I walked up to her, jerked out my guns, and reached around both sides of her to the pianner. I run the muzzles up and down the keyboard two or three times, and then shot out half a dozen keys.

"That's the piece I know," says I.

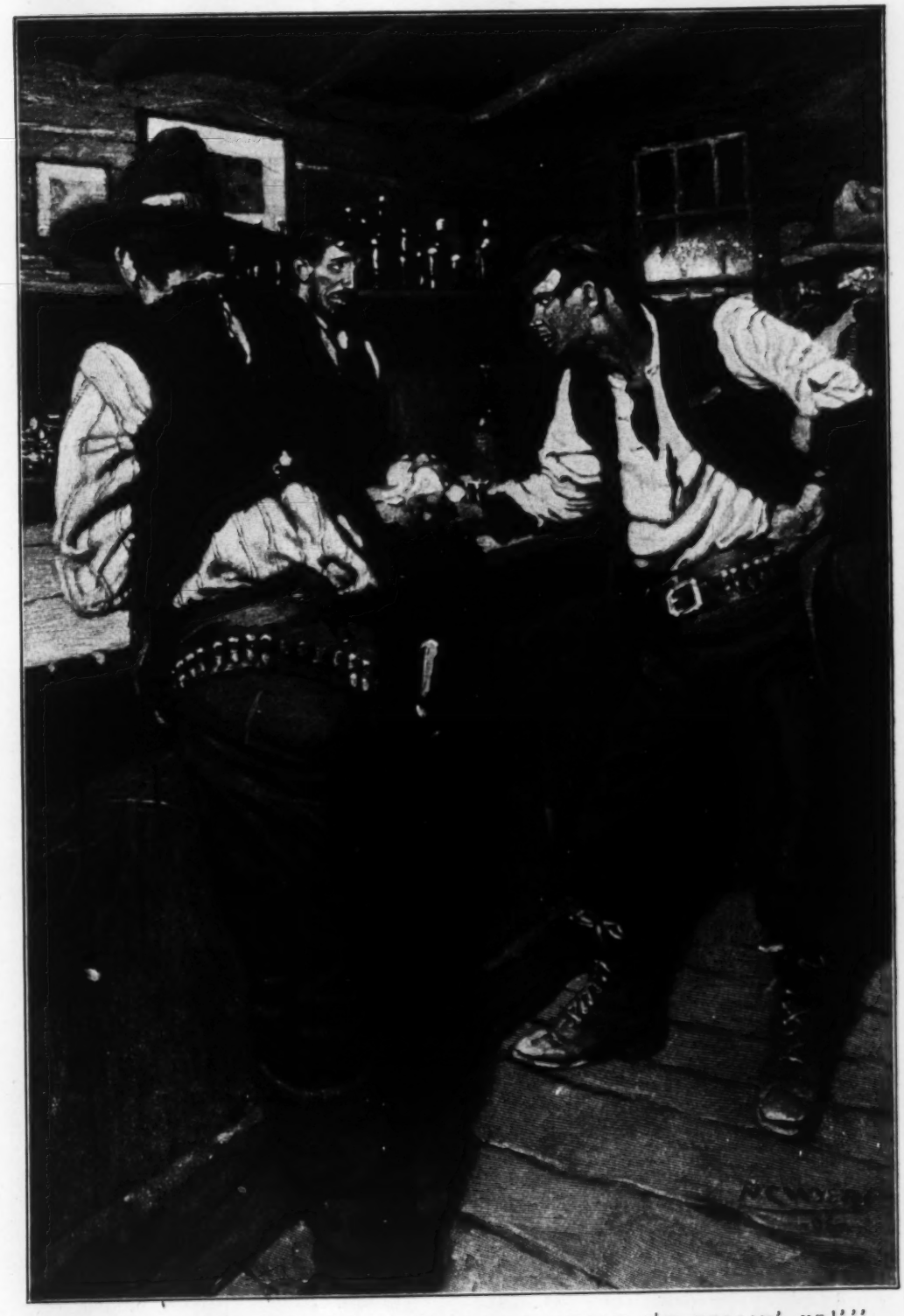
But the other girl and the Jew drummer had punched the breeze.

The girl at the pianner just grinned, and pointed to the winder where they was some ragged glass hangin'. She was dead game.

"Say, Susie," says I, "you're all right, but your friends is tur'ble. I may be rough, and I ain't never been curried below the knees, but I'm better to tie to than them sons of guns."

"I believe it," says she.

So we had a drink at the bar, and started out to investigate the wonders of Cyanide.



"'LOOK HERE!' HE YELLS. 'LISTEN TO WHAT I'M TELLIN' YE!'"

Say, that night *was* a wonder. Susie faded after about three drinks, but I didn't seem to mind that. I hooked up to another saloon kept by a thin Dutchman. A fat Dutchman is stupid, but a thin one is all right.

In ten minutes I had more friends in Cyanide than they is fiddlers in h——. I begun to conclude Cyanide wasn't so lonesome. About four o'clock in comes a little Irishman about four foot high, with more upper lip than a muley cow, and enough red hair to make an artificial aurorer borealis. He had big red hands with freckles pasted onto them, and stiff red hairs standin' up separate and lonesome like signal stations. Also his legs were bowed.

He gets a drink at the bar, and stands back and yells;

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!"

Now this was none of my town, so I just stepped back of the end of the bar quick where I wouldn't stop no lead. The shootin' didn't begin.

"Probably Dutchy didn't take no note of what the locoed little dogie *did* say," thinks I to myself.

The Irishman bellied up to the bar again, and pounded on it with his fist.

"Look here!" he yells. "Listen to what I'm tellin' ye! God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle! Do ye hear me?"

"Sure, I hear ye," says Dutchy, and goes on swabbin' his bar with a towel.

At that my soul just grew sick. I asked the man next to me why Dutchy didn't kill the little fellow.

"Kill him!" says this man. "What for?"

"For insultin' of him, of course."

"Oh, he's drunk," says the man, as if that explained anythin'.

That settled it with me. I left that place, and went home, and it wasn't more than four o'clock neither. No, I don't call four o'clock late. It may be a little late for night before last, but it's just the shank of the evenin' for to-night.

Well, it took me six weeks and two days to go broke. I didn't know sic 'em about minin'; and before long I *knew* that I didn't know sic 'em. Most all day I poked around them mountains — not like ourn — too much timber to be comfortable. At night I got to droppin' in at Dutchy's. He had a couple of quiet games goin' and they was one fellow among that lot of grubbin' prairie dogs that had heerd tell that cows had horns. He was the wisest of the bunch on the cattle business. So I stowed away my consolation, and made out to forget comparing Colorado with God's country.

About three times a week this Irishman I told you of — name O'Toole — comes bulgin' in. When he was sober he talked minin' high, wide, and handsome. When he was drunk he pounded both fists on the bar and yelled for action, tryin' to get Dutchy on the peck.

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!" he yells about six times. "Say, do you hear?"

"Sure," says Dutchy, calm as a milk cow, "sure, I hears ye!"

I was plumb sorry for O'Toole. I'd like to have given him a run; but, of course, I couldn't take it up without makin' myself out a friend of this Dutchy party, and I couldn't stand for that. But I did tackle Dutchy about it one night when they wasn't nobody else there.

"Dutchy," says I, "what makes you let that bow-legged cross between a bull-dog and a flamin' red sunset tromp on you so? It looks to me like you're plumb spiritless."

Dutchy stopped wipin' glasses for a minute.

"Just you hold on," says he. "I ain't ready yet. Bimeby I make him sick; also those others who laugh with him."

He had a little gray flicker in his eye; and I thinks to myself that maybe they'd get Dutchy on the peck yet.

As I said, I went broke in just six weeks and two days. And I was broke a plenty. No hold-outs anywhere. It was a heap long ways to cows; and I'd be t-totally chawed up and spit out if I was goin' to join these minin' terrapins defacin' the bosom of nature. It sure looked to me like hard work.

While I was figurin' what next, Dutchy came in. Which I was tur'ble surprised at that, but I said good mornin' and would he rest his poor feet.

"You like to make some money?" he asks.

"That depends," says I. "on how easy it is."

"It is easy," says he. "I want you to buy hosses for me."

"Hosses! Sure!" I yells, jumpin' up. "You bet you! Why, hosses is where I live! What hosses do you want?"

"All hosses," says he, calm as a faro dealer.

"What?" says I. "Elucidate, my bucko. I don't take no such blanket order. Spread your cards."

"I mean just that," says he. "I want you to buy all the hosses in this camp, and in the mountains. Every one."

"Whew!" I whistles. "That's a large order. But I'm your meat."

"Come with me, then," says he. I hadn't but just got up, but I went with him to his little old poison factory. Of course, I hadn't had no breakfast; but he staked me to a Kentucky breakfast. What's a Kentucky breakfast? Why, a Kentucky breakfast is a three-pound steak, a bottle of whisky, and a setter dog. What's the dog for? Why, to eat the steak, of course.

We come to an agreement. I was to get two-fifty a head commission. So I started out. There wasn't many hosses in that country; and what there was the owners hadn't much use for unless it was to work a whim. I picked up about a hundred head quick enough, and reported to Dutchy.

"How about burros and mules?" I asks Dutchy.

"They goes," says he. "Mules same as hosses; burros four bits a head to you."

At the end of a week I had a remuda of probably two hundred animals. We kept them over the hills in some "parks" as these sots calls meadows in that country. I rode into town and told Dutchy.

"Got them all?" he asks.

"All but a cross-eyed buckskin that's mean, and the bay mare that Noah bred to."

"Get them," says he.

"The bandits want too much," I explains.

"Get them anyway," says he.

I went away and got them. It was scand'lous; such prices.

When I hit Cyanide again I ran into scenes of wild excitement. The whole passel of them was on that one street of their'n, talkin' sixteen ounces to the pound. In the middle was Dutchy, drunk as a soldier — just plain foolish drunk.

"Good Lord!" thinks I to myself, "he ain't celebratin' gettin' that bunch of buzzards, is he?"

But I found he wasn't that bad. When he caught sight of me, he fell on me drivellin.'

"Look there!" he weeps, showin' me a letter.

I was the last to come in; so I kept that letter — here she is. I'll read her.

DEAR DUTCHY: — I suppose you thought I'd flew the coop, but I haven't and this is to prove it. Pack up your outfit and hit the trail. I've made the biggest free gold strike you ever see. I'm sending you specimens. There's tons just like it, tons and tons. I got all the claims I can hold myself; but there's heaps more. I've writ to Johnny and Ed at Denver to come on. Don't give this away. Make tracks. Come in to Buck Cañon in the Whetstones and oblige

Yours truly,

HENRY SMITH.

Somebody showed me a handful of white rock with yeller streaks in it. His eyes was bulgin' until you could have hung your hat on them. That O'Toole party was walkin' around, wettin' his lips with his tongue and swearin' soft.

"God bless the Irish and let the Dutch rustle!" says he. "And the fool had to get drunk and give it away!"

The excitement was just started, but it didn't last long. The crowd got the same notion at the same time, and it just melted. Me and Dutchy was left alone.

I went home. Pretty soon a fellow named Jimmy Tack come around a little out of breath.

"Say, you know that buckskin you bought off'n me?" says he, "I want to buy him back."

"Oh, you do," says I.

"Yes," says he. "I got to leave town for a couple of days, and I got to have somethin' to pack."

"Wait and I'll see," says I.

Outside the door I met another fellow.

"Look here," he stops me with. "How about that bay mare I sold you? Can you call that sale off? I got to leave town for a day or two and ——"

"Wait," says I. "I'll see."

By the gate was another hurryin' up.

"Oh, yes," says I when he opens his mouth. "I know all your troubles. You have to leave town for a couple of days, and you want back that buzzard you sold me. Well, wait."

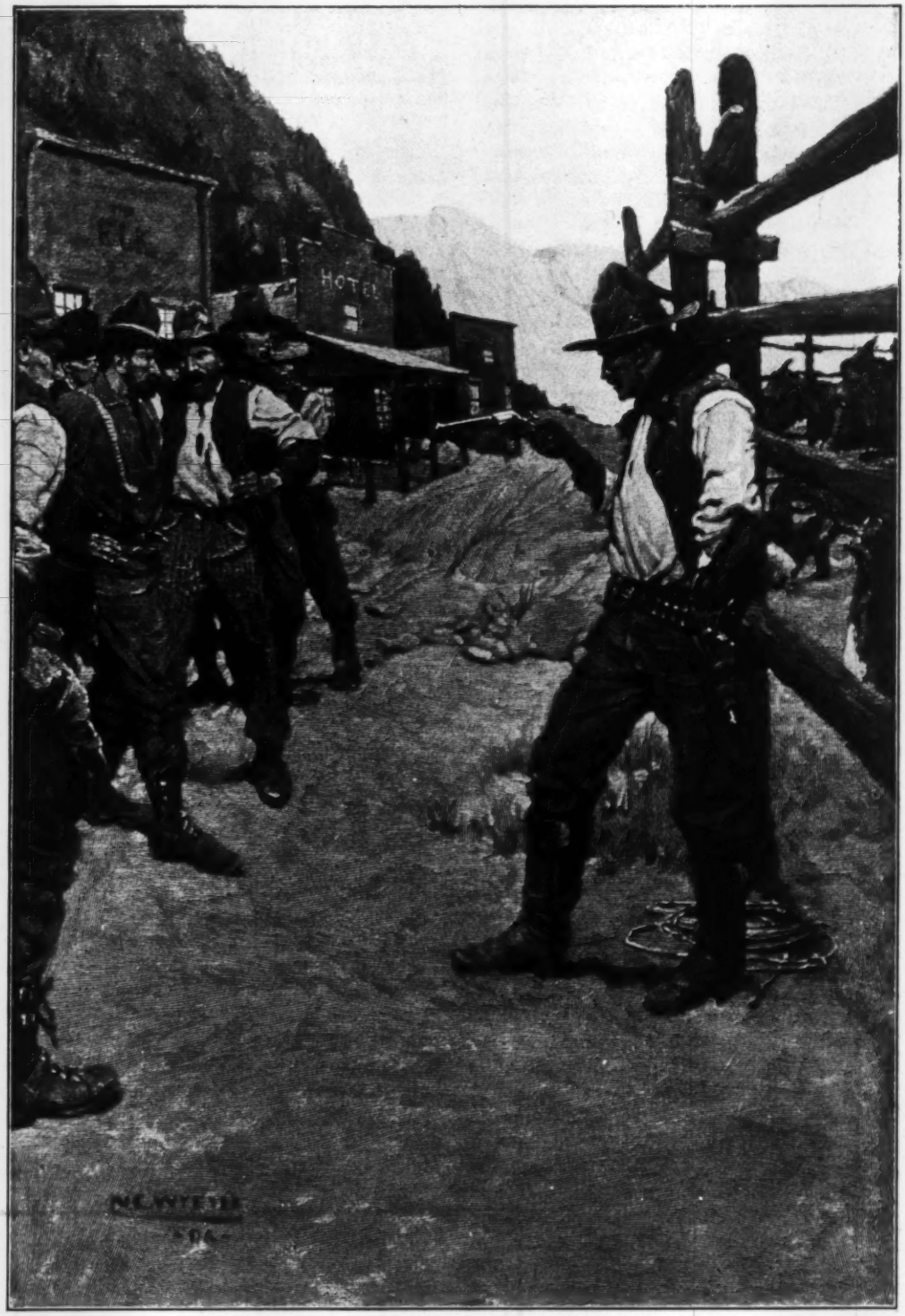
After that I had to quit the main street and dodge back of the hog ranch. They was all headed my way. I was as popular as a snake in a prohibition town.

I hit Dutchy's by the back door.

"Do you want to sell hosses?" I asks. "Every one in town wants to buy."

Dutchy looked hurt.

"I wanted to keep them for the valley market," says he, "but — How much did you give Jimmy Tack for his buckskin?"



"THEY GOT TO FIGHTIN' ON WHICH SHOULD GET THE FIRST HOSS; SO I BENT MY GUN ON THEM AND MADE THEM DRAW LOTS"

"Twenty," says I.

"Well, let him have it for eighty," says Dutchy; "and the others in proportion."

I lay back and breathed hard.

"Sell them all, but the one best hoss," says he — "no, the *two* best."

"Holy smoke!" says I gettin' my breath. "If you mean that, Dutchy, you lend me another gun and give me a drink."

He done so; and I went back home to where the whole camp of Cyanide was waitin'.

I got up and made them a speech and told them I'd sell them hosses all right, and to come back. Then I got an Injin boy to help, and we rustled over the remuda and held them in a blind cañon. Then I called up these miners one at a time, and made bargains with them. Roar! Well, you could hear them at Denver, they tell me, and the weather reports said, "Thunder in the mountains." But it was cash on delivery, and they all paid up. They had see that white quartz with the gold stickin' into it, and that's the same as a dose of loco to miner gents.

Why didn't I take a hoss and start first? I did think of it — for about one second. I wouldn't stay in that country then for a million dollars a minute. I was plumb sick and loathin' it, and just waitin' to make high jumps back to Arizona. So I wasn't aimin' to join this stampede, and didn't have no vivid emotions.

They got to fightin' on which should get the first hoss; so I bent my gun on them and made them draw lots. They roared some more, but done so; and as fast as each one handed over his dust or dinero he made a rush for his cabin, piled on his saddle and pack, and pulled his freight in a cloud of dust. It was sure a grand stampede and I enjoyed it to the limit.

So by sundown I was alone with the Injin. Those two hundred head brought in about twenty thousand dollars. It was heavy, but I could carry it. I was about alone in the landscape; and there were the two best hosses I had saved out for Dutchy. I was sure some tempted. But I had enough to get home on anyway; and I never yet drank behind the bar, even if I might hold up the saloon from the floor. So I grieved some inside that I was so tur'ble conscientious, shouldered the sacks, and went down to find Dutchy.

I met him headed his way, and carryin' of a sheet of paper.

"Here's your dinero," says I, dumpin' the four big sacks on the ground.

He stooped over and hefted them. Then he passed one over to me.

"What's that for?" I asks.

"For you," says he.

"My commission ain't that much." I objects.

"You've earned it," says he, "and you might have skipped with the whole wad."

"How did you know I wouldn't?" I asks.

"Well," says he, and I noted that jag of his had flew. "You see, I was behind that rock up there, and I had you covered."

I saw; and I began to feel better about bein' so tur'ble conscientious.

We walked a little ways without sayin' nothin'.

"But ain't you goin' to join the game?" I asks.

"Guess not," says he, jinglin' of his gold. "I'm satisfied."

"But if you don't get a wiggle on you, you are sure goin' to get left on those gold claims," says I.

"There ain't no gold claims," says he.

"But Henry Smith — " I cries.

"There ain't no Henry Smith," says he.

I let that soak in about six inches.

"But there's a Buck Cañon," I pleads. "Please say there's a Buck Cañon."

"Oh, yes, there's a Buck Cañon," he allows. "Nice limestone formation — make good hard water."

"Well you're a marvel," says I.

We walked on together down to Dutchy's saloon. We stopped outside.

"Now," says he, "I'm goin' to take one of those hosses and go somewheres else. Maybe you'd better do likewise on the other."

"You bet I will," says I.

He turned around and tacked up the paper he was carryin'. It was a sign. It read:

THE DUTCH HAS RUSTLED

"Nice sentiment," says I. "It will be appreciated when the crowd comes back from that little *pasear* into Buck Cañon. But why not tack her up where the trail hits the camp? Why on this particular door?"

"Well," said Dutchy, squintin' at the sign sideways, "you see I sold this place day before yesterday — to Mike O'Toole."

GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE

BY

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

MILTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS

IN the old American mind, there are some books that neighbor the Bible in their appeal to the affections. Milton, Bunyan, and Cowper have this distinction. It is, perhaps, not over-curious to think that the honor of literature, in our earlier age, owed much to the fact that the living faith of the people was the religion of a book. And in times when, as we learn from many a pious memoir, the child in the cradle was sometimes "dedicated to God," on both sides of the water the thought might well grow up in the boy's mind unconsciously flowering, that as God had once spoken through a book, the Spirit might still use the forms of high literature as its vehicle. The idea of the inspiration of the literary life was not far off from him. Milton and Wordsworth both felt this sense of consecration, of being men set apart. The singular thing is that this is the view of posterity also toward Milton. He lives as a great and lonely figure, one of the chosen of Israel, with an almost hieratic solemnity; the blind old man who had seen heaven and its angels, the Creation and the Fall, as none other had ever beheld them, in universal vision. Even in his secular life he seems an apostle of liberty, not a statesman, or a politician, or anything merely executive and official, but the impassioned preacher of freedom because his own soul was free. But it is the "Paradise Lost" that gives him his sacred character. It is a poem on the highest levels of art, derived from ancient and foreign sources, panoplied in severe scholarship, wrought in the inspiration of classicism, academic, intellectual, austere; and yet it made, and continued to make, and still makes such a wide popular appeal as to constitute it one of the greatest monuments of English literature, without regard to the judgment of scholars. It is not only a book; it is a part of English history, of the history of the English race. This is the marvel — and no critical problem is more difficult — what are the grounds of this broad popular appeal in a poem which appears in many ways so far from the people?

Called in College "the Lady of Christ's"

Milton was born a Londoner, in that class of society which was the backbone of the movement for popular rights and independence in religion, in whose onward course, during his mature life, the throne fell and English liberties were secured. Little survives to inform us of his childhood except the head of the fair boy which is one of the treasures of English portraiture. He was well-bred in a Puritan home of means and taste, and though there is no sign of rigor in his bringing up, in that home must have been implanted in him in early days those finer elements of Puritanism which seem already instinctive in his first youth. His father who was a scrivener had some merit as a musical composer, and was in prosperous circumstances. He had masters for the boy and sent him to a public school, St. Paul's, where he made one deep and tender friendship with a half-Italian schoolmate, Charles Diodati. At sixteen, he went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, where tradition says he was called "the Lady of Christ's," his fair hair and bright cheeks and his slender youth confirming a nickname that he appears to

This is the third of the series, the former articles being "Cervantes" and "Scott"

have owed really to the purity of his life and manners and a virginal mind. He remained seven years at Christ's, and won the place of a first scholar, showing plain traces of that saving egotism which is the single trait that brings him humanly before the eye now: "performed the Collegiate and Academical exercises to the admiration of all, and was esteemed to be a virtuous and sober person," says old Anthony Wood, "yet not to be ignorant of his own parts." At Christ's he had written verses, Latin, and English, among them the famous ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity; and he showed from the first touches of his hand that feeling for rich words and their melodies, the sense of the moulding that beauty of language gives to thought itself, which belongs so often to the poetic precocity of great masters of expression. There was never any immaturity in his style. He wrote perfection. Yet then, of course, no one knew that he had written one of the great lyric poems of England, singular for its majesty of thought and manner in a youth of twenty-one years, and also a sonnet — that, on arriving at the age of twenty-three — which, in his works, is now one of the best remembered where all are memorable.

In Rustic Retirement

He retired from the University to Horton, near Windsor, where his father had removed from London to live at ease; and there, the church, his original destination, being closed to him by the aspect of the times, without seeking another profession he obtained his father's leave to pursue literary studies undisturbed. "At my father's country residence, whither he had retired to pass his old age, I was wholly intent," says Milton, "through a period of absolute leisure, on a steady perusal of the Greek and Latin writers, but still so that I occasionally exchanged the country for the city, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning anything new in Mathematics or in Music, in which I then took delight." For the six years that remained till he was thirty, he thus enjoyed a secure and quiet period, comparable to Virgil's ease, during which he perfected himself in a studious knowledge of past literature. It was an accumulative and assimilating rather than an original period; his production of English verse was hardly greater in amount than Virgil's in similar circumstances; yet in its small body are comprised all Milton's minor poems of fame, and among them are "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," the best idyllic poems in the classical Italian manner, "Lycidas," the first of English elegies in rank, and "Comus," the only English masque that the world has cared to remember. These poems are the finest flower of the literary movement that had swept up the North from Italy for more than a century, and brought to England its great burst of genius in the reigns of Elizabeth and James; the crest of the Renaissance had broken in the turbulent dramatists, but here the golden flood of humanism was still at the full, with Italian serenity, purity, and beauty; the burning noon of passion had gone by, but a finer art, a softer mood were present in Milton's genius in its youth; simple, lucid, melodious, suffused with the perfect beauty of an age of art about to die. In these country years Milton probably looked forward only to a literary career: he was a youthful, humanist poet, seeking to write as his Greek and Italian masters had done before him; perhaps such a life as Virgil's, he thought, might lie in his future.

The figure of Milton at this age is full of "sweet attractive grace." He was handsome in manly beauty, his mind set on high and serious thoughts, and with a strain of uncommon purity in his soul. He led a simple life in his father's house, plain in its habits; he wandered about the well-watered and well-wooded country, making his mind "a mansion for all lovely forms — a dwelling place for all sweet sounds and harmonies;" or in his chamber at home moved "in the still air of delightful studies;" a natural, intellectual, poetic life, free from all disturbance. One hears that "music" in which he "then took delight" as its perpetual undertone. It is reflected crystal-like in the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," with a selective power of art, an idyllic brevity and clearness in the scenes, an evenness of unemphatic beauty, for which there is no parallel except in classical and Italian masterpieces. This poetic softness and clearness mirrors Milton's temper then; there is not a trace of the harsh traits that later came into his life, the sternness of his middle years and his aging into austerity. He was still pure poet; full of a sweet sensuousness that took delight in all beautiful things. This Platonic vein, this emotional color of beauty in his virtue sets Milton's Puritanism somewhat apart. So also his love of the drama

BLIND MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS

FROM THE PAINTING BY MUNKACSY IN THE LENOX LIBRARY, NEW YORK

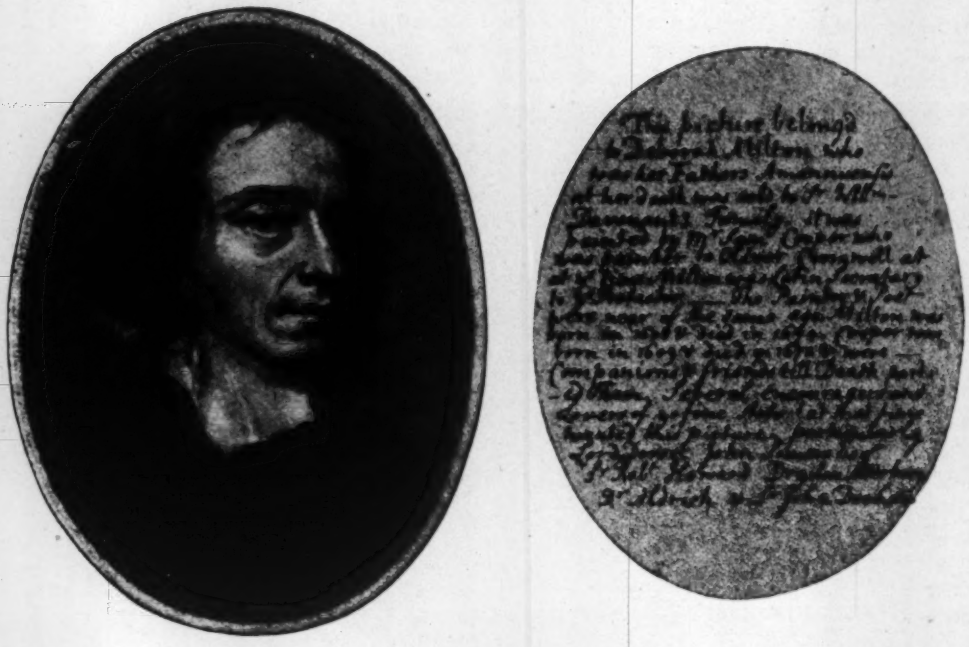
removes him from the historical type of the sect. He could not, being a scholar of classical breeding, fail to look on the drama as a noble form, and its Greek examples fed his genius from the Euripidean passages of "Comus" to the "Samson Agonistes" at the very end. But while yet a student at college, he had written the tribute to Shakspere that was first printed in the Second Folio; and in connection with his friend Lawes, the musician, he tried, though with an anonymity which he endeavored to preserve, the masque form of the drama, then its popular or at least fashionable phase, in the "Arcades" and on the great scale in the "Comus." This last was really a piece of private theatricals written for the Lord President of Wales, who had employed Lawes, and acted by his children in the great hall at Ludlow Castle on his inauguration into his office. The substance of the poem, however, which was the praise and defense of chastity, was a very noble form of Puritan feeling in the high sense. It, too, is alive with Platonic philosophy, but this is so inwrought in the poetry that it is not felt by the reader except in its results. The praise of chastity also denotes something exceptional in Milton's temperament, a personal feeling for purity which was elemental in his entire genius and which in the end became a genius for austerity. But that time was far off, beyond the barrier of twenty years of the fighting that makes all men stern. The gentler Milton of the earlier day, the youth with the passion for purity, the passion for beauty, the passion for perfection in poetry, had no premonition of all that.

With Famous Men in Italy

It was in this spirit that Milton, when thirty years old, made the journey to Italy where he remained more than a year. He met famous men, Grotius and Galileo, lingered especially at Florence, Rome, Naples, and Venice, made numerous friends among the men of letters and taste, and had the great happiness to be favored with the acquaintance and warm interest of the aged Manso, the befriender of Tasso in his sad life and the patron of Marini. It is plain that Milton not only made a good impression, as Manso says, with his "mind, form, grace, face, and morals," but he was socially attractive; notwithstanding his strength of natural reserve and what he calls "haughtiness" in his character, his familiar relations with comrades and elder associates betray real humaneness, and the affectionateness of his single close friendship with Charles Diodati intimates perhaps the sweeter quality of nature by which he bound his Italian acquaintances. One wonders what he brought away really from the Italian beauty of scenery, the ruins, and the galleries, but it is a vain curiosity; so far as appears, his life in Italy was essentially social, he was interested in the men and their academies, and wrote Italian and Latin verses in their midst, like a dilettante youth; but the great result seems to have been the stir of his mind in response to the appreciation of his talents about him, and the forming of a solid and resolved ambition to produce a great poetic work. His own words are important: "Much latelier," he writes, "in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favored to resort, perceiving that some trifles that I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labor and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." An epic poem or a tragic drama was to be the form of this attempt, and he listed nigh a hundred subjects for choice, the chief being the British story of Arthur's Knights and the Hebrew myth of Paradise.

Return to England, and Marriage

Milton had come home because of the threatening aspect of public affairs, in the same spirit in which many of our own countrymen returned at the outbreak of the Civil War, because it is not fit that a citizen should be abroad (save in her service) when his country is in arms. But he was a private person with no opening into state-affairs; so he says very sensibly, "I betook myself to my interrupted studies, trusting the issue of public affairs to God in the first place, and to those



JOHN MILTON

FROM THE MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER, WITH A FACSIMILE OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK OF THE MINIATURE

to whom the people had committed that charge." Up to this time Milton had depended on paternal support, and his father had been a very good Augustus to him; now he began to earn something, and from undertaking the care of his sister's two young boys, he set up gradually a little private academy of a half-friendly character for the children of families in his acquaintance. A few boys in a house big enough for himself and his books, many of which he had collected and sent from Venice, and with a garden — he always kept a garden near in his many changes of London residence — and with the schoolmaster's task for his useful employment; this was the outward look of the life which within was brooding the work that the world "would not willingly let die." Milton also signalized his entrance on everyday affairs by taking a wife; strangely enough she was of a broken-down, worldly cavalier family, which was much in debt to his father, and she was but just past seventeen. There was a brief two months of festivity in the house, after which the young bride returned to her family for a visit and would not come back to her husband till two years later — when, in the declining fortunes of both the cavalier cause and the family, a reconciliation was arranged. Meanwhile Milton had found an entrance to the life of the public cause as a pamphleteer; he published in swift succession several of the tracts on the times by which for twenty years he was to be mainly known at home, and to become famous abroad as the chief defender of the English nation in the forum of Europe, and in the composition of which he expended his intellectual energy till the last moment of the lost cause.

Entering On His Political Career

The golden age of Milton's life had gone by; the happy home where he had been the light of the house — and how dearly he was cherished is humanly indicated by his father's having two portraits of him in boyhood and youth — was broken up; Charles Diodati, his first and only bosom-friend, was dead. Life had entered on a new scene, in which domestic unhappiness, conflict with men, the indignation and bitter edge of prose were in sharp contrast with that early felicity, peace, and poetic musing. The change was as deep as life, and in fact amounted to a substitution of intellectual for poetic force as the element of its being. Up to now Milton's thinking had been subsidiary to his art, but

henceforward it was for its own sake; he had been a man of letters, he became a man of politics.

His interest in ideas was immense, though now it was first apparent. He had a greater intellect than commonly falls to the share even of great poets, and it was of that active sort that makes the practical idealist. The passion for perfection in art which makes the poet, and for purity in life which makes the man, are matters of the private life; but the application of analogous ideas of perfection to the lives of other men and to the state necessarily throws the assertor of them into opposition, and in so far as he strives for their victory he finds oftenest a thorny path. Milton now entered on this career. His practical instinct working through ideas is most simply seen in the things nearest to him. It was no common school that he kept, no humdrum routine that he mumbled over to his boys; there was a curriculum of his own devising and, noticeably, he saw to it that his boys read more books that had life in them and with a broader reach of modern power, as it then was, than other schoolboys had any chance to get, and he put speed into their acquisition of Latin; quicker work and a wider and more contemporary round of study, and in general the Renaissance ideal of the development of personal power in manifold ways, characterized the education he strove to give. It was, no doubt, the most modern school in Europe, though its pupils were only half-a-handful. His domestic life was, like the school, a new concern; and he no sooner realized that his young wife had deserted him after two months than he at once declared the extreme heretical doctrine of liberty of divorce and re-marriage in case of the incompatibility of the parties. It was a shocking position to take, in those days, and first brought obloquy upon him, but he stuck to his opinion, and indeed among the hundreds of the sects of those days one may still read of the Miltonists or Divorcers. The key to Milton's intellectual life lies in his Renaissance training, though the fact is obscured by the Puritanical matter of his tracts; personal force, such as he raised to heroic proportions in Satan was his ideal; personal liberty in all its forms was the thing nearest to his heart. It gave great individuality to his own life. Thus he belonged to no communion, attended no church, and had no prayers at home; his religion must have been very sacred to him, and it suffered no profaning hands; he was true Puritan, full-grown, not in the sense of the sectaries of his age but in that which is for all time, the man free from all forms, who needs no intermediary with his God except the spiritual Christ.

Defender of the People of England

The same proud assertion of individual dignity is the core of the great essay in behalf of a free press, the "Areopagitica," in which he set forth the doctrine of he public toleration of thought and speech, the right of the intellect to be heard, with undying eloquence. Liberty, in one form or another, is the watchword of all his prose; it was then, as it continues to be, the shuttlecock between statecraft and priestcraft, but Milton saw the old Priest in the new Presbyter, and in all ways stood for independence in the individual; by so much the more did he stand for independence in the nation, the liberty of the people to call their rulers to the bar and send the violator of their rights to the block; with the vehement and unabated directness of Demosthenes against Philip, he too thundered against the Stuart line. The name of Cromwell only was known so far and widely abroad as that of this Defender of the People of England. It is this office that gives grandeur to his figure; and no one, not of the race itself, has so much in the thoughts of men the sublime character of a Hebrew prophet, the rebuker of Kings, the declarer of the eternity of truth, the companion of the thoughts of God. This loftiness felt in Milton's prose is what preserves it; if it is not studded with sentences of abstract wisdom, like Burke's, where ripeness of thought and breadth of phrase combine to make memorable political sayings, it is strewn with passages of high and sublime flow in which ideal principles flame at their whitest heat of conviction. To be the voice of England on a great occasion, such as the death of her King by the judgment of her people, was a memorable destiny; but what makes Milton more remembered is that a hundred times liberty spoke by his lips.

He was that man, hateful to all tyrants, a Republican; though under the powerful presence of Cromwell, "our chief of men," he swerved slightly from the line, he came home true and belonged with Vane. He was not a Democrat; he was too much imbedded in the Renaissance for that, and valued men for their personal distinction;

for the honor and force in them that make for inequality.

Nor do I name of men the common rout
That wandering loose about
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name, no more remembered.

That is the very trick of aristocracy in thought and accent. Equality, fraternity, were not yet risen stars. Milton's "Ready and Easy Way," which he sent forth as the last arrow when Charles II. was almost on the coast, proposed a kind of permanent Grand Council, like that of the Republic of Venice, as the ruling body of the state. Nevertheless, Milton's republicanism, though it was not the democracy of to-day, was the high tide of the principle of freedom in that age; and when the dying roll of the retreating storm was heard in that last passionate remonstrance, on the eve of the King's landing, there was to be silence till the Marseillaise.

In these years Milton's life took on that harshness of feature, which it retains in tradition, owing to his invective against the enemies of the state, his unhappiness in his children, and perhaps the color of the name of Puritan. In outward ways it was one of plain habits and personal dignity. He had given up teaching after seven years, and when in a short period the Commonwealth was established he became foreign Secretary to the Council; it was a good post, well-paid, and he held it till the Restoration, from his forty-second to his fifty-second year. He received and wrote foreign despatches and was the official intermediary for all ambassadors and envoys, and was thus brought, both at the Council Table and in the Hall, into habitual association with the heads of state and persons of distinction from abroad. His private fame and character were also such as to attract visits and attention upon his own account. In his appearance and demeanor there must have been the ripened breeding of the scholar and poet whose social art is attested by his Italian travels, together with the matured handsomeness of the man and the personal dignity of the representative of state. His wife had died and he had married again; but after a year of happy wedlock, in this instance, he lost her whose memory he made sacred in the sonnet tenderly recalling her veiled face:

Yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.

Blind and In Hiding

He may never have seen her face, for before this he had become totally blind in his forty-fifth year. He had continued to perform the duties of his Secretaryship, being led to the Council Room; and there listening, dictating, and composing he went through the necessary business as before. Except for a few sonnets at wide intervals he had entirely discontinued poetry during these twenty years. Dr. Johnson described these sonnets as "cherry stones," and it has been well said that this "marks the lowest point imaginable in criticism of verse." They are rather stones of David's sling. That on the massacre in Piedmont is noteworthy as the first blaze of the English muse over the violated liberties of Europe, of which Byron and Shelley learned the lightning use, and Swinburne in our own day flings the Revolutionary torch. The sonnets, few as they are, would be a mighty monument for any genius; they have the quality of Michael Angelo. Just before the downfall, Milton seems to have reverted in mind to the predestination of his genius to poetry and that great hope he had indulged on returning from Italy: — "that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above of being a Christian, might do for mine." Now the end had come; blind and in hiding, in those months of unloosed revenge, none, the Regicides excepted, was more likely than he to fall a victim; and indeed few who have escaped it came so near as Milton to being hanged. The peril of this shame to England — and such shame there has been in all literatures and nations of civility — was near, but it passed. The "blind old schoolmaster," as he is known from Dryden's lips, lived on in obscurity and humbleness, though a few friends still remembered him and showed him attention, and distinction still clung to his figure. Life, it must have seemed, was done for him. Then he turned to the unbroken meditation of that poem which for two years had employed his thoughts at times, and in three years more of lonely musing carried it to completion. A new age of literature had come in, and new men, strangers to all that had fashioned the

JOHN MILTON
In the Collection of the Right Hon.ble Arthur Onslow Esqr. Speaker of the House of Commons.
J. Houbraken sculp. Anno 1741.
Impensis T. & P. Knapton Londini. 1741.

JOHN MILTON

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY J. HOUBRAKEN AFTER A PORTRAIT WHICH HAS SINCE DISAPPEARED BUT WHICH IS KNOWN AS THE ONSLOW PORTRAIT

men of old in greatness and him the last of them; but the old age should yet lift one towering peak to heaven, before it subsided to the levels of the eighteenth century. "Paradise Lost" was this last and belated birth of the greatest English age.

The Conception of "Paradise Lost"

The opposition between the earlier and the later poetry of Milton is very great, and is the more marked because of the barrenness of his middle life in verse. The liquid flow, the beauty of surface locking in mosaic sweet sights and harmonies of the natural world, the mellowness of idyllic and elegiac art, the crystal purity of the air of garden and grove as in some northern Italian night — all these and the like are the traits of his poetic youth; but in the works of his age there is something that dwarfs such qualities and makes natural the designation of the earlier verse as his minor poems. The reason of the difference is, I think, the expansion of Milton's intellectual powers which took place on his entrance into public debate, and the strength they acquired in that Herculean labor of the mind stretched to its utmost of practical force and mastery for twenty years of unremitted strain. "Paradise Lost" is a great poem of the intellect as well as of the imagination. Milton, after a period of wavering, had finally chosen the form of an epic, built on the lines of the classical tradition, with the myth of Eden for its central story; the origin and destiny of the soul and the meaning of its course in history was the real theme. The subject was well-chosen, and fulfilled the desirable though not essential condition for a work of national appeal in that it was and had long been familiar to the people; the material was at least as well known to the English, in its main outlines, as the myths of the gods, on which the Attic tragedians had wrought, had been known to the Athenians. Yet it is the decadence of interest in the subject-matter which is now most pointed to as impairing the permanent appeal of the poem. An epic which is in the third century of its victorious power need not fear any displacement. Its childhood myth of the race, its crude science, its antiquated theology, may all be granted, and it is easy to find in its necessary conventions, which belong to it as a work of limited art, something awkward and irrational, even petty and ridiculous to the mind's eye; but the attack along these lines is successful only when conducted against details; the poem in its wholeness retains an overwhelming power. It is conceived in three movements; the first is the Titan struggle of the rebellious angels; the second is the Eden bower; the third is the creation of the world with its pendant panorama of human history. Of these three subjects the first yields the most majestic sight of that other world of Hades which the tragic imagination of man in the greatest poets has essayed to picture in all times; the second gives the most charming rendering of that Bower of Bliss, which has also been so often attempted, and the third presents the most nobly impressive story of the birth of our universe that is to be found in poetry. It is not necessary that the mind should cling to the actuality of these scenes and events any more than to the siege of Troy or the voyage of Aeneas; if they have imaginary reality — even if they have only that—it is all the truth that poetry seeks and is sufficient to interest men forever. If "Paradise Lost" be looked at in this way as only an hypothesis of the imagination, it yet remains the loftiest flight of the mind of man in that region of what is to be only spiritually conceived. It is here that it makes its long and powerful appeal to masses of readers, and remains a poem of the English nation. Critics endeavor to empty it of the content of meaning of which it is full, and to leave only the style by which alone, they will have it, the poem survives; but my own mind, I know — and in this I cannot be singular — still holds to the substance as the true poem, indifferent to the fate of the Hebrew myth, of Puritan theology, or Darwinian descent, or any other of those matters of contemporaneity which are forever tossed in men's minds. It is possible, perhaps, to trace the operation of some of the elements in the poem, which are not for an age, but for all time.

A Scale of Life

One of the most salutary uses of great poetry is to give a scale of life. Wordsworth was led by the character of his genius to observe how the continual presence of grand natural features in the landscape and the habitual sight of the processes of nature's life fulfill this function for those who live in communion with them, and give to human life a setting and perspective. The reflection of the Greeks, that the dramatic representation of tragic changes of fortune in the

IOANNES
MILTON
Ætat. 62
A.D. 1670
Three Poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The First, in loftiness of thought surpast;
The Next, in majesty; in both the Last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a Third She joynd the former Two.
Dryden
Geo: Vertue Sculpsit 1725
Illustrissimo Dno Dno ALGERNON Comiti de HERTFORD Dno PERCY &c. &c.
Obsequentissime D.D.D. G. Vertue

JOHN MILTON

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY GEORGE VERTUE, DONE IN 1725, EVIDENTLY BASED ON THE FAITHORNE PORTRAIT

lives of the great and powerful imposed on the spectators a truer estimate of their own share of trial in life, is an analogous thought. But the soul grows in knowledge of itself not only by these humbling influences of contrast with the grandeur of nature and tragic calamity; it expands through all ideas that raise its sense of power however excited, and especially that power which is lodged in its own being. "Paradise Lost" performs this service, with great efficiency and in diverse ways. In what poem is the infinity of the universe so sensibly present, merely in the physical sphere? What poem, again, so succeeds in realizing to the mind superhuman power, personal force raised to the utmost imaginable height, not only in the magnificent example of Satan, but in his angelic peers, Uriel and Gabriel, even in the young angels, Ithuriel and Zephon, whom the fiend found invincible? But the infinity which most shines in the poem is not material or personal, not in the universe or the protagonists of the battle that was fought "out of space, out of time;" it is that of man himself as a soul in which issues of eternity converge, about which play mysterious agencies of evil and good, for which in its unknown course celestial powers care; that infinity which in the soul itself is the ground of being of the Christian religion. The soul, weaving this legend of itself from its far prehistoric dawn, fashioned this wonderful dream; the scenes and events, imbedded in tradition and the life of historical ages and continuously in the human consciousness, must have deep affinities with the nature of the soul which in them has incarnated its intuitions, cast its sense of spiritual fact, pictured its beliefs; in a word, this myth embroidered on the hem of the seamless garment of truth is all the memory the soul has of its own history. The particular actuality of the links of the legend, and even the form of the elements of thought it uses, are immaterial; for the things of the spirit can only be symbolically shown. Every one, who opens the poem, finds mirrored there the soul in its infinite and eternal nature, and the mystery of its source and destiny set forth with an imaginative definiteness of vision, as nowhere else. The story is displayed with unexampled grandeur in the scenes, in the wasted gloom of hell, in the abyss of chaos, in the freshly created universe of light, upon the battle-plains of heaven; the characters are ennobled to the height of what is possible in faculty and prowess, in form and moving not inferior to the gods, eloquent in speech, majestic in action, each great in his own resolve; every element of epic power and loveliness, that the practice of elder poets had handled, is employed — whole armies in array, individual conflict, the bower of love, the tale of creation, the panorama of history, the pit, the council, set forth in all the modes of oratory, dialogue, narrative, apostrophe, and idyl, and all in an unrivaled balance and harmony of the parts. The Hebraic solemnity and directness, the Pindaric loftiness of flight, yet so absorbed into Milton's inspiration as to be his own and personal to him, give to the poem that quality that it holds unshared with any other epic — sublimity; this is the instinctive and also the deliberate judgment of all men — it is a sublime poem. If I were to sum up in a single expression the immediate power of "Paradise Lost" over men, I should say that no poem so dilates the mind; by so doing it gives a scale to life —the scale of infinity.

"Paradise Lost" a Universal Poem For All Time

"Paradise Lost" is not a modern poem; and I have dwelt elsewhere, perhaps too exclusively, on the important ways in which it departs from modern sympathy; like all great works of imagination in literature it looks on human affairs with a reverted gaze, for such works are climaxes of past thought and passion in centuries and civilization. But neither is it a Renaissance and Reformation poem, any more than the "Divine Comedy" is a mediæval poem. The poem remains universal, not for an age but for all time, because it is a poem of the soul and its mystery, and sets forth under an intelligible formula of thought and history, and in images of becoming grandeur and splendor, that legend of the soul which has been the historical framework of spiritual piety in Christian ages and still appeals by countless tendrils of memory, custom, and aspiration to men born Christians; it fills imaginatively what is otherwise a void, peoples the lone infinite, as no other secular work has done. It is thus that, as I said, it neighbors the Bible in men's thoughts; and not only does it do this by its matter, but also by its style. The Bible is the standard of perfection in English writing, but the same influence which flows from it upon the listening mind, and is felt as the unapproached perfection of

prose speech in language and cadence by the host of the common people in congregations, also flows from Milton's verse in the region of poetry; every one, however unlearned in literature, feels that here is a standard of perfection. It is a fit and crowning excellence; but the style is no more all of Milton than it is all of Isaiah or St. John. The people cannot escape great style, as all oratory shows; neither can they escape great poetry. The power of the highest is always greatest upon the lowest; it is this which makes a national poem possible; this sent Homer with all Greek ships, Virgil with all Roman eagles, Milton with all English Bibles through the world.

"*Samson Agonistes*" and the Last Days

"Paradise Lost" is the greatest of Milton's works because his powers are there in true balance, intellect and imagination in equal fellowship, with the lesser graces of poetry (such as distinguished his early verse) not in neglect. As he grew rapidly old, his expression became bare and austere; in "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" intellectual power seems to transcend and perhaps depress the imaginative — the balance is disturbed. They have the severity of outline and surface that belong to the peak. They were the work of the last years, when one thinks of Milton and sees him in the most human way, comes near to him as a natural creature, an old man. One youth there was who came to him now, like the boys he used to teach, and had lessons from him and talk in return for which he wrote at Milton's dictation. His daughters had left him; a third wife, whom he married late, took kindly care of him; friends visited him. He would sit outside the door in the sun, wrapped in a gray, coarse, cloth coat. The undying portrait of him is that reported by the painter, Richardson, from an aged clergyman who called on him. "He found him in a small house, he thinks but one room on a floor. In that, up one pair of stairs which was hung with a rusty green, he found John Milton sitting in an elbow-chair, black clothes and neat enough; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. Among other discourse he expressed himself to this purpose — 'that, was he free from the pain this gave him, his blindness would be tolerable.'" This was the old age appointed for the fair youth of forty years before, in whom the beauty of the Renaissance seemed to have taken on ideal form, on the eve of the Italian journey; to this end he had brought his boyhood passion for beauty, purity, and perfection through a life of intellectual conflict to a consummation that gave him kinship with the sterner rather than the softer brothers of his art. It is commonly thought that in the tragedy of Samson he had his own fortune in mind, and doubtless he drew sympathetic inspiration from his own position in realizing that of Samson in defeat. But his spirit seems to have accepted defeat without that despair of life which in so fiery-tempered a soul, so great in faculty, might well be feared. It may be that his faith was equal to that birth of patience, which is the crown of life long lived, and the capacity for which he showed in promise in his birthday sonnet, in youth, and in thought in his sonnet on his blindness. It is at least noticeable that the last lines of Samson look to fuller life, not death, and are words of promise and submission, of growth as well as of faith:

All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close

. . . . . .

His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

In this high mood, one hopes, Milton took farewell of the world as of the Muse; he died at almost sixty-six years of age, leaving to mankind a life that has been the inspiration of liberty, and these few rolls of immortal verse.

MARTYRDOM A LA MODE

COLONEL LUMPKIN POINTS OUT THE SUPERIORITY OF MODERN METHODS

BY

JOHN McAULEY PALMER

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL LUMPKIN'S CAMPAIGN," "FINANCES OF THE SHARK SYSTEM" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

"YOU may think it's a soft snap to own a state," said Colonel Lumpkin, "but I want to tell you it's a mighty ticklish business. It looks as easy as driving a flock of geese from one pasture to another. You have your governors and assemblymen and aldermen and other gooseherds carefully selected, and apparently there's nothing to do but market the eggs. But the trouble is that your geese are not real geese. They are only enchanted geese, and there's always a danger that the spell will break and then — Lord help the gooseherds."

"And what breaks the spell?" I asked.

"A magic word," replied Colonel Lumpkin. "The proper thing for ganders to say is *honk, honk, honk*. So long as they say that the egg market remains firm. But there's always danger that some under-conjured bird will begin to hiss, *think, think, think*, and if that habit spreads the geese are liable to moult their feathers. Of course, if they loose their feathers it is a plain proposition in natural history that they cease to be oviparous. Well-trained gooseherds are always on the lookout for the incipient hisser."

"What do they do with him when they catch him?" asked Judge Docket.

"That depends on circumstances," said Colonel Lumpkin. "The surest way is to wring his neck, but as that may alarm the rest of the flock it is considered safer nowadays to pen him up and fatten him for paté de foie gras."

Colonel Lumpkin paused for a moment, but we knew him well enough to see that there was a story coming. We waited quietly and presently he resumed: "That reminds me of the school teachers' insurrection in the Westport city schools. You remember when the city got so hard up it had to shorten hours and dock the teachers' salaries in order to make ends meet. There was a good deal of kicking, of course, but most of the teachers had enough patriotism to sacrifice a third of their daily bread in the great cause of education. They were getting so little anyway that they might easily have learned how to live on a little less. But, unfortunately, one of the High School principals, a young man by the name of Graham, had an inquiring turn of mind. He called the teachers together and put this question: 'Why is it that one of the richest cities in the world is so poor that it cannot afford to educate its children?' Now, it is all right for people to state social conundrums, but when they begin to answer them, there's liable to be trouble. And Graham was not content with the conundrum. He proceeded to answer it. He explained that the railroad company and the gas company and the street car company and the electric light company and the water company and the telephone company were not paying their fair share of taxes. He pointed out that their securities were rated at 317,000,000 *dollars* on the stock-market, but that they were rated at only 317,000,000 *cents* on the tax rolls of the city. He suggested that if these benevolent corporations were taxed on the same basis as the owner of a four-room cottage, there would be enough revenue to give every young Westporter a liberal education, and that at the hands of full-fed pedagogues. Nor was

"'I sent for the Mayor and the Board of Education, and informed them of my very great displeasure'"

Mr. Graham content with a diagnosis. He proceeded to prescribe a remedy. He proposed that the teachers should *teach* the municipal situation to their pupils, and that through the children they should educate the fathers and mothers of the city.

"Of course I couldn't stand for any such *lese-majesté* as that," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "I sent for the Mayor and the Board of Education, and informed them of my very great displeasure. The following day Mr. Graham was dismissed. But the sensational newspapers saw fit to make a hero of Mr. Graham. They published his picture and the picture of his wife and the picture of his only child, a little boy with a crutch. I didn't waste much energy on sentiment in those days, but I couldn't stand that poor little cripple's picture. I couldn't look at it and I couldn't get away from it, and the incident wouldn't close. The day after Graham was dismissed the teachers got together and voted to continue his salary by mutual subscription. Graham was now free to devote himself exclusively to the discussion of social paradoxes.

"Phew!" exclaimed Colonel Lumpkin after a short pause. "That meant business. It was just a few weeks before election and the ice was a little thin that winter anyway. Some of our boys were complaining that they hadn't had a fair slice in the last lighting grab, and now here was a chance of open pigeonholes and a close election. I didn't feel equal to the responsibility. I telegraphed to Senator Shark. The Senator was just about to sail to Europe on a visit to his son-in-law, the Duke of Bar-Sinister, but he responded to duty's call and came West. The Senator's poise and self-confidence reassured me. 'Leave it to me, Tim,' he said. 'The people know that you are a plain ordinary pirate, while I have the advantage of being a philanthropist! You made a mistake in firing that young fellow,' he continued. 'Education is a necessary evil in a country like ours. Wise men do not try to suppress it, it is more scientific to regulate it.'

"That night the Senator and I went to hear one of Graham's speeches. The Senator sat in the front of one of the boxes so that

he could be seen and recognized as a patron of learning. I sat well behind him in the shadow of the velvet curtains. The young man was speaking when we came in. His audience was still. He held them with the eloquence of conviction. He was explaining one of my most brilliant financial exploits. He applied the ordinary test of veracity to one of my corporate balance sheets. Of course, that wasn't fair. The balance sheet was never intended to be looked at that way. I slipped my chair a little further back in the shadow of the curtains for the young man's eyes were radio-active, and something in them hurt. I remember one of his sentences as he finished his analysis: 'A lie is a lie even if it is told in seven figures. A fraud is a fraud even if it is underwritten by the ablest lawyer in the land.' I do not recall any other phrases of his speech. But I remember the force of his personality. He made me think of Peter the Hermit. His hearers were exalted for every sacrifice. They seemed ready to follow him even through deserts to redeem the sepulcher. I felt like enlisting myself — in the contagion of the moment, I forgot that poor old Tim Lumpkin was the very Turk they were after. In the opposite box I could see a young woman holding in her arms a pale child with a crutch.

"There was no applause after the speech. The people kept their places until Senator Shark stepped from his box to the stage and gallantly congratulated the orator. The Senator seized both hands and shook them. The young man flushed with pleasure at this recognition of his genius, and then the crowd found its voice and cheered. The Senator also insisted on being presented to Mrs. Graham and the boy. As he placed his fatherly hand on the little cripple's head, I thought I saw a faint glow of color on the thin cheek."

"After the meeting," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "I took supper with the Senator at his club. 'What do you think of him?' I asked.

"'A bright youngster,' said Senator Shark, as he sipped his Madeira. 'He must be stopped.'

"'Of course,' I replied. 'But how are we going to do it? We can't burn him at the

"'That night the Senator and I went to hear one of Graham's speeches'"

stake as our prototypes might have done a few centuries ago.'

"'Our prototypes were bunglers,' said Senator Shark. 'Their methods were crude. It doesn't pay to burn a man's body. It leaves fragments of bone to be cherished as relics, or ashes to be scattered and sown by the winds. Experience shows that seeds of that kind have a most persistent vitality. The proper way is to burn the soul. It is a perfect gas, you know, and therefore burns without residue.' As he said this the Senator rolled me a slow saurian wink through his wine-glass that almost made *me* shudder.

"A few days after that it was announced that Graham had been nominated to fill the new chair of Peripatetic Pedagogics in Shark University, and that he was about to sail to Europe to study the methods of public instruction under the Empire of Charlemagne."

"So he sold out, did he!" Exclaimed Comegys in disgust.

"Not at all," said Colonel Lumpkin. "The hook was so well covered that he couldn't see it. He didn't feel it until after he had gorged the bait. Well, he went to Germany with his wife and boy and they were happy. His genius had won recognition. They had pinched so long on a thousand a year, that seven thousand was like a new land of enchantment. It opened up the beautiful and comfortable things of the world. There were books and pictures and pleasure trips. There were little feminine luxuries and vanities only dreamed of before, and now no longer denied and forbidden. But, best of all, there was hope for the boy. There were said to be magicians in Vienna and Berlin who might even restore life to withered limbs. In the spring the professor left his little family in Europe and returned to Westport. He got back with new enthusiasm, and we heard that he was about to resume his popular lectures on 'Education and Corruption.'

"'Senator Shark stepped from his box to the stage and gallantly congratulated the orator'"

"But he didn't," continued Colonel Lumpkin after a pause. "My old friend, Dean Truffles told me about it. The Dean called on him, and opened his eyes as gently as possible — reminded him that it wouldn't do. Not that the University Authorities would do anything to restrain free speech, but then — well there were proprieties to be considered, sensationalisms to be avoided, academic dignity, gratitude, and what not. The professor was indignant. There was no sign of weakness. No flesh pots for him. He would go back to poverty again. He insisted on writing his resignation there and then. Truffles said the situation was very embarrassing. And then the mail came. There was a letter with a foreign postmark. Truffles moved away to the window while the professor opened it. Graham read it again and again, and then he handed it to Truffles. It was just a short note full of a woman's happiness. And there was news about the boy. He had taken a few steps without his crutch. He was stronger and there was hope, the great surgeon said that he might get well. While Truffles was reading the letter, the professor dropped the half-written resignation in the fire and left the room.

"That was a good while ago," continued Colonel Lumpkin. "I have heard him many times since — you have heard him. His eloquence is no longer radio-active, but is decorous and full of good-humor. He is in demand for after-dinner speeches. He never reminds me of Peter the Hermit now."

THE RETURN OF THE GIPSY

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "THE SPORTIN' BLOOD OF ZENITH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

ONE morning when the August sun had just risen above the peaks and was pouring a flood of glory full upon Zenith, a small mining village far up in the Rockies, two shaggy burros, answering to the respective names of "Jemmy" and "Jerry," stood amid the broken crockery and tin cans of Mrs. Nitschkan's front yard, and with the patient and indifferent stoicism of their kind allowed themselves to be laden with burdens heavy and grievous to be borne.

With a skill betokening long experience, Mrs. Nitschkan herself was busily occupied in adjusting various and cumbersome objects upon the backs fitted to bear them.

She was an unusual and striking figure, this burly mountain woman, as she stood beside the donkeys, testing straps and lightly lifting huge bundles. A pair of bright, blue eyes twinkled in a face reddened by exposure to all kinds of weather, and her frequent laughter displayed two even rows of squirrel-white teeth. In the ten years Zenith had known her, she had never altered for any occasion her peculiar, semi-masculine attire — a man's coat over a flannel shirt, soft hat thrust far back on her curly, brown hair, and, her only concession to femininity, a short skirt which fell scantily over her heavy boots.

Hard upon her heels were her five children who, as she arranged her camping outfit, were fetching and carrying with a zeal and alacrity which suggested that they expected immediately to enjoy the rewards of service.

"Here, Captola," ordered Mrs. Nitschkan cheerily, "you an' Josh had best strap that cook-stove on the off-side of Jerry to balance the tent; an' you, Celia, kin fetch Mommie her fishin' rods an' gun. I guess I'll load them onto Jemmy."

Gathered about the front gate, maintained upon its rusted hinges by some frayed bits of rope, were a group of Mrs. Nitschkan's most intimate companions and allies; but, if attitude and expression be taken as indications of inner emotion, these ladies were strongly evidencing a disapproval of their friend's activities.

Care sat upon each brow. Mrs. Landvetter, enormously stout, Dutch, and spotless, leaned heavily against a gate-post, and knitted busily at an interminable piece of lace. Mrs. Thomas, a pink and white giantess with an appealing manner and a baby lisp, had tilted her sun-bonnet over her eyes in token of grief. And Mrs. Evans, a tiny, bird-like creature, active, steel-hard, and indomitable, had allowed her smooth forehead to wrinkle in an harassed frown.

She it was who summoned up courage to demand the purpose of the elaborate preparations. "What does all this mean, Mis' Nitschkan?" she asked in a sharp, rasped voice.

"Jus' about what you kin see," replied her friend airily, arranging some blankets and provisions more securely upon Jerry's back.

The three women at the gate exchanged meaning glances.

"Sadie Nitschkan" — Mrs. Evans's tone was magisterial — "we want to know something, an' we want to know the truth: Are you goin' gipsyin' again?"

"I sure am." The answer was decisive, if indifferent.

"An' leave your husband an' kids to shift for theirselves, an' in the care of the entire camp — which really means us — while you go traipsin' over the hills like a wild woman?" Mrs. Evans's shrill tones ran a

crescendo scale of incredulous, indignant remonstrance.

Mrs. Nitschkan paused a moment in her packing to stand with arms akimbo, measuring in humorous, faintly sardonic contemplation the group at the gate.

"Gosh A'mighty! What you gettin' so hot fer, Evans? Jack's up at his prospect, doin' assessment work fer a while; an', if a lot of half-grown kids can't look after theirselves, an' keep the roof over their heads, I don't know when they're goin' to learn. You girls kind o' keep an eye on 'em, an' they'll be all right. Come on, Bob; we might as well be movin'."

"She's a takin' Bob, the only one that's got any idea of behavin'!" groaned Mrs. Thomas. "But, if they get sick, Mis' Nitschkan," she pleaded desperately, "an' you know that all flesh is grass enough to do that now and then, why, where air we, an' where air you?"

"How kin I tell?" answered the Amazon happily, leading Jerry carefully through the gate, while her lad followed with Jemmy. "But," emphatically, "they ain't goin' to get sick. Those kids is tough as whipcord."

"Here, you," turning to the children with a last admonition, "now you take care of things, an' do right, an' we'll bring you somethin' nice; but, if you don't, it's a lickin' apiece. So long, girls."

The women turned to each other with lack-lustre eyes and elongated faces.

"Well, we certainly got our work cut out fer us," sighed Mrs. Thomas with the finality of despair, as they watched their sturdy friend starting out afoot and light-hearted in her quest of the open road, leading one reluctant burro herself, while her equally sturdy boy tugged at the rope of its companion, their faces set toward the black, mysterious pines at the foot of the shining peaks.

"What would happen to us poor women, if we'd shirk our responsibilities like what she does?" cried Mrs. Thomas, settling her sunbonnet with impatient hands. "An' yet she gets along as good as the rest of us. I never go to Denver fer a day, but what I come home to find one of my kids in bed with a ketchin' disease, or with some of their legs an' arms broke."

"I'll bet there ain't a bakin' of bread in the house," snapped Mrs. Evans.

"Nor a stick of vood in de shed," ruminated Mrs. Landvetter gloomily. "Now, you know how long our piles is goin' to last."

But their annoyance was far from communicating itself to the deserted children. Captola and Celia, girls of thirteen and twelve years, and Peter and "Josh," boys of eleven and eight, danced about gaily, singing with clear, shrill voices, "Mommie 's gone a gipsyin'! Mommie's gone a gipsyin'!" in a very ecstasy of freedom. Loosed of moral bond or tether, they realized to the full that the world was theirs for purposes of experimentation.

For some reason, at intervals of every two or three years, Mrs. Nitschkan became beset with longings for a life in the open. She was one of those restless, variable beings to whom "the long, brown path" with its thousand possibilities and surprises makes an irresistible appeal.

When this desire of the hills came upon her, she stayed not upon the order of her going, but joyously rose up to follow her vagrant impulses. She would depart, taking a camping outfit with her, and be gone — a month, six weeks, two months; at last returning, hale, tanned, and hearty, full of new life and laughter, her larder enriched with bear and venison, fish and fowl, her tongue quick with a score of fishermen's and hunters' yarns to enliven the long evenings for her husband and the lean, brown prospectors, when they gathered at her cabin to play poker and pinochle through the winter nights.

"It ain't no good sayin' a word," mourned Mrs. Thomas, as she and her companions started homeward. "Las' time we got wind of her traipsin' off, we asked the Bishop to talk to her, an' he did; but, as near as I kin make out, she twisted him 'round her finger. He says in that mild way he has, he says:

"'Mis' Nitschkan, frankly now, do you think you ought to evade your sacred responsibilities as a wife an' mother by takin' to the woods this way?'

"'Gosh A'mighty,' answers Nitschkan quick as you please, 'when I been in the woods, I see the mother birds shove the young ones out'n the nest an' make 'em learn to fly whether they wanted to or not. They was give their wings to fly with, wasn't they? Now, Bishop, kids was give their hands an' feet an' eyes to use; an' the way to teach 'em anything is to make 'em use 'em, an' give their mommie a chanst to rest sometimes. Them kids'll get along all right, if you don't bother.'

"'I do' know,' said the Bishop afterward, 'if Mis' Nitschkan ain't showin' a beautiful trust, leavin' her children in the hands of the Lord like that?'

"But as I told him, right to his face, too, I wisht she'd take to showin' her trust in some way that wouldn't wear her friends to the bone."

It was a fortnight before Mr. Nitschkan completed his assessment work, and returned to Zenith and his daily toil in one of the adjacent mines. He heard then for the first time, and without apparent perturbation of spirit of his wife's journey.

"Sadie gone a trampin', eh?" he remarked. "Well, she's got good weather," squinting his eyes at the cloudless sky; "it'll hold for quite a spell yet."

And, in the meantime, the children made the most of their freedom, and daily proved themselves more predatory, impish, and lawless, than even their harshest critics had predicted.

"Something's got to be done to bring Sadie Nitschkan home," affirmed Mrs. Evans with more than her customary emphasis, at a Wednesday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. "Yesterday, my Rupert Hentzau come toddlin' home with his little face all painted blue on one side an' red on the other, an' with house paint, too. He said he'd been playin' Injun with them brats."

"It might have et into the brain," suggested Mrs. Thomas, with the relish of one who loved to sup upon horrors. "Gee! You ain't had it all, Mis' Evans. I've sewed buttons up an' down them Nitschkans' backs till I'm dizzy. Captola come to my house yesterday without a button on her, jus' stuck as full of pins as a porcupine."

"My vood pile is mos' all gone," grieved Mrs. Landvetter, "und dey haf broke two of my vindow panes. Ven I catch dose devils, I gif each of dem a dollar's vort of vippings."

"It's five weeks since she left," said Mrs. Evans dispiritedly; "an' old man Johnson seen her a week or two ago, an' he says she 's shot a bear an' was talkin' of pushin' on still further — never said a word about comin' home. She's somewhere up in North Park now, an' there 's no hope of gettin' her back before the snow flies."

The women instinctively paused in their sewing to gaze out resentfully upon the September splendor of the narrow plateau and its enclosing mountains. The hills swam in purple hazes; the aspens fluttered their shining gold through the scarlet of the maples and the dark green of the pines. Begrudgingly the group thought of Mrs. Nitschkan enjoying to the full her wild freedom, rising from her bed on the earth to inhale great "draughts of space," alive to the tips of her fingers, fooling with dangers and embracing rough discomforts for the robust love of them, instinct with the gay, fresh sentiment of the road, tossing the light coin of her jovial greetings to the passers-by.

It was a fleeting vision, but sufficient to arouse in each feminine breast the scorn of the housed and tended beast for the forager of the woods, a scorn eternally mingled with an unsubdued and primitive envy.

Mrs. Landvetter broke the silence with a sharp click of her needles. "Vell, dere mus' be some vay of vorking it to get her back," hopefully.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Evans who had been unwontedly silent. "There's always a way out of everything, an' I've thought of a way out of this; but it's got to be worked cautious."

"How vould it do to send vord to her dat Jack's kind o' took mit some odder girl?" advanced Mrs. Landvetter. "Hein?"

"What'd she care?" Mrs. Thomas's tone was infinitely scornful. "She ain't like the rest of us self-sacrificing, submissive women that wins a man's heart through our weakness and dependence an' then gets ignored an' neglected or worse; that is, if we don't look sharp an' ain't ready to hand 'em out as good as they give. Now Mis' Nitschkan, she'll traipse off gipsyin' without sayin' by your leave to anybody. She'll do a day's work in the mines or shoot deer to beat any of 'em! She'll stick a pipe 'twixt her teeth an' win the boys' money from 'em night after night; an' what do they say? 'Oh, Mis' Nitschkan, she's a good feller!' Whereas, if 'twas us, they'd say, 'Disgustin'! Disgraceful!' Why, even Dan Mayhew! He was holdin' forth las' night like a fool man loves to, an' like any other fool woman, I was hangin' on his words like they was law an' gospel.

"'A woman's place,' he says, loud an' argumentative, 'is stayin' at home an' mindin' the house an' kids.'

"'What about Mis' Nitschkan?' I asked real mild an' innocent.

"'Oh, she's different,' he answers, 'An' she's all right, too, you bet.' My Lord!

"THEY WATCHED THEIR STURDY FRIEND STARTING OUT AFOOT AND LIGHT-HEARTED IN HER QUEST OF THE OPEN ROAD"

Sometimes, I think there ain't no justice in the world."

"Oh, I've heard that same talk from Sile," affirmed Mrs. Evans. "The other night I says: 'Course, Mis' Nitschkan's one of my best friends; but she certainly is a figure of fun in them man's clothes.'

"'Oh, they suit her,' Sile answers. 'An' I guess they suit Jack, too,' he says, real spiteful. 'After he's married, a man ain't hankerin' to see so much ribbon an' lace fixin's when he knows he's got to pay fer 'em no matter how the ore's runnin'.'"

"Ain't they the low dogs now!" murmured Mrs. Thomas. "How'd ever us poor women get even with 'em if we didn't have a skillet or a pan handy now an' then?"

"Well, every one of our kids is gettin' demoralized by those Nitschkan Injuns, an' what we got to do is to get her here an' to get her here to stay; an' us girls got to manage it." Mrs. Evans's tone was final.

Apparently the manner in which this delicate and difficult matter was to be managed was speedily decided upon and a definite plan of campaign mapped out, for a few evenings later as the dusk was falling, the little band of women knocked at the kitchen door of the Nitschkan cabin.

"Come in," said a gruff voice, and they entered to find Mr. Nitschkan, heavy and bearded, sitting alone. His chair was tilted back against the rough, log walls; a pipe was in his mouth, and he was, to outward seeming, absorbed in meditations from which he had no desire to be aroused. A hastily cleared table, whereon a smoky lamp was dimly burning indicated that Celia and Captola had swiftly disposed of the supper things after that cursory method known as a lick and a promise, and, as their shouts without betokened, had joined the boys.

The ladies greeted Mr. Nitschkan pleasantly; but without changing his position, he viewed them with a glance of apprehensive suspicion from under his lowered eyelids, merely growling a responsive "how-do" without removing his pipe from his mouth.

It suited his visitors, however, to ignore his lack of cordiality and the unrelenting hostility of his glance.

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Thomas, with an ingratiating smile, "us girls got to thinkin' you'd be feelin' kind o' lonesome with Mis' Nitschkan gone so long, so we thought it would be real neighborly to look in on you, without waitin' for an invitation"; she laughed softly at her joke as she threw aside her cape.

"Yes," added Mrs. Evans genially. "Yes, indeed, an' knowin' Celia an' Captola was young an' inexperienced, we brought a little somep'n along to help you out in your lunch pail. Mis' Landvetter, jus' kindly lay the things out on the table."

Mrs. Landvetter began to unpack a large basket and spread the various articles it contained in a delectable array, tabulating them as she proceeded — "Two of Mis' Thomas's best cakes, gold und silver, und chocolate. You see Marthy remembered your taste, Jack, und half a dozen of Mis' Effens's saucer pies, all kinds; und six of mein meat turn-ofers, und plummy duff, und a loaf of salt risin', und a loaf of plain bread."

A look of surprise and of pleased anticipation dispelled the gloom of Mr. Nitschkan's face. The suspicion vanished from his eyes. He brought his chair to its legs with a thud, removed his pipe and cheerfully knocked out its ashes on the edge of the stove.

"That certain is neighborly," he said, his glance fixed appreciatively upon the varied and appetizing exhibit upon the table. "I wouldn't hardly have expected it of you;" again distrust wavered in his eyes. "Here, Mis' Evans, that chair might give down, take this one. Celia an' Captola ain't no shakes, I can tell you that," grumblingly.

"What do you hear from Mis' Nitschkan, Jack?" asked Mrs. Evans with casual interest, feeling that the moment had arrived when she might open the lead to which her trained lieutenants would tactfully play up.

"I don't hear nothin'," responded Mr. Nitschkan in a matter-of-fact tone, feeling in his coat pocket for some loose tobacco, and prodding it into the bowl of his pipe with his thumb.

"My, Jack! The backs of your hands is all split!" cried Mrs. Thomas with sudden solicitude.

"I know it;" he looked at them ruefully; "but I couldn't find a thing in this house to rub 'em with."

"My patience, an' me with a box of Rocky Mountain salve in my pocket!" exclaimed the tiny Mrs. Evans, lifting her trim, calico skirt, and drawing a tin box from a huge pocket in her stuff petticoat. "Here, let me rub some on. A man certain does need a woman to look after him. Has Sadie sent any word when she'll be back?"

"Sadie! Oh, she'll come when she gets ready," he replied with philosophical indifference.

Mrs. Evans elevated her eyebrows and shook her head two or three times. "Well, course we think the world an' all of Sadie, Jack; but jus' between ourselves, this ain't no way to act. This camp ain't what it was ten years ago. Folks is got to act more formal every day, an' when a wife leaves her man for months at a time an' goes traipsin' over the mountains, they will talk."

Nitschkan was conscious of a dull perplexity, a growing distrust of his own customary and hitherto unquestioned standards. "Oh, that's all right," he answered with a bluff assumption of ease. "Sadie, she's kind o' different. She can't be penned up all year in four walls; she's got to get out an' get a breath of air or she'd give right out;" he was repeating a formula long impressed upon his mind.

"I do' know if it is all right," Mrs. Thomas was gravely questioning. "Maybe a home-keepin' body like me's all wrong; but how Sadie Nitschkan kin go off a gipsyin' leavin' you here all alone with those dev — wild kids to look after is more'n I kin understand. The house is goin' to wrack an' ruin; nothin' to eat 'cept'n what two half-grown girls cooks fer you, an' your poor hands all bust open to the bone on the backs of 'em. How kin she do it?" There was the moisture of tears in Mrs. Thomas's blue eyes.

There was a moment's silence while Mr. Nitschkan, holding his pipe with loose fingers, abstractedly rubbed the bowl of it in the palm of his other hand. His head was bent upon his chest, and his ruminative gaze was fixed upon a knothole in the floor with the resentful expression of one who has suddenly discovered a grievance.

"Vell, vell, vell! Ve didn't come here to make you feel bad," cried Mrs. Landvetter cheerily, laying aside her knitting. "Now it aindt sociable to sit here all de efening mit out a drop of anyting. Here, girls, you get busy. Get dat jar of cream out of de basket, Mis' Thomas, und you, Effens, you vas a master hand at makin' de coffee. Now, Jack," bustling about, "vich vill you haf — a slice of pie or a piece of cake?"

"Oh, give him both," exclaimed Mrs. Thomas with unctuous generosity. "Here," cutting a huge piece first of the cake and then of the pie, "here, I'll put your plate down, an' Mis' Evans'll pour your coffee. Now you sit right up to table," patting his shoulder with a maternal and protecting hand.

Mr. Nitschkan, with something of the sensations of the Porter of Bagdad when he awoke to find himself in the palace of the Princess of China, now completely threw off the surly suspicion of the early evening, and allowed himself to expand in this grateful and comforting atmosphere of feminine consideration and sympathy.

"My Lord! It does a man good to get his teeth into vittles like these," he said, when he had finished the last bite of pie and sat gazing with glistening eyes at the remaining half on the pie plate.

"Aw, take the rest, Jack," urged Mrs. Thomas. "It'll do you good. Like enough you ain't had much to stay you lately."

He took a deep draught of coffee and wiped his mouth meditatively on the back of his sleeve. Then an impulse of gallantry stirred within him, a desire to express his gratitude for the neighborly offices of his wife's friends. "I hope Landvetter and Evans 'preciate their blessings," he said.

Mrs. Landvetter rattled her knitting needles together and drew a deep, rasping breath which was almost a groan; Mrs. Evans tossed her head and lifted her eyebrows with the slight, scornful smile of the *femme incomprise*.

"They ain't like you, Jack," gently explained Mrs. Thomas, "with a heart as big as a bushel basket and pleased to death with any little thing that's done fer you."

"That's so," affirmed Mr. Nitschkan emphatically, unable to withstand the heady wine of Mrs. Thomas's glance. "I always was that way — ready to 'preciate, and — and — well, jus' all heart; but," with a heavy sigh, "when a man's wife leaves him two an' three months at a time with a lot of kids wild as Injuns hellin' around — what's he goin' to do?"

He sat, his head on his hand, stabbing the table with his knife. Not having hitherto regarded himself as an injured being, he was enjoying to the full the passion of self-pity into which his visitors' commiseration had swept him.

The ladies sighed in unison.

"Now, I'll tell you, Jack," Mrs. Evans felt that the moment had come for forcing him to take action. "This ain't right fer Sadie, an' it ain't right fer the kids an' it ain't right fer you."

"ALLOWED HIMSELF TO EXPAND IN THIS GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING ATMOSPHERE OF FEMININE CONSIDERATION AND SYMPATHY"

"Praise Gawd, it ain't!" interrupted Mrs. Thomas fervently.

Mrs. Evans silenced her with a glance. "Now, Jack, you got to see, what all the rest of us sees so plain, that Sadie's got to be made to come back, an' they's only one way to do it. Scare her good by pertendin' that you're terrible mad at her, an' that you ain't goin' to take her back at all unless she comes home at once. Now Dan Mayhew's goin' up to the Park to-morrow, an' he'll take a letter for you if you ask him."

Mr. Nitschkan scratched his head. "What shall I say?" he murmured helplessly.

"Jus' say," continued his mentor, pursuing her advantage, "that you'll have no more to do with her; that she sha'n't come in the house nor see the kids nor anything, if she don't come the minute she gets that letter. Otherwise, she can spend the rest of her life gipsyin' if she's a mind to."

"If this dratted weather wouldn't jus' hold out!" fretted Mrs. Thomas. "Any other year, the snow would be flyin' before this time; but there ain't no justice in the world, even the weather's got to turn in an' accommodate Mis' Nitschkan. An' when she does come," with growing petulance, "she'll santer in sayin' she's had the time of her life, an' it's a pity us girls ain't her taste fer country life, then we wouldn't be gruntin' an' groanin' all the time — an' us wore to frazzles with her Injun kids! She's snapped her fingers good an' strong in your face, Jack Nitschkan, an' you bet, she'll probable go off fer six months next year."

"Well, what kin I do?" growled Nitschkan, in shamefaced irritation.

"You can be a man, that's what," said Mrs. Evans, with ringing significance, "an' you can let Sadie Nitschkan know that you're master in your own house. You can make it so hot fer her that she'll give up any thought of gipsyin' for some years to come."

Nitschkan fidgetted uneasily. "Might as well talk sense," he muttered gruffly. "It ain't so easy to make it hot fer her."

Mrs. Evans arose and throwing her cape about her fastened it with impatient fingers. "Sadie Nitschkan has got to be disciplined," she said firmly. "Brace up, Jack, an' show some spirit, an' we'll think up some way to help you manage it. Come, girls! So long, Jack."

"So long, girls, an' thank ye. Here, I'll see you to the gate."

After gallantly assisting his visitors to pick their way through broken crockery and entangling wires, Mr. Nitschkan closed the gate thoughtfully behind them, called the children in, peremptorily sent them to bed; and then sought diligently and with final success, among pots and pans, for pen, ink, and paper. Spreading these before him on the kitchen table, he sat far into the night, with tongue in cheek and pen gripped tightly in his unaccustomed fingers, composing the letter which was to bring his wife to a sense of her neglected duties.

"I calkilate this'll fetch her in about a week, givin' Dan time to see her an' her time to get here," he said when he had finished, viewing the work of his hand and brain with immense satisfaction.

But a week passed, two, three, and Mrs. Nitschkan had not returned, nor sent word back by any camper when she intended to do so. It was a bitter moment to Mr. Nitschkan when he had to confess to his wife's companions that his imperative commands, his threats, had been light-heartedly and carelessly ignored.

Another week, rounding the month, and then one day it was announced by a party of returning campers that Mrs. Nitschkan was on her way home.

The next morning, carolling blithely, she arrived at her own gate. Bob, with nimble fingers untied the rope which held in place that frail portal, and his mother, leading the burros, passed through. No welcoming shouts of children greeted her; but the smoke curling whitely from the chimney and the unshuttered windows proclaimed the house inhabited. Otherwise, there was no sign of life.

Within the kitchen, however, was a hastily assembled council composed of Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Thomas, and Mrs. Landvetter. They sat about the stove whereon hissed a coffee-pot, while Mr. Nitschkan strode restlessly about the room. Mrs. Evans, who in common with the other women, appeared slightly paler than usual with a somewhat strained expression about the eyes, was just about to pour herself a cup of coffee, when there came a thunderous knock upon the door, causing her hand to shake so violently that she spilled half the contents of the pot on the floor.

"Now, Jack," she cautioned, as Mr. Nitschkan stood irresolute, "remember you got to be firm. Give her a good fright, an'

make her promise there sha'n't be no more gipsyin' in hers 'fore you let her in."

"At least till the kids is old enough to go with her," added Mrs. Thomas *sotto voce*.

Nitschkan approached the window and pulling down the small, upper sash, leaned his elbows upon it and thrust out his bearded face.

"Hello, Jack," called his wife cheerily, "the door's stuck. Pull it open fer me, will you?"

"The door ain't stuck, Sadie," remarked Mr. Nitschkan with solemn severity, "it's locked, an' it's locked a-purpose."

"Locked a-purpose!" echoed Sadie, pausing in her efforts to enter, and peering at him as if she doubted the evidence of her senses. "Well it had better get unlocked mighty quick then, 'fore I sail in. That's all I got to say."

"Be firm, Jack, you're a-doin' splendid," encouraged Mrs. Evans.

"It'll stay locked," repeated Mr. Nitschkan slowly and impressively, "until you promise me that onct an' fer all you're done with this gipsyin' that's made you the talk of the camp."

Mrs. Nitschkan turned suddenly and gazed at her lord and master with shrewd and twinkling eyes.

"Who's in there with you, Jack?" she asked quickly. "Effie Evans an' Marthy Thomas, I'll bet my head."

Nitschkan ignored the question, and scowled darkly at the blue ridges of the mountains beyond him.

His wife laughed uproariously. "Oh, Effie, Effie Evans!" she called breezily through the keyhole. "Wait till you want help in some little game, an' then see where you're at! Is old, fat pillow of a Landvetter in there, too? Course; I kin smell the coffee. An' dear little Marthy!" she lisped affectedly. "Here, Bob, boy!" turning to her son, "get the ax offen Jemmy an' Mommie'll break the door."

Mr. Nitschkan turned apprehensively to the council about the stove.

"Tell her," commanded Mrs. Evans, with a pale smile of triumph, "that if she does, it'll be the winter's talk in the camp, how you turned her out. Stand pat now, Jack, an' you got her."

"Folks won't be a talkin' of nothin' else all winter, Sadie, if you break that door in," admonished her husband, returning to the window. "They'll say I turned you off."

"That's true enough," acquiesced Sadie, pausing in her operations. This sweet reasonableness on her part caused the ladies about the stove to exchange alarmed glances. "Well, Bob," with what was apparently a sigh of capitulation, "I guess there ain't nothin' fer you an me to do but camp in the yard. Get to work an' we'll unload the burros."

"Come away from that window, Jack, an' don't take no notice of her," adjured Mrs. Evans, who had watched with growing uneasiness Nitschkan's increasing interest in the unpacking going on without.

But he was deaf to her admonitions. "Lord! she 's got a good bear skin, an' some mighty nice lookin' venison."

"Ain't that jus' like a man, an' after all we've done fer him, too!" Mrs. Thomas sunk her voice to a disgusted whisper. "We jus' got to get him away from there."

"Jack, remember what you been through," she pleaded, her hand upon his arm.

"I sure got to show her I'm master here," he said firmly, but as though repeating a lesson which had lost its first, fresh significance. "That's what I got to do."

"You bet you have, Jack," urged the ladies.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," called Sadie's voice outside, "I seen the Weeks boys in North Park an' they told me how they'd got even at last with that Thompson tribe. It would make a kiote laugh to hear tell of it."

A slow grin overspread Mr. Nitschkan's face. "Did you hear that?" he asked the council. "The Weeks's have got even at last with them Thompsons. Gosh! I'd like to know how!"

"Say, Jack, come to the window an' see this mess of trout. Bob, boy, build Mommie a fire, an' she'll get some of 'em ready now. Here!" The rollicking, contagious laughter echoed without as she held up a fish for her husband's inspection. The sunlight fell upon its speckled sides and as Sadie drew out the sedgy grass with which it was stuffed, Nitschkan sighed audibly.

"Nice, fresh trout, an' Sadie kin fry 'em to a turn," he muttered wistfully.

"Now, Jack, you want to be firm," reminded Mrs. Thomas. "You don't want to be led away from your duty by no such vanities as trout an' venison."

Deaf to her words, he edged nearer the window. "She's got somethin' in a hankercher," in a tense whisper.

Seductively near drew Mrs. Nitschkan. "Jack, Jack," holding up some objects tied in a red bandana handkerchief. "Oh, Jack!" she teased. "You'd give them pop eyes of yourn to know what I got in here. Look" — untieing the knots of the handkerchief and holding up three or four gleaming nuggets in her hand — "what do you think of this? Free gold, Jack, free gold! An' this nice little piece of peacock!"

was "no surrender" written on every line of the firm, little face of Mrs. Evans as she stood with folded arms facing her friend.

Mrs. Landvetter, glancing up from the depths of her rocking chair, went on with her knitting; Mrs. Thomas, on the contrary, bustled about with a busy show of occupation.

"I'll pour you a steamin' cup of coffee this minute, Sadie. Mis' Landvetter, will you pass me the cream jug," she babbled, and

"'I calkilate this'll fetch her in about a week'"

Mr. Nitschkan breathed hard. "Who passed 'em along to you, Sadie?" he asked, with an attempt at carelessness.

"Ol' Mr. Rock give 'em to me," she laughed. "I staked out a nice little claim or so, Jack, an' posted my notice all right, you bet."

"Hand 'em up, Sadie, to let me see," Nitschkan stretched out itching fingers, "or wait — wait till I unbar the door."

He tore at the lock. "Come on in, Sadie," as the door swung back. "The — the girls" — becoming aware of his advisers in the background— "the girls is here to welcome you." Then he fled.

Cornered, routed, but defiant, the council stood. The Guard might die; but there

then encountering Mrs. Nitschkan's glance, sank down upon a stool and began to weep.

The mountain woman stood in the doorway, her head lowered, her right arm with its tightened fist swinging back and forth by her side. All the easy good nature had vanished from her face.

"Where's my kids, Effie Evans?" her voice was hoarse.

"They're to my house, Sadie Nitschkan," laconically, coolly.

"What fer?" like the shot of a pistol.

"To keep 'em out of the way while we got Jack to scare you a spell."

The pathos of a betrayed trust was in Mrs. Nitschkan's eyes. "I'm a goin' to drive you

"'I'M A GOIN' TO DRIVE YOU ALL OUTEN HERE IN ABOUT A MINUTE'"

all outen here in about a minute," slowly rolling up her sleeve, "with some marks on you that you didn't have when you come; but first, I'm goin' to know what you done it fer. You an' me, Effie Evans, has hung together fer ten years. Your wits an' my fists has made us leaders of society in Zenith, an' up to a minute ago I'd a done up anybody that'd say you wasn't a white woman."

The tiny beads of sweat were standing out on Mrs. Evans's brow; but her eyes never wavered from the other woman's face.

"I couldn't stand your kids, Sadie Nitschkan, two months an' more of 'em has drove me wild."

"My kids!" with infinite surprise. "Why, they's no better behaved young ones anywheres."

Mrs. Thomas suddenly ceased her convulsive sobbing. "Supposin', Sadie Nitschkan," she cried. "Supposin' you had to look after Mis' Evans's, or Mis' Landvetter's kids fer two or three months?"

A faint smile twinkled in Mrs. Nitschkan's eyes. "Oh, Marthy," she mocked, "ask me somep'n easy. Why, I'd 'a' broke their heads, that's what I'd 'a' done. But say, my children wasn't that bad? Speak up, Landvetter; they wasn't as bad as the Thomas or Evans kids now, was they?"

"Dey vas vorse," affirmed Mrs. Landvetter. "Ten t'ousand times vorse as de Thomases or Effenses. Mein vas goot."

Mrs. Nitschkan fell against the door, the tears trickling down her cheeks, her laughter ringing through the cabin. "It's all right, girls," buoyantly, boisterously, and accepting the olive branch of a cup of tea which Mrs. Thomas made haste to offer. "We'll let bygones be bygones."

Then with the elaborate courtesy usual from the victorious general to his defeated opponents: "You girls must 'a' done slick work to get Jack to act like he done; but where you slipped up, women dear, was in miscalculatin' the heart of man."

"SO KIND YOU ARE"

BY

WITTER BYNNER

You have an eye more warmly brown
Than Autumn days away from town,
But will not let me speak my mind,
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a voice with all the moods
Of twilights and of solitudes,
But light to leave me as the wind,
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have, wherever I may be,
A trick of persecuting me,
Though out of sight, not out of mind,
So kind you are and so unkind.

The way would seem not half so soon
To reach your heart as reach the moon,
Yet it's a way I'll surely find,—
So kind you are and so unkind.

AN ACTRESS—ON GUARD

BY

CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE," "LIFE OF A STAR" (JUST PUBLISHED), ETC.

WHEN a young actress struggling for the highest place attains it, when she has made a great and sudden success in a part, and the play is settling into its stride for a long run, people suppose her position is settled and secure for years to come. They imagine her triumphant, free from care or anxiety of any kind, sinking to rest, wrapped, as it were, in clouds of glory, only to arise to delicate feeding and deep draughts from cups of praise; for, you see, she has made a great hit. The struggle is past and she has nothing now to fear, they think. And right here I should like to carol a few light notes of incredulity — *tra-la-la!* Because in one case, at least, it was all so different; and I know, oh yes I know, quite well — for see now, there were two special nights, and on one, at eight o'clock, a girl, wide-eyed, poorly dressed, just out of the great West, and absolutely without one friend in it, faced New York City in chill terror. The next night, at eight o'clock, the same girl faced pleased recognition in a myriad of beaming eyes, a forest of outstretched hands, and a sea-like roar of welcome, that shook her to the heart. I know, because I was that girl.

Well, that was success, unadulterated, amazing success; and for a little time I rested upon it content, happy, and very grateful — but not dazzled, not caught up in golden clouds, not overpowered as by a miracle. And I noticed the odd looks that were turned upon me after curtain calls, overheard comments as to the "easiness" with which I took this success, and as to my awful lack of appreciation, cold bloodedness, etc. And while they wondered at me, so I wondered at them; for in my verdant young ignorance this was my true thought: Why do they make such a to-do over this? I acted in Cleveland and in Cincinnati, and did my best, and people cried and gave me calls; and here I have a good part, and do my best, and the people forgive the burr in my speech, and cry, and applaud. What's the difference? I see nothing so wonderful! Oh, dear heaven! oh, loyal and woolly little Westerner! yet that was my true thought.

Then one day one high in the journalistic world sent me an enormous number of papers from far and wide, from Canada to Florida, from east to west, and lo! each and every one of them had reprinted, at a column's length, each of the New York papers' expressed opinion of the Western actress's debut in the metropolis. Many had editorial comment as well, and then, indeed, my calm was shaken. A great awe crept over me. Well I knew I was of no interest to all the readers these papers represented. It was New York, the great, the powerful, the nerve-center of this whole broad land, and New York's opinion that interested the entire country. Had the metropolis gibed at me, contemptuous laughter at my ludicrous presumption would have run north, south, and west like the crackling of thorns in the fire. My knees trembled at the thought. My simple trust in my own honest best was gone. All my careful study in trying to make one scene seem the logical outcome of another seemed wasted. I had suddenly been lifted high into popularity by the whim of the first city in the land, powerful, brilliant, changeable. Ah, there was the rub — *changeable!* I had sprung up in a single night. What had happened once might easily happen again. I knew no more of security. From that moment I began to peer into the future, watching for the woman there just out of sight, who waited for my shoes; and I straightway resolved never to be dragged down from the high place that had been given me, but at the first sign of frown or weariness to

descend at once, without tear or remonstrance, showing only gratitude for what had been. And there and then began that interminable chain of prayers with which I wearied heaven, that I might be prepared; that when my successor came I might feel no resentment, no bitterness, no rancor. And to show how near this came to being a fixed idea with me — as for the first time in my life I had weeks without rehearsals — I at once took up certain studies, under teachers, that when my place was taken by another, widened and varied interests might lessen the chance of heartbreak. Having then got around to the view-point of the ladies of the company, I tried to show them my new appreciation of the marvel of my success, here in their city, and they seemed much gratified. One evening, as we waited in the green-room, the conversation turned upon the many prominent actors and actresses New York had — to use the green-room vocabulary — "sat down upon." Some one named Eliza Logan, who had been held as one of the greatest actresses of her time, but her disastrous appearance here, at her husband's theater, was said to have broken her heart.

"Ah, but she was so ugly to look at!" said one of the older ladies. "Something very near genius, but, Lord, how ugly!"

"Well," I said, "there was Miss Julia Dean," and was roughly interrupted by the one person in the company who was systematically unkind to me with: "You know nothing of Julia Dean!"

"Of course I do not know her personally," I answered, "but through Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Ellsler, and Mr. Owens I have heard of her delicate, fair beauty."

"She was the loveliest woman on the face of God's earth!" came in aggressive second interruption.

And then a calm, slow voice from the far end of the room was saying: "It's your careful moderation of speech, old man, that always appeals to my Bostonian training. A tender reticence in these days — " and the rest was drowned in general laughter.

"But could she act, your beautiful Julia Dean?" called out the deer-eyed Dietz.

And in chorus came: "No!" — "No!" — "A little!" — "Not a bit!" My "oh, yes, she could!" tumbling out the last of all, I went on: "Of course, her beauty counted highest in her success elsewhere, and the goodness that people say seemed to emanate from her like perfume from a flower. And she could act, too, with grace and dignity and sweetness such parts as *Julia* and *Parthenia* and the younger Shaksperian heroines! But," I sighed. ("But?" came back the chorus with every head ashake.) "But it's queer," I continued, "Miss Logan had genius, and she was rejected. Miss Dean had beauty, and she, too, was rejected. It's hard to guess what New York wanted!"

"Oh, no; that's easy!" cried my foe, and with a bitter sneer added, "She was waiting for *you*, my dear!"

I laughed quickly to hide my hurt, and answered: "Ah, yes! I see. You mean that, having neither beauty nor genius, I stand between the two, a living fountain of regretful tears, and as such arouse the attention even of New York?"

As every one knew mine had been a success of tears, a shout of laughter broke forth that was like balm to my hurt. The thrust had been meant to wound, and I want to say for myself that if, as people used laughingly to declare, I, like some others, went through life with a rapier of mockery ever in hand, at least I never failed to keep the saving button of good nature firmly attached, and made no thrust with a naked point.

The season was getting on to its last quarter. I was still safe, but one day, as I swept the horizon with the great glass of anticipation, I believed my rival had come into view.

She hailed from England, and I closed my eyes as I thought how great must be her ability and value to be thus sent for across the ocean. I heard that she was blond — artificial or natural deponent saith not — and verily I bowed my head, for unseen blonds are always fascinating.

Now, my prayers had gone steadily on all this time, and though their sincerity was beyond doubt there had been a somewhat marked compactness and brevity about them until the golden-haired dramatic wonder had set sail to conquer New York and thrust her rosy toes into my shoes, when they suffered a sudden expansion of explanations, of entreaties, of promises, of iterations, that might well have won for me a thump on the head from an ærolite; and while I was still desperately preparing for the worst, she came.

The bills were up. Mr. Daly read advance notices, and summoned the French prompter. A French prompter for an English-speaking

company was one of Mr. Daly's unappreciated jests, for if any actor "stuck for the word" he stayed stuck till the curtain fell, or the season closed, or he died, or something; because the French prompter couldn't follow the MS., or if he did he couldn't pronounce the needed word. Well, he summoned the prompter, and charged him to be careful about ringing the curtain correctly, as he, Mr. Daly, would be over at the other theater.

I turned cold, my shoes seemed to loosen on my feet, the actors' eyes went through me like skewers, and then the awful night was half over! Our house was large, but I had to goad myself along to keep up to the standard demanded — and then Mr. Daly came back. His lips were drawn down contemptuously. Mrs. Gilbert met him, and seemingly questioned him. He waved his hand as if dismissing something, and giving a short laugh came on to me.

I said faintly: "You are back early?"

"Not early enough, though!" he snapped.

"You were disappointed?" I asked surprisedly.

He gave me a quick, sharp glance. "Damnably!" he answered briefly. "She's a sort of dramatic bolster — smother-voiced — shapeless — characterless!"

"But — but," I almost whispered, "she is blond."

"Well, good Lord! you can't make an actress out of a wisp of hair, can you?" I smiled a little. I knew tears were rising to my eyes, and I turned away. But he took me by the chin and turning my face back to him, looked at me a moment, then with a mocking laugh he said: "You are a sharp young piece, but — " He ran his little finger up and down my nose — "but this seems all right — not disjointed yet, eh?" I seemed to be whirling round and round. I caught for a moment at the managerial arm, and held tight, and he said quite gently and kindly: "What a little fool you are! There's your cue!" And for the time I was safe! Yet never did I cease my silent watch for the unknown, beautiful, and gifted woman who was coming, slowly or swiftly I knew not, but surely coming, to say to me: "Your shoes, please. I am the new choice of the city." And I should answer: "With pleasure," even if I choked blue-black in the face over the gracious falsehood.

The second season was drawing to a close. I had played many parts and still held my place with the public, which especially after the burning of our home theater, had been so good, so very good to me, that I could have knelt down and bumped my forehead at its feet, after the Oriental fashion, in expression of my gratitude. We were rehearsing a new play. My fears were almost in a doze; only now and then I swept the distant horizon for a sign, and contentedly putting down my glass one day, lo! I ran straight against her on our own stage — the creature in whom we all saw my probable successor.

That future happenings may be better understood I must explain here that, in one way from first to last, I was ever the cause of travail of spirit, of anxiety, distress, and anger to Mr. Daly; and though I was sorry from my very heart, I could in no wise help him or myself for not being foreign born, nor foreign trained. I could only act at night, within the magic fiery circle of foot and border lights; and to his orders, to his entreaties that I should act a scene at rehearsal, with those guying brother-and-sister fiends of mine sitting about, "laying for me," I could only beg, explain, and finally declare: "You must either trust me or dismiss me, sir. I can die, but I can't act in daylight!"

After his delight in the mad scene of "Article 47," which had never once been rehearsed in full, he vowed he would always trust to the faint indications of the rehearsed scene. But, alas, as soon as a new part was in hand his fears returned, his anger rose, my tears fell, and the old battle was on again.

"Madeline Morel" called for a long cast. Every gentleman in the company with, I think, one exception was in it, and all the ladies as well, and among us a funny thing happened. Mrs. Gilbert had a mere scrap of a part — a peasant woman — and when the time came she played it with such a wealth of detail and such skill that it loomed up a real character study. Still the part was a scrap, and Mrs. Gilbert — did not like it. Miss Fanny Morant, whom both Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly considered the best player of great ladies then on the stage, had a very important French, grande-dame, mother part, but she — did not like it. Miss Fanny Davenport had a part that might have been written for her to star in: French actress, gorgeous costumes, no morals to speak of, but a dazzling wit and a good heart. Heavens! you could fairly hear the applause as you read it, and she cried loudly she — did not like it. Miss Sara Jewett had a part, a stainless,

lovely, convent-bred girl, striving to aid the stricken heroine, and she — did not like it. And I, the subdued, the silent, I read over the part of Madeline. Her character was not sharply drawn, was wobbly, uncertain, illogical. Well, open confession is ever good for the soul, and, by gracious, *I said I didn't like my part either*. A long-faced, dark-browed group we were, when, creeping like a snail, the generally quick-moving, dapper Jimmy Lewis came in, paler than ever, his small face puckered as if frost-bitten. I asked:

"What's the matter, Jimmy? Sick?"

He glared at me, held out a roll of MS. and said: "Sick? No! It's that blasted part! *I don't like it!*"

There was a lightning-like exchange of glances and then a wave of hysterical laughter surged through the room that drowned dead every complaint of every part, and we presently resorted to the stage to begin work, as pleasant-faced a crowd of actresses as any stage-manager could wish to meet; while Lewis, the non-comprehending, blinked helplessly, muttering: "Well, I'm hanged, if the whole gang hasn't gone crazy!"

One part required a special engagement. The character was that of a very young girl, the only daughter of a noble house; pretty, spoiled, spirited, as well as spirituelle, and desperately in love with her *fiancé*. We had young people that were handsome, but they were too settled, too stolid, not in the least *mignonne*, and, although this part only lasted through one act, it was really very important. A young lady had been engaged, but she could not be present at the first rehearsal, so Mr. Daly proceeded to read her part. That was not an uncommon thing to do, and had he confined himself to reading alone all had been well. But no, he must needs act the girlish passion, the pettish changeableness, and so placed the company upon the rack.

Mr. Crisp and I looked on in wicked joy, for we had been the last victims of his passion for arranging and directing love scenes. Never shall I forget that last moment when we on the stage made love to Mr. Daly's shouted orders from the front of the house. Poor Crisp — a very good lover by the way — perspiring and red and mad, held me: "Oh, hold her closer!" cried Mr. Daly disgustedly. "Relax, Miss Morris, relax!"

"If I relax another bit," I groaned, "I shall go down flat on the floor! I can't relax any more and stand on my feet!"

"I don't want you to stand on your feet," came roaring back. "He should support you completely. Take her around the waist, man, and draw her to you, and — for heaven's sake, Crisp, what are you scratching her back like that for?"

It was the end. I dropped flat on the stage in helpless laughter, while Crisp dashed off into a dark place where he said — I have been told — many very reprehensible things, while the company held on to the scenery and laughed.

And now, oh now! here was this tall, gaunt, brown-mustached man, crowned with a shocking bad hat, casting his long arms about the shrinking shoulders of handsome George Clarke — matinée god and good fellow — who simply writhed under Mr. Daly's command to put more warmth into his work; and while we strove to keep our glee from breaking forth in sound, just when Clarke's ears were red enough to light matches, and Mr. Daly was doing his cooing, coquettish best, there broke upon the air a high and crackling laugh. We were aghast! Mr. Daly threw up his head angrily: "What was that? Who did that?" he demanded looking about.

At a little distance, tall and stately, stood the gentle and reserved Charles Fisher, with wide, amazingly innocent blue eyes fixed upon him, as he answered composedly: "I did it, sir — I — that is 'er, there are certain incongruities between the words, and 'er your appearance, that are, well 'er, that are infernally funny, sir."

We waited for the bolt — it never fell. There was a slight twitching of the managerial lips, but dignity carried him to the end of the act. Clarke tried to walk aside, but our chief fiend, that crowned king-player of pranks, Louis James, was at his side in a flash, gravely and courteously commending Clarke's last effort, assuring him that the love scene with Daly was both tender and chaste.

The next day the newcomer was there, and before rehearsal was over I was conscious of danger, while every one else was startled and amazed, for, you see, this young girl was about eighteen and looked even younger; a mere slip of a girl with a graceful, wand-like figure. Her *mignonne* face, with delicately modeled features, was lighted up with long-lashed hazel eyes. She had wavy, yellow-brown hair, and a dimple did the rest. A charming little empty-headed child she

seemed, who chattered the whole morning through about the beauty of the wonderful wedding-gown she was to wear, and her hopes of being prettier than her bridesmaids, etc.

And then her act came on and we began to sit up and take notice. Instead of merely reading her part with bright understanding, she indulged in little airs, graces, and affectations; in tripping, mincing, and posing; and once when Mr. Daly said: "no, no, Miss V— ! that is a trifle too knowing," she swiftly and cheerfully exclaimed, "oh, do you think so? Well, perhaps a bit of the baby-stare manner?" — and instantly lowered her head slightly, arched her brows, and lifting rounded eyes, stared with the pretty blankness of a very young calf or a baby that has just emptied a bottle.

A man behind me exclaimed: "What nerve!" and the Boston-bred one standing alone near the bare wall took his hat off and bowed deeply and gravely. But when the love scene came, and she began to warm to her work; to bill and coo and gurgle; to cast her slender self about in lovely poses; to clasp her hands and roll her eyes; then it was that, figuratively speaking, Mr. Daly prostrated himself, with his brow in the dust, before the creature found at last, who could act at rehearsal, and let a man know what he was to expect at night. He was plainly enraptured. People looked curiously my way, and I smiled my self-defensive, try-to-look-pleasant smile until my face ached from the strain.

Soon George Clarke — the champion lover of that day — began to find his occupation pretty nearly gone, this little maid insisting upon doing most of the love-making herself, wreathing her arms about his neck, clinging to his shoulder, or, as he viciously put it, "sagging" from his shoulder; but the thing that most aggravated that manly actor was a little trick she had of throwing her arms about him bodily just above the elbows, thus holding him a helpless and, he felt, a ludicrous prisoner. And one day, Mr. Daly called out, "Embrace her, George! What's the matter that you stand there like a post? Embrace her!" "Well, I will," answered Clarke, with unfailing gentleness but with murder in his eye. "I will if the lady lets go of my arms long enough to give me a chance," adding in a lower tone to the too, too ardent one: "Say, you'll make this a sort of 'catch-as-catch can' scene for me if you don't stop clipping my arms like that." And when the act ended he came off shooting his cuffs, and straightening his coat and tie, and, turning his back to one of the gentlemen, with a petulant laugh asked: "Say, is that girl all off me yet? Just give me a brush-off to make sure." Ah, such are the trials of leading men!

As time went on we all saw Mr. Daly's growing interest and delight, and we all wondered what Miss V— would not do when under the triple inspiration of lights, of music, and of audience. I took into account her Dresden-china beauty, her extreme youth, her remarkable *aplomb*, and loosened the latchets of my shoes, while quite unconsciously I fell into the habit of taking mental farewell of many things. So we all waited the new favorite, and only the Boston man, ever silent, smiled grimly and sometimes laughed with his face to the wall. And so, heavy of heart, I dressed for the first performance. The new-found little pearl of promise did not appear till late in the evening. Every one was on edge, at his or her best. The play moved steadily on in a rising crescendo of passion and grief. Clarke's love scene with me (I being sweetheart No. 1) had been beautifully tender and sincere. Louis James was at his smiling, polished best, showing all the implacable cruelty of the reformed rake, and our unequal but desperate struggle tightened spectators' nerves almost to the breaking point; and, so prepared, the great farewell speech swept the house like a tornado. Always chary of allowing his people individual "calls," Mr. Daly shouted at last against the increasing applause "All right — take it, and be hanged to them!" And as I advanced, holding grateful hands out to the first spray as it were of that Niagara of applause, my heart contracted with the violence of physical pain. Something whispered maliciously, "Make the most of it — it may be the last. This time to-morrow night they may be waiting impatiently to greet with joyful cries the dainty loveliness, the youthful charm, and brilliant acting of the yet unseen — the newcomer." In spite of all honest preparation tears must have rushed into my eyes, because I saw all the smiling crowd dimly as through a fog or mist, and in answer to some faint remonstrance from within I said: "But she will have no need of power of invective, of devouring rage. Her manager will select plays fitted to her powers, when once he hears the mighty city's choice."

One moment I closed my eyes and swayed helplessly, for the draught of renunciation was very bitter in the swallowing, whatever sweetness might follow later on. And then in a sort of woful gratitude, with pallid smiles I bowed myself away, and some one remarked in a low voice, "She's nigh to breakin' down," and another asked, "Overwork?" but the first made answer, "Naw, guess she's scared over that Cathedral scene, because —" and no more I heard, nor should have heard, had they shouted, for I was staring at a slender, graceful figure, whose trailing white satin glory and crown of orange blossoms alone told me who she was.

The lovely Sara Jewett passing by exclaimed, "Did you ever see such a mask of make-up?"

Ah, that was it! A cruel, extinguishing mask of unnecessarily heavy pastes, powders, paints, pomades! The delicate modeling of her small features was lost beneath it. In very truth the too intense white, red, and black suggested at a distance a baby clown's face.

"My dear! my dear!" expostulated Miss Morant, "you have time in plenty. Run back and change your make-up. Your smooth child's face requires but a mere dust of powder and a touch of rouge. Run, make the change and be your fresh young self again!"

But she replied quite positively, "Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing! I'm made up by the French method, which is absolutely correct, as I suppose you know?"

"No," answered the stately Morant, "I had *not* known, but I'm ever pleased to sit at the feet of youth and — *learn!*"

Most people would have curled up at that tone, that manner; but Miss V — simply turned on the baby stare and curled not at all. They were ringing up. I saw Mr. Daly hurrying to his lair in the first entrance. How many times I had seen him there to await my difficult scenes, his eyes anxious, his face palely rigid, and his long fingers clutching desperately at the lapel of his coat. Now he watched with eyes alight, and with a smiling face, and apparently he did not know there was a lapel on his coat — such was the comfort he derived from one who could act by daylight.

The crowd of bridesmaids, mincing and preening about the bride like a flock of pigeons, was charming. Then, then the smile on Mr. Daly's face began to fade; he looked puzzled. And no wonder, for there seemed to be no *elan*, no glow. *Aplomb* so exaggerated as this might easily pass for *indifference!* Mr. Daly leaned forward and whispered sharply, "Wake up!" and, yes, he grabbed at the lapel of his coat. For the love episode was on and what *was* the matter? There were the graceful poses, the twining and embracing, the tender protestations, all exactly as they were rehearsed — and no more. Yes, that was it — *no more!* She had done her very best, let herself all out by day, and, with nothing in reserve, seemed mechanical at night.

The scene was lightly applauded. Mr. Daly pulled his hat down to the tops of his ears, and suddenly the scales fell from my eyes. And instead of the radiant, all-gifted rival, who was to push me from my stool, I saw a very pretty, over-confident young girl — that was all. A great relief swept over me. A sudden new strength thrilled me. Afraid of the next act? Nonsense! I was afraid of nothing now — I was reprieved. I would show my gratitude.

It was a great night, a glorious one, and after all the noise was over, Mr. Daly said: "Good girl! you never did better in your life." And I treasured the words, for if he praised but seldom he was always sincere. With unspeakable extravagance I sent for a cab, that I might get safely home all my many floral monstrosities and a few bunches of long-stemmed, unskewered roses. And as the horse seemed to be walking in his sleep, I leaned back and thought these true thoughts: "Oh, I am safe now, and shall be for some time. This play is sure of a run. The unknown can't materialize before the first of next season. I have suffered two false alarms, but that must not prevent me from watching out for the real one." For though I was happy, very happy, and found a new success ineffably sweet, back of it all was that woman out there, waiting just beyond sight in the near future, who precisely as I had risen in a single night, might in a single night supersede me; "so let me be prepared dear Lord!" And that was the considerable, alloy I found in the joy of being a successful leading lady.

IDELLA AND THE WHITE PLAGUE

BY

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

AUTHOR OF "CAP'N ERI," "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

"SAKES alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, dropping the letter in her lap and holding up both hands. "Well, I never did!"

Mr. Sparrow, reclining in the rocking-chair with the burst cane seat, his stockinged feet resting on the wooden chair without a back, started, opened his eyes, and gazed at his wife. Lycurgus Sparrow and Editha Sparrow and Edwin and Ulysses and Marguerite and Marcellus Sparrow, scattered here and there about the room, on the floor and the broken-down couch, raised their eyes from schoolbooks and rag dolls, and looked at their mother. Even little Shadrach, the smallest Sparrow in the flock, seemed interested.

"I never did in this world!" repeated Mrs. Sparrow with unction.

"Never did what?" snapped her husband. "Land of love! Hain't you got any thought for my nerves? Here I be a-settin' and sufferin', tryin' to fergit I've got any stomach or lungs, and you turn loose and holler like a loon. I'm all of a palsy. You never did *what?*"

"I never heard tell of such a thing in my born days, and you'll say so too, Washy, when I tell you. What do you s'pose Idella's been and gone and done?"

"Hain't lost her job, has she?" asked Mr. Sparrow, anxiously, sitting upright in the rocker, but holding on to the arms in order not to "bear down" too hard on the broken seat.

"No, not exactly lost it. But she's gone and — Oh, you'll never guess!"

"Well, I ain't got to guess, have I? 'Tain't a conundrum. I never see such a woman! Out with it! *What's* she done?"

"She's gone and — " Mrs. Sparrow paused to give the announcement due

weight; "she's gone — and — got — married."

Mr. Sparrow's stockinged feet struck the floor with a slap as their owner sprang up. "*Married?*" he repeated in a shriek.

His wife shut her lips and nodded solemnly.

"Married!" groaned Mr. Sparrow, and fell heavily back into the rocker. The remnant of cane ripped across and he sank floorward, doubled up like a jackknife. Then, apparently unconscious of his uncomfortable position, he stared out between his knees and again muttered "Married!" in a dismal whisper.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Sparrow, "she's married without sayin' a word to us. If that ain't jest like Idella — independence all over. Here, Lycurgus! why don't you and Edwin help your father out of that chair? Want him to break his back?"

The two boys sprang to the assistance of their entrapped parent, and each, seizing an arm, pulled and tugged until they separated him from the framework of the rocker. The thanks they received were not effusive.

"Leggo o' me!" shouted Mr. Sparrow, shoving them to one side. "Tryin' to haul me in ha'f, ain't ye? Look here, Betsy! Who'd that girl marry? Has he got any money?"

"She don't say, Washy. She jest writes that she married him, and his name's William Burke, and she met him last winter at a dance of the Carpenter's Union. She ——"

"A carpenter! A *carpenter!* And now she's got him to look after. That's it! Work and slave and worry yourself into the graveyard bringing up children and soon's they git big enough to earn somethin', off they go and marry another man."

"But, pa," broke in Editha, aged eight, "Idella couldn't marry you 'cause you've got marmer."

"Be still, you sassbox you! Makin' fun of your sick father and your ma upholdin' you in it. What's goin' to become of us without the money that that girl's been sendin'? What's goin' to become of me — *me*, all but gone with consumption (cough) and most crazy with narvous dyspepsy? Oh ——"

Betsy Sparrow hastened to interrupt and ward off the attack of "nerves" that she knew from experience was at hand.

"It's all right, Washy," she cried. "That part's all right; better'n ever, most likely. Seems her husband has got a job buildin' the big hotel at East Wellmouth, and him and her are comin' down here to board with us. Idella says they'll pay good board and she'll help me with the house and washin' and things. We'll have more money 'stead of less; don't you see?"

"Humph!" grunted her husband, pushing a child or two out of the way and sitting down on the lounge; "that sounds lovely — on paper. Well, go ahead and read us the letter."

Betsy read it. It was a long letter, full of good humor and cheery optimism. But then, Idella had always been hopeful and happy, even when, by virtue of rank as the eldest of Washington and Betsy Sparrow's troupe of children, she had given up school at fourteen to stay at home and mend and cook and sweep and tend baby while her mother went out washing. To be obliged to live in Wellmouthport the year around is, of itself, enough to sour the most saintly disposition; but to live in Washington Sparrow's rattletrap shanty in the woods, with little money and scant food, and with the added discomfort of Mr. Sparrow's society thrown in — that Idella had done this for years and hadn't lost faith in the world is the best possible key to her character. To give up these duties and take service as maid-of-all-work with Dr Saunders and his family, first at their summer home at East Wellmouth, and then at the city mansion in Brookline, was in comparison like sitting down to rest.

Idella's disposition and willingness to work were inherited from her mother. Washington Sparrow was an invalid and knew it. In fact he knew it better than any one else. When he and Betsy were first married he went fishing occasionally and did odd jobs around town. Then his wife made the mistake of going out washing to add to the family income, and "Washy" began to develop symptoms. He developed in succession those of rheumatism, pleurisy, phthisis, and lumbago. At last his diseases narrowed down to two, nervous dyspepsia and slow consumption. These were satisfyingly chronic and debilitating. All day long he slept or smoked or sat by the fire, and his only function not impaired was appetite. The town physicians had long given him up. Dr. Bailey scoffingly prescribed a club, and old Dr. Penrose suggested Paris green. The children told their teachers that papa was too sick to work, and Betsy informed her washing clientele that Mr. Sparrow was "dreadful poorly." She believed it,

too, poor, self-sacrificing soul, and scrubbed and delved from morning till night to keep things going.

Mrs. Sparrow read the long letter through, stopping occasionally to comment.

"Jest listen to this," she cried exultingly. "'I guess my comin' home will make things easier for you, ma. We'll have you playin' lady in the rockin' chair yit.' Ain't that jest like Idella? She allers used to say that. She don't fergit her poor old mother."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Sparrow, with sarcasm; "how 'bout her poor old father?

"'Take it away!' shouted the invalid"

Ain't no bouquets for him, is there? No, I'll bet there hain't."

"Oh, she ain't forgot you nuther, Washy. Here's what she says: 'Tell pa that my livin' in a doctor's family has learned me a lot about diseases. I b'lieve I can cure him.'"

"Yes, she'll cure me a whole lot. No, sir! I've got my never-git-over and I know it (cough). Well, the sooner the quicker. I'll be at rest pretty soon and everybody'll be glad. Don't rag out in no mournin' for me. Don't put no hot-house wreaths on *my* grave. I know how you all feel and all I ask is to git through. *I'm* resigned. Git off my feet, you everlastin' young ones! Think I'm a sofy?"

The attack of nerves developed. Mr. Sparrow felt that he and his troubles were in danger of being overshadowed by the news of his daughter's marriage, and that it was time to come to the front. He stormed and stamped and coughed and groaned and whimpered. The children fled, the younger ones to bed and the others to prepare them for it. After a while the invalid fell asleep on the lounge. Mrs. Sparrow sat by the table mending and darning. She took up the letter and read it through again. Idella was coming back. Perhaps there was balm in Gilead after all.

And two days later Idella came. The depot wagon reeled and bumped through the sandy ruts and up to the little one-hinged front gate. It was a Saturday and the children were all at home. The allowance of washing for that day being "taken in" Mrs. Sparrow was at home also. They were all at the door to welcome the arrival, all but the afflicted Washington. He stayed by the cook-stove in solitary dignity.

Idella jumped from the wheel and ran in at the gate. "My sakes, ma," she cried, grabbing Mrs. Sparrow about the neck and kissing her; "if it don't seem good to see you. And Lycurgus (smack), and Editha (smack), and Ed and 'Lys and Nap and Margie (a smack for each), and there's the baby! My! how you have *grown!*"

The children blushed and grinned and stared admiringly at Idella's jacket. A real store-coat, and new, not cut down and turned and made over a half-dozen times. And the gay hat with the red ribbons was new likewise.

"If it ain't fine to see you all again," cried Idella. "Seems if the cars never would get here. Oh, and Bill must see you too! Bill, come here, will you?"

Mr. Burke was big and square-shouldered and sturdy. He came obediently at his wife's first call. It was easy to see who was "boss" in that family. Mrs. Sparrow wondered and envied.

They went into the house, Bill bearing the trunk as if it was no heavier than a carpet-bag. Mr. Sparrow, by the stove, did not deign to turn.

"And there's pa!" exclaimed Idella, running over and embracing him. "Why, pa! how well you look!"

"Well!" repeated the invalid indignantly, "maybe I *look* well, but I tell you ——"

"This is my husband," interrupted Idella briskly. "Bill, shake hands with pa."

"The procession moved across the yard and into the rickety woodshed"

Mr. Burke extended a hand of proportionate size to the rest of him, and mashed his father-in-law's flabby fingers within it. He growled that he was pleased to be "acquaintanced" to Mr. Sparrow.

"How's the cough, pa?" asked Idella.

Her father gave a tombstone sample of the cough before replying. Then he observed resignedly that it wasn't no better and he cal'lated it never would be.

"Oh, yes it will," affirmed his daughter. "Dr. Saunders has learned me a whole lot of things. You'll see. Bill, open that trunk, will you please; I want the folks to have the presents we brought 'em."

The word "presents" caused even the invalid to brace up and take an interest in life. There was something for every one; nothing expensive, of course, but all wonderful in that family.

"And now, ma," said Idella, "jest let me change my duds and I'll pitch in and help git the dinner. I hope we're goin' to have herrin's. I ain't had a herrin' sense I left Wellmouth."

That was the beginning. Before the next week had passed it was evident that there was a new manager in the Sparrow household and the name of that manager was Idella. She took charge of affairs at once and began to make improvements. The children all went to school regularly, the eldest included. On Tuesday Mr. Burke began his labors at the new hotel, leaving early in the morning and returning at six o'clock. In a fortnight Idella announced that her mother was to go out washing no more. She might "take in" the laundry work if she wished, but then it would be done at home and she, herself, could help. Mrs. Sparrow protested, but Idella calmly went ahead, saw all the regular customers and arranged with them. In a month Betsy actually realized that she had time, daylight time, to "set in the rockin'-chair" and do the mending. Idella cooked and scrubbed and dressed the children. She and her husband paid board, so there was more money on hand than ever before. It was wonderful, but it was true.

At first the invalid viewed all these changes with suspicion, but when he found that the food was better, that he wasn't asked to do anything and that, more important than all, his ailments were appreciated and understood, he became reconciled and told his wife that he could pass off in peace now because he knew that she and the children would be provided for.

But one evening, early in November, his dreams were shattered. They were seated in the kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, Bill and Idella. Lycurgus and Editha were doing sums in the front room. The rest of the children were in bed.

"Pa," said Idella suddenly, "I don't s'pose you feel well enough to go to work?"

Her father, seated with his feet on the hearth of the cook stove, took his pipe from his mouth and turned an agitated face toward his daughter. He started to speak and then, recollecting, coughed long and with dreadful hollowness.

"I asked," continued Idella, "'cause Bill says they need more hands to cut down trees and lug lumber over to the hotel, and he could git a job for you any time you wanted it."

"Cut down trees!" shouted the sufferer. "And lug lumber! What you talkin' 'bout? How long do you cal'late I'd last doin' that? I'm slippin' into the grave fast enough as 'tis, jest settin' here hackin' and all tore to pieces with dyspepsy. Do you want to kill me all to once?"

His spasm of coughing this time was heart-rending to witness.

"No," said Idella, "I told Bill you wa'n't fit to work. But, pa, I think somethin' ought to be done to cure you and so I'm goin' to try."

"Cure! Humph! I'm past curin', darter. Don't you worry 'bout me. Doctors give me up long spell ago. No, all's left for me is to linger around and die slow. I'll be glad when it's over and so'll everybody else."

"Doctors gave you up! What doctors? These one-hoss ones down here? I've been livin' for a year with a *reel* doctor and *he* didn't give folks up jest 'cause they had consumpton. No, sir! he cured 'em, and I've got his receipt."

"It ain't no use—" began Washy, but Idella went calmly on.

"Your case is kind of mixed up, pa, I'm free to say," she continued, "'count of your consumption bein' complicated with nervous dyspepsy. The cures for the two is so diff'-rent. But I 've made up my mind to start in on your lungs and kind of work'round to your stomach, as you might say. Bill, where's the receipt for consumption?"

Mr. Burke, a grim smile hovering about his lips, took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to his wife.

"Consumption," said Idella, looking at the paper, "ain't cured by medicine no more. Not by the real doctors it ain't. Fresh air night and day is what's necessary and you don't git it here by the stove. You ought to live outdoor. Yes, and sleep there, too."

"*Sleep outdoor?* What kind of talk is that? Be you crazy or——"

Idella held up a hand. "Don't screech so, pa," she said. "You'll wake the children. Bill, where's that magazine?"

Her husband produced a dog's-eared copy of a popular periodical and Idella turned its pages. "Here," she said. "Here's a piece about curin' the White Plague; that means consumption. Let me read you a little of it."

Mr. Sparrow declared that he didn't want to hear no such foolishness, but his daughter laboriously spelt out extracts from the article, which specified the dangers of dark rooms and confined atmospheres, and described Adirondack sanatoriums and open air sleeping-rooms.

"See, pa," she said, holding the magazine before her parent's eyes. "See that picture. That's a tent where two consumption folks lived and slept for over two years. 'Twas thirty below zero there sometimes, too, but it cured 'em. And see this one. 'Twas forty-five below where that shanty was, but——"

"Take it away!" shouted the invalid. "If you expect me to b'lieve such lies as them you're——"

"They ain't lies. Dr. Saunders had lots of patients with consumption and he cured 'em the same way. And I'm goin' to cure you or die myself a-tryin'. Our woodshed out back here is jest the place for you. It's full of cracks and the windows are broken, so there'll be plenty of air stirrin'. Bill took the lounge out there a little while ago; didn't you, Bill?"

"I *thought* I missed that lounge!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, who had been listening open-mouthed.

"Yes, it's there. There's plenty of bedclothes, so you'll sleep warm. You can wear your own clothes and Bill's old overcoat and set in the sun daytimes. We'll fetch you your meals. You mustn't come in the house at all. If you live that way all winter, why——"

"All *winter!*" The alarmed Washington leaped to his feet. "The gal's gone loony! She want's to kill me so's I'll be out of the way. I don't stir one step. You hear me? Not one step."

"Some of Dr. Saunders's patients talked that way first along," observed Idella, "but they had to do what he ordered. Bill, take pa out to the shed. I'll carry the lamp."

Mr. Burke rose, squared his mighty shoulders, and advanced toward his father-in-law. He looked as if he rather enjoyed the situation.

"Betsy," shrieked Mr. Sparrow, dodging into a corner, "be you in this? Do you want to see me murdered?"

Mrs. Sparrow was troubled. She had implicit confidence in her daughter, but she sympathized with her husband's infirmities.

"Idella," she protested, "seems to me I wouldn't — Remember them nervous attacks he's subject to."

"Nerves," declared Idella, "come from the stomach. I'll 'tend to them later. We must cure his lungs first. Bill, fetch him along."

Mr. Burke's hand settled firmly on the back of the invalid's neck. "Trot along, dad," he commanded. Mr. Sparrow fought and hung back. The other hand descended and seized him by the waistband. He moved toward the door, "walking Spanish" like a small boy in the school-yard.

"'Git right out and don't show your nose in here agin. You've got consumption, and it's catchin'. Git!'"

Idella opened the door. "Nobody can say," she remarked with emphasis, "that I let my father die of consumption without tryin' to cure him. Come on, pa."

"Remember, Washy, it's all for your good," faltered Betsy, wringing her hands. The procession moved across the yard and into the rickety woodshed. Idella placed the lamp in a sheltered corner on the floor.

"Bill'll stay till you git to bed, pa," she said. "Good-night."

The woodshed door shut. The agitated sufferer looked at the bare walls, the heap of cord-wood sawed and split by Lycurgus, and the lounge.

"Git undressed," commanded Mr. Burke. "Hurry up."

"I'll freeze to death," protested Washy.

"No, you won't, not yet. Anyway, freezin's a quick death, so they say, and I've heard you hankerin' to die quick ever sense I got here. Git to bed; see?"

Mr. Sparrow threw off his outer garments and shiveringly encamped on the lounge. Mr. Burke took up the lamp and looked at him.

"Good-night," observed the carpenter. Then he added: "There's one thing more I ought to say. To-morrer I'll be away to work, but you're not to come into the house. You'll stay outside same as Idella tells you. If you come in or try any funny business, why —" he meditatively opened and closed a fist like a ham — "Well, you don't die of *consumption* anyhow."

He withdrew. Mr. Sparrow was alone. The fresh-air cure had begun.

Next day the invalid, wrapped in Mr. Burke's trailing ulster, spent a lively series of hours chasing the patch of sunshine as it moved around the exterior of his dwelling. His meals were brought to him by Idella. Betsy had evidently received orders not to interfere. Through the window he could see the fire in the cook-stove and the luxurious rocker that had been his throne. He begged and pleaded to come in, had spasms of coughing and attacks of nerves, but his daughter was adamant. "It's all for your good, pa," was her one reply. Washington was strongly tempted to enter by force, but the thought of his son-in-law's fist and the gentle hint with which it had been displayed

prevented his yielding to the temptation. He slept in the shed that night.

The following afternoon he had an idea. After dinner, eaten on the back steps, he watched his chance and hurried off, through the woods, on a mile walk to the billiard-room in the village. There he found a roaring fire and a comfortable chair; also some free lunch which served for supper. When he reached the shed at ten o'clock that evening, he figured that he had found a way to outwit his guardians.

"—oh joy! he found a nail loose behind a cellar window"

But Mr. Burke made a pilgrimage to the village the next morning on his way to work, and when Washington opened the billiard-room door that afternoon he was received with a roar from the proprietor.

"Git out of here!" shouted the latter. "Git right out and don't show your nose in here agin. You've got consumption, and it's catchin'. Git!"

The discomforted Mr. Sparrow "got" and tried the store. There he met the same reception. After loafing about the wharf till twilight he returned home to a picnic meal and the lounge.

He stood it for a week, and then announced that he felt enough better to risk a day inside. But Idella didn't see it in that light.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, pa," she said. "I cal'lated they would. But, of course, you must stay outside this winter anyhow. Now, I guess it 's time to start in on the dyspepsy line." She produced the sheet of paper that had been the beginning of her father's troubles. "For dyspepsy, pa," she said, "and partic'lar for nervous dyspepsy, which is the wust kind, you have to diet and take exercise. We'll begin on the dietin'. 'In severe cases patient should take nothin' but hot milk.' Well, we've got plenty of milk; that's lucky."

Washy sprang from the wash-bench where he had been sunning himself. "Do you have the face to tell me," he screamed, "that I can't have nothin' to eat but *milk?* Why that's —— "

"That's doctor's orders, pa. I'm goin' by doctor's orders; and see what they've done for you already."

"I can't live on milk! I hain't a baby. I hate the stuff! I don't b'lieve no doctor'd ever——"

"Well, we'll call Dr. Bailey and see what he says. I'll bet he'll back me up."

Mr. Sparrow didn't take the bet. He knew Dr. Bailey, and the latter's opinion of his case.

"Aw, Idella, *please*—" he pleaded.

"For your own good, pa," said Idella. "I'll fetch you the hot milk."

She did, a quart of it. He drank it because there was nothing else. For a week he lived on milk and fresh air. He tried every neighbor, and they were few, within two miles, but they had been posted and refused to feed him. Also they told him it was all for his good. He could not smoke because his daughter said tobacco was the worst thing possible for both his ailments. As for the prescribed exercise, he got that running about to keep warm.

"Aw, Idella," he pleaded, one Sunday morning when the sky was overcast and the cold wind gave promise of a northeast snowstorm. "Aw, Idella, won't you let me have somethin' hearty? Only a hunk of bread, say? I've drownded my insides with milk till I feel like a churn. I *can't* keep on drinkin' the stuff; it goes agin me even to smell it. The bare sight of a cow makes me seasick."

But it was no use. "All for his good," his daughter said. These words had become to him almost as unpalatable as the milk.

The northeaster developed. By night the woodshed shook and rattled like a hencoop. The snow streaked in through the cracks and sifted over his nose whenever he brought it

above the blankets for air. Also he was tremendously hungry.

At midnight he arose, desperate, and shook himself into all the garments on hand, including the ulster. Then he opened the shed door and went out. The thought of Bill and the fist pursued him like a Nemesis, but he didn't care. He was going to be warmed and fed even if pounded to death afterwards.

He crept about the house, trying every door and window. He had tried them on previous nocturnal excursions but had always found them locked. This time he was more thorough, and at last — oh joy! he found a nail loose behind a cellar window. He worked it back and forth, while the snow drifted over his back. Finally the nail gave way and fell inside with a jingle. He waited, breathless, but there was no sound from within. Then he squeezed himself through the window.

He tiptoed up the creaking cellar stairs and into the warm kitchen. The storm was making a terrific racket around the house and that was a Providence for him. He held his hands over the stove for a moment and then tiptoed to the pantry.

He knew where the matches were kept and took some. They were of the "eight-day" variety and noiseless. He lit one and by its light saw, on the pantry shelves, cold ham and bread and ginger cake and mince-pie. Also there was milk, but he didn't look at that.

Mr. Burke was the first of the family to finish dressing next morning. He came downstairs, lamp in hand, and opened the door leading into the kitchen. Then he stopped, stared, and went back after Idella. He led her to the door and pointed.

There, in the rocking-chair before the cook-stove, sprawled Washington Sparrow, fast asleep. His feet were on the hearth, a fragment of pie crust was on the floor by his hand, his countenance was turned upward toward the ceiling and on it was an expression of perfect peace and comfort.

As the Burkes stood and stared, Mrs. Sparrow came from her room and joined them.

"My soul and body!" she exclaimed.

Washy heard her and awoke. At first he merely opened his eyes and blinked at the ceiling. Then he sat upright and turned around. His jaw fell.

"Well, pa," said Idella, sharply, "what sort of doin's is this? What do you mean?"

Mr. Sparrow looked at his daughter. He essayed to speak. Then his glance fell upon his son-in-law's fist and remained fixed. He said nothing.

"The idea!" cried Idella. "After all I've done to cure you. Roastin' in this

"There, in the rocking-chair before the cook-stove, sprawled Washington Sparrow, fast asleep"

red-hot kitchen and eatin' — Is that mince-pie crust by your hand?"

Lycurgus had appeared and gone away again. Now he came back.

"Ma," he said, "he's et every blessed thing in the butt'ry."

"I — I — " faltered the invalid wildly. "I — I didn't mean to, but I was starved and froze and —— "

"Mince-pie!" exclaimed Idella. "Well! Now we're in a nice mess, and all to do over again."

"I'm all right now, anyway," protested Mr. Sparrow. "I ain't coughin' none and the grub don't distress me a mite. Not ha'f so much as that dratted milk."

"All to do over again!" repeated Idella. "And I don't know as we'll ever cure you now. Git outdoor this minute. And you mustn't eat a thing, even milk, for three or four days. Open the outside door, Bill."

Bill opened the door. A howling gust of wind-driven snow swept in. Mr. Sparrow felt its freezing breath and shivered.

"I'm all *right*, I tell ye!" he shouted. "I feel fine. I'm cured. Better'n I ever was, dunno's I ain't."

"Are you sure, pa?"

"Course I'm sure. Don't I know? I'm all cured."

"Well, that's a mercy!" said Idella. "I knew 'twas the right receipt, but I didn't think 'twould work so quick. Bill, pa's cured. He'll go with you to take the job at the hotel this very day."

Washington's facial barometer sank to "cloudy." He choked and hesitated.

"Course you mustn't go if you ain't surely cured, pa," said his daughter. "Maybe you 'd better try the shed and milk for a month or so longer."

The snow danced along the kitchen floor. It reminded Mr. Sparrow of the previous evening in the woodshed. "I'll go," he said, "but I'll work kind of easy fust along, so's —— "

"Oh, no! You must work reel hard, so's to git the exercise, else you'll have a relapse. You'll see that pa works the way he'd ought to, for his sake, won't you, Bill?"

Mr. Burke nodded. "He'll work," he said sententiously.

The news of the wonderful cure spread quickly. Dr. Bailey laughingly congratulated Idella upon it.

"Yes," said that young lady, "I cal'late he's cured, at least for a spell. Anyhow, the 'Everybody Works but Father' song don't fit our fam'ly no more."